AUGUST 29, 1988

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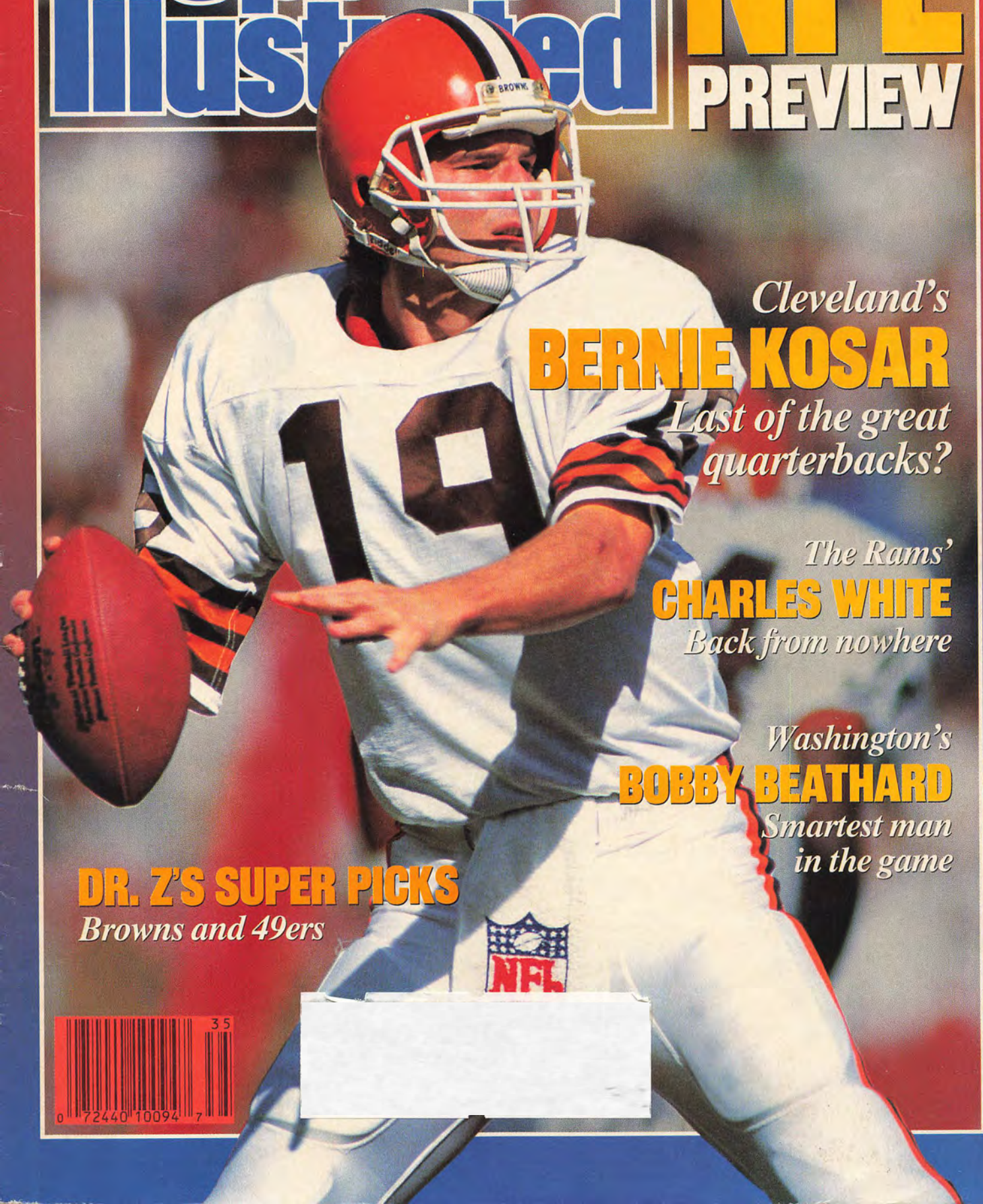
Sports Illustrated

NFL PREVIEW



Cleveland's
BERNIE KOSAR
Last of the great quarterbacks?

The Rams'
CHARLES WHITE
Back from nowhere

Washington's
BOBBY BEATHARD
Smartest man in the game

DR. Z'S SUPER PICKS
Browns and 49ers

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WITH ENVY.

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Gene J. Stroner
Gene J. Stroner,
Vice President, Sears Automotive

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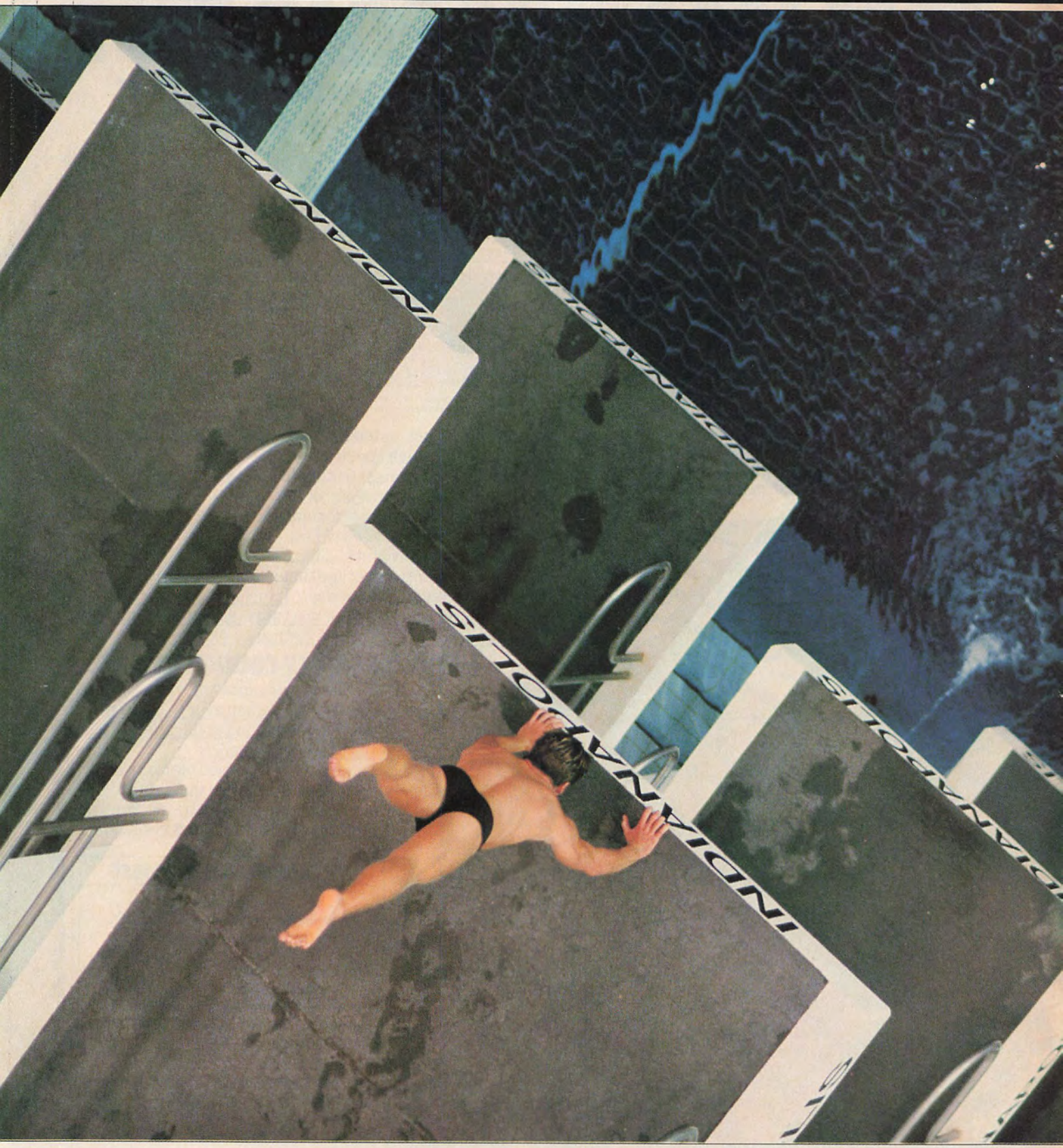

ON THE BRINK

Scott Donie kicked up his heels before taking the plunge at the Olympic diving trials, which were touched by controversy and dominated by three medal winners from the '84 Games *(page 28)*.

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Sports Illustrated

August 29, 1988 Volume 69, No. 9

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

GRAPHICS ARTIST AND DIEHARD NEW YORK YANKEE FAN John Grimwade, whose chart on page 60 illustrates how the Super Bowl–champion Washington Redskins acquired their players, knows very little about American football. But then, the 37-year-old Englishman knew very little about baseball until one summer evening last year; Grimwade, in New York City on business, was taken to Yankee Stadium to see his first game. The grass sparkled under the lights, Dave Winfield swung mightily, the Yanks beat the Rangers 3–1, and Grimwade was smitten.

The fledgling fan was a bit apprehensive, however, when SI design director Steven Hoffman approached him this spring and asked him to design charts for our BASEBALL '88 issue (April 4) and for the magazine's weekly INSIDE BASEBALL column. "At first, baseball looks like such a simple little game," says Grimwade, "but in about five minutes it's the most hideously complex thing you've ever seen."

ADAM STOLTMAN

Grimwade is a New York Yankee fan from England.

With the help of senior editor John Papanek and a couple of books written for Little Leaguers, plus hours spent watching Yankee games on television, Grimwade has come a long way since that first game. "The fact that John's become a baseball fan absolutely stuns me," says Papanek. "Each week he has to learn a new chapter of baseball. None of these statistics is simple, and he's got to communicate visually to a bunch of fans who have known this stuff all their lives."

As a boy in Kent, Grimwade was an indifferent cricket and rugby player. The only baseball players he had even heard of were Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio, the latter "because DiMaggio was married to Marilyn Monroe," he says. After four years at the Canterbury College of Art, he free-lanced for magazines and newspapers, including the London *Sunday Times*, until moving to New York last winter to become graphic arts director for *Traveler* magazine, where he works four days a week.

When he's not watching his beloved Yankees, Grimwade can often be found at a bowling alley near the Greenwich Village apartment he shares with his wife, Joyce, and their son, Robert, 4. Joyce thinks his recent passion for baseball is "pretty bizarre and very American." Robert, though, already knows all the lyrics to *Take Me Out to the Ball Game.*

As for American football, Grimwade is keeping an open mind. "Now that the season is here," he says, "maybe I'll become a football fan too."

Donald J. Barr

Sports Illustrated

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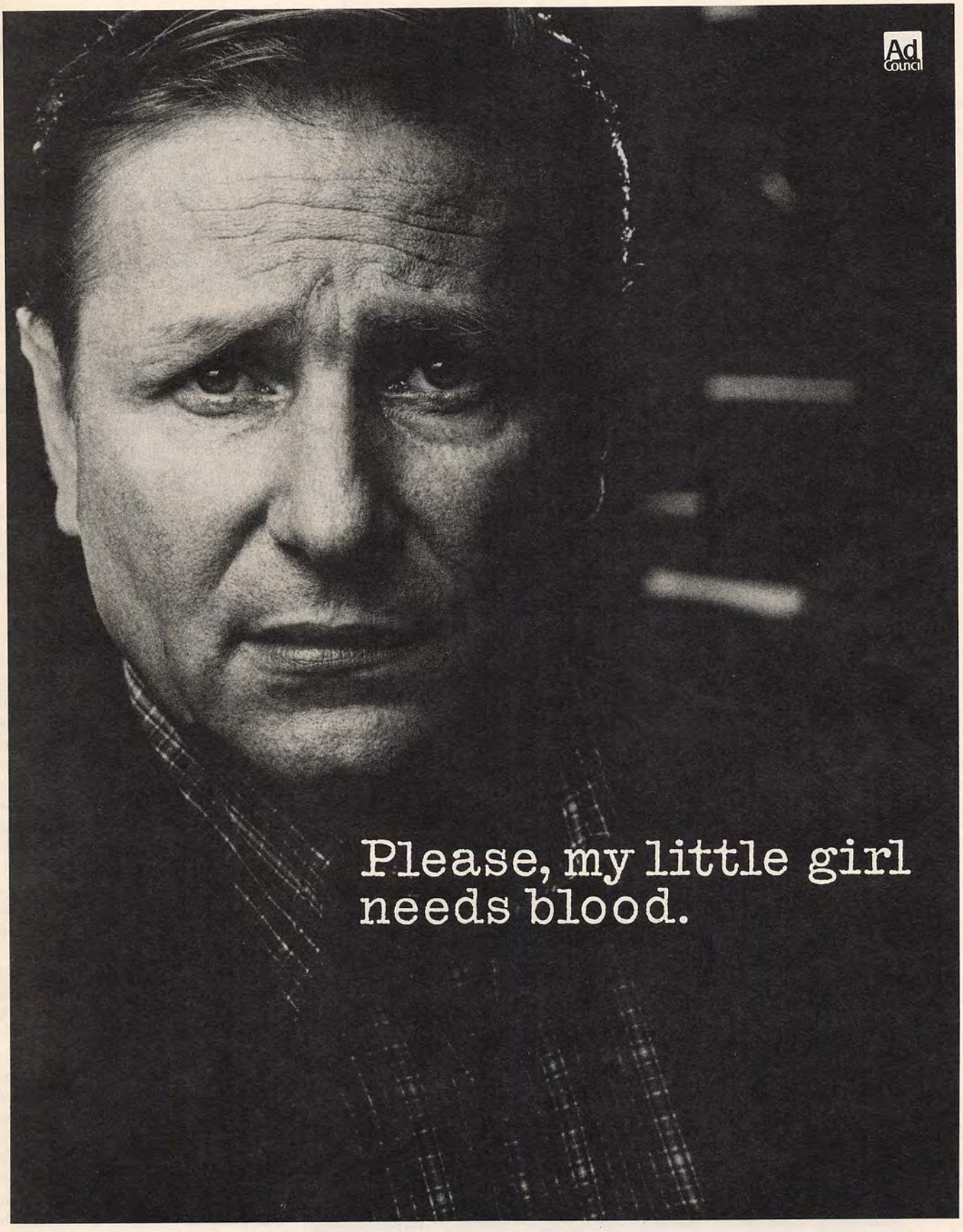

Imagine if you had to ask for blood to save the life of someone you love.
Next time the American Red Cross asks, give blood, please.

GIVE BLOOD, PLEASE

American Red Cross

GREENHOUSE SPORTS

Thanks for the editorial on "The Foul, Hot Summer" (SCORECARD, July 25). As a sports fanatic and an environmentalist, I'm glad to see you warning those who are unaware. If something isn't done, we might see only sandlot (literally) baseball and AstroTurf golf courses. Also, muddy, snow-covered football fields might become as extinct as dodoes.

BUZZ PRELEE
Redington Beach, Fla.

DISCUS VETERANS

Kenny Moore's story about the exclusive fraternity of gracefully aging discus throwers (*The Old Men and the Discus*, July 25) was yet another in a long line of poignant and illuminating stories by one of your finest writers. The friendship between Wolfgang Schmidt and Mac Wilkins, which has survived political harassment, geographical separation and even Schmidt's imprisonment, is a reminder of the real goals and benefits of Olympic competition.

LANDY ANDERTON
Raleigh, N.C.

SOAP BOX DERBY

Frank Deford captured the heart and essence of Akron and its relationship with the Soap Box Derby (*Real Boys*, Aug. 1). Everyone here knows when it's Derby week (especially those of us who work downtown; all day Monday the champs arrive with sirened police escorts), and it's a source of pride for Akronites. Thanks, Frank. We all need to be reminded what "sport" was meant to be.

MICHAEL GAFFNEY
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Oh, nostalgia! I grew up in the nearby town of Tallmadge and was on Tallmadge Hill with my father for those early All-American Derbies. A big thrill in my youth was racing at Derby Downs in 1940 in the local contest. After World War II, I volunteered as an usher at the Derby for several years, and one of my old snapshots shows Jimmy Stewart racing in the "jet equipped" car you pictured. Thanks for the memories.

WILLIAM B. SHREVE
Gainesville, Fla.

Frank Deford gave us an insightful look at a wonderful tradition. Having grown up in Akron, I can attest that the Midwest remains not only a wonderful place to live and to build a future for a family but also "the one true place for boys" . . . including Tom Sawyer.

TOM SAWYER
Member
U.S. House of Representatives
Akron

THE OTHERS

Your photo caption on page 69 of the July 25 issue *(The Old Men and the Discus)* did a disservice to some of the greatest throwers in U.S. track and field history by referring to them as "among others." Please identify those greats.

JIM MULLANY
Citrus Heights, Calif.

• They are, from left to right, discus thrower Mike Buncic, hammer throwers Ken Flax and Ed Burke, shot-putter Al Feuerbach, discus throwers Wolfgang Schmidt and Paul Blissard, shot-putter Brian Oldfield, Paraguayan junior discus thrower Ramon Jimenez, shot-putter August Wolf, shot-putter–discus thrower Mike Weeks, and discus throwers Mac Wilkins and John Powell.—ED.

PETER READ MILLER

SOVIET BEIZBOL

Steve Wulf's article on American *beizbol* in the Soviet Union (*The Russians Are Humming*, July 25) brought back memories. In the summer of 1967, while I was serving as an assistant Air Force attaché in Moscow, the American embassy rented a large soccer field in Lenin Stadium for two hours each Saturday morning for eight weeks. There we laid out a regulation Little League baseball diamond. The bases, as well as about a dozen bats, two dozen baseballs, a dozen gloves and other equipment, were all donated by several Little League baseball teams in Fairfax, Va., where I had lived and coached in 1965 and '66.

My wife, my son and I, plus a few embassy Marine guards, were the coaches, trainers and umpires. We invited the children of American, Canadian, British, Australian, Indian, French and Swedish diplomats, businessmen and TV and newspaper correspondents to participate. Boys and girls from six through 12 played. We had a rule that no one could strike out or walk. Every batter hit the ball somewhere. Little by little, curious Russian children and adults came to watch, and finally we coaxed a few Russian youngsters to play. They could hit and catch the ball fairly well, but had difficulty fielding

CURIOUSLY, IT CAN NOW COST MORE TO DRIVE AN IMITATION BMW THAN A BMW.

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For years now, auto makers have been unleashing hordes of sporty-looking cars that claim to perform "like a BMW."

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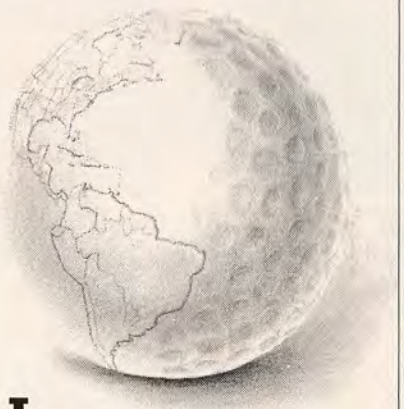
Parlez-Vous Golf?



If you are a teenager who likes sports, travel, and meeting people, a four-week Sport For Understanding program may be for you. Each summer hundreds of teens of all athletic abilities stay with host families abroad and grow with the SFU experience, improving skills in one of 20 sports. Sport For Understanding is a program of Youth for Understanding International Exchange, a nonprofit educational organization bringing the world closer for more than 30 years. Write us at 3501 Newark Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016 or call (202) 966-6800.

Sport For Understanding
International Exchange

and throwing the ball. In our next to last game, one team completed a double play. It wasn't anything like Tinker to Evers to Chance, but it was Clarke (Great Britain) to Smith (U.S.) to Nickoliaev (U.S.S.R.), and it resulted in a five-minute celebration.

Unfortunately, our attempt at Little League baseball in Moscow lasted only one year because we could not afford to pay $125 a week for the use of the field for only two hours. I hope one of those Russian children who played *beizbol* with us 21 years ago now has a son playing on one of the Soviet teams.

COL. LEON G. MARK, USAF (RET.)
Gunnison, Colo.

Last January I was in Moscow on a musical tour through the U.S.S.R. and Poland. One evening, after I had made a late-night visit to Red Square, my bus back to the hotel swung through the Dynamo sports complex, past the hockey arena, gymnastics center and the indoor, glass-walled soccer field, where the lights were on. A *beizbol* game was in full swing. Midnight baseball on a winter's night in Moscow—my homesickness was cured.

JAMES PIORKOWSKI
Buffalo, N.Y.

Steve Wulf indicates that "designated hitter" is in the Russian vocabulary but does not mention whether the Soviets have actually adopted the DH. If not, their game is un-American—American League, that is.

DAVID REITH
Kent, Ohio

• The Soviets do use the *naznachenniy byuschiy*.—ED.

LE TOUR

As a 14-year-old aspiring bicycle racer, I was deeply dismayed to read of Pedro Delgado's drug use in the sport's most prestigious race (*On the Tour de Farce*, Aug. 1). I feel that if the man wearing *le maillot jaune* tests positive for a steroid-masking substance, he should not be riding in the race at all, much less as the leader. Yet that does not make it right for you to call the most demanding event in all athletics the "Tour de Farce." Give credit where credit is due. One hundred fifty other riders also finished the Tour.

OWEN BITTINGER
Weston, Mass.

I read the article in total disbelief. Not disbelief of the Pedro Delgado drug controversy, but disbelief that a publication of your caliber would consider three mediocre columns of "biker-bashing" to be coverage of a 21-day, world-class event. There are approximately 200 banned substances on the Tour. For instance, a dose of the over-the-counter medication NyQuil contains enough pseudoepinephrine for disqualification. Alexander Wolff's leading line portrays a drug-driven cyclist weaving past a finish line. That simply wasn't so. I am glad that professional cycling takes itself seriously enough to constantly test for drugs.

HARRY KLEMM
Yorba Linda, Calif.

I am saddened and angered that SI could find nothing better to report about the world's greatest bicycle race than that the eventual winner was accused of violating the International Cycling Union's banned substance list. Delgado tested positive for traces of probenecid, a substance not yet banned by the UCI. As opposed to what your subtitle says, he did not fail a drug test, he passed it. I don't condone drug use, but the fact is, Delgado played by the rules and won.

DONALD KUMKA
Irvington, N.Y.

You stated that Delgado "wouldn't be taking probenecid for any reason other than to hide steroid use, unless he had gout. . . ." While this drug is used to treat gout, and can mask the use of anabolic steroids, it is also used to enhance the effects of penicillin and other antibiotics. The only way to be sure why Delgado would be taking probenecid would be to ask his doctor.

CHRIS STROUT
Algonquin, Ill.

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GIANT-SIZED CONFESSION: A GROUNDSKEEPER'S DEEDS

BY NOEL HYND

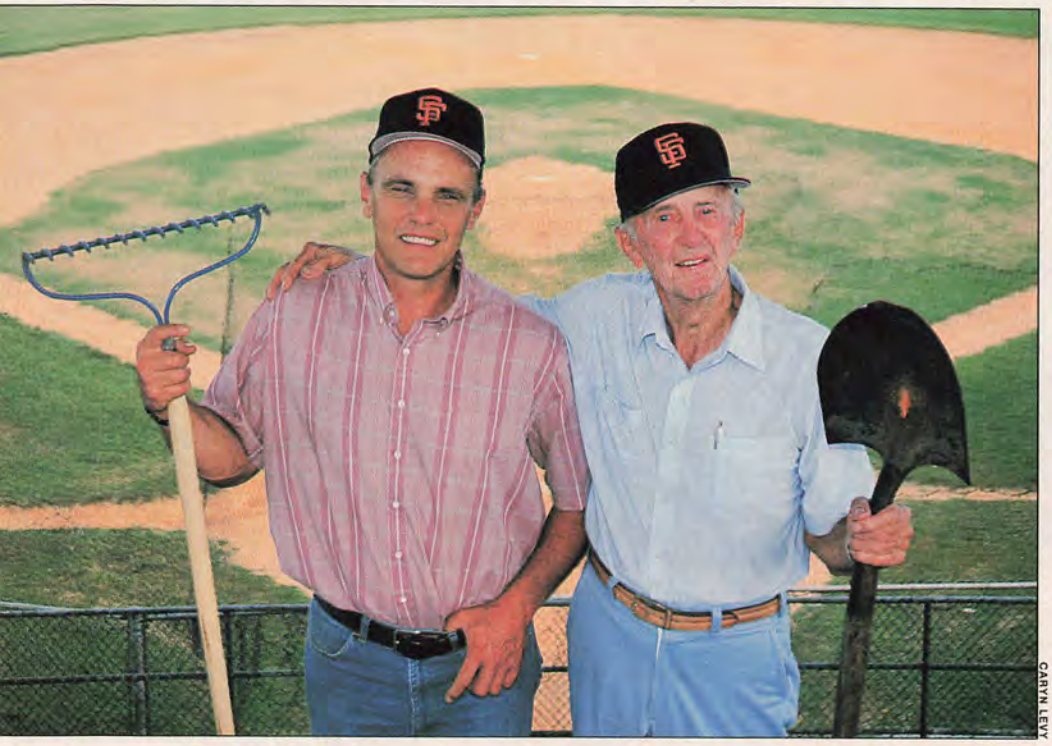
"I have to admit that it's a big thrill to have a packed stadium cheering your every move," says Jerry Schwab. "It's fun to think back on what happened, to know that I did my part to get the San Francisco Giants into the World Series."

The Giants in the World Series? No, this isn't the demented daydream of a contemporary Bay Area fanatic. We're talking 1962 here—the era of Marichal, Mays and McCovey. Schwab was 20 years old and couldn't run, throw or hit with any special skill. The fact is, he wasn't even on the San Francisco roster. Nevertheless, he made some critical moves on the base paths in the Giants' successful drive to the '62 National League pennant.

The L.A. Dodgers were strong that year, led by the likes of Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale, Junior Gilliam and Willie and Tommy Davis. But the real heart of the L.A. club was undoubtedly Maury Wills, the eventual MVP of the National League. Wills swiped everything but the pitchers' mail that year en route to erasing Ty Cobb's single-season theft record with 104 stolen bases.

In early August the Dodgers—leading the second-place Giants by 5½ games—visited San Francisco for a three-game series. The Giants knew they would have to find a way to slow down L.A.'s vaunted running game, so before the series began, Giants manager Alvin Dark approached Matty Schwab, Jerry's father and San Francisco's head groundskeeper. Could anything be done to keep the speedy Wills in check? Dark asked. Yes, Matty replied, he knew a trick or two.

Monkeying with a playing field was nothing new, but the trickery took ingenious new forms from season to season. The front, step-off portion of the pitcher's "mound" at Crosley Field in Cincinnati, for example, was actually dug out to create a *concave* effect, increasing the chances of visiting pitchers' floating high, fat fastballs to the Frank Robinsons, Wally Posts and Gus Bells on the Reds' roster. The baselines at Chicago's Comiskey Park were slanted toward fair territory, the better to keep the bunts of home favorites Luis Aparicio and Nellie Fox in play. Then there were the outfield fences at Municipal Stadium in Cleveland, which owner Bill Veeck would regularly move back for the powerful Yankees and in for the banjo-hitting St. Louis Browns. Matty himself had seen the Dodgers' "1,000-pound roller," a vehicle that looked suspiciously like those used to flatten fresh asphalt on highways. Applied to the outfield grass at Dodger Stadium, such a roller would be a dandy way to stretch singles into triples for a fast ball club. Surprise, surprise, the Dodgers of 1962 tied for the major league lead in triples. So when Dark asked Matty for a little extra home-field edge against L.A., well, that was what a good groundskeeper got paid for, right?

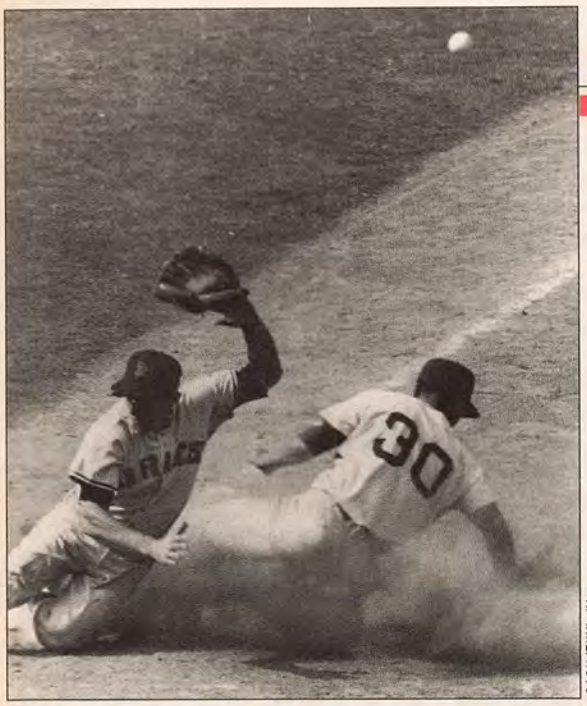


CARYN LEVY

Lake Candlestick makers: Jerry (left) and Matty had all the tools to win a pennant.

"Dad and I were out at Candlestick before dawn the day the series was to begin," Jerry remembers. "We were installing a speed trap." Working by torchlight, the Schwabs dug up and removed the topsoil where Wills would take his lead off first base. Down in its place went a squishy swamp of sand, peat moss and water. Then they covered their chicanery with an inch of normal infield soil, making the 5- by 15-foot quagmire visually indistinguishable from the rest of the base path.

It was not so invisible the next afternoon, however, as the Dodgers took batting practice. Leo Durocher, the L.A. third base coach at the time, began digging it up with his cleats. Ron Fairly, the Dodger first baseman, called attention to it in a more artistic way by building sand castles near the bag. All of this quickly caught the attention of umpire Tom Gorman. Gorman, blessed with good eyesight, could see that something funny was lurking beneath the surface of the infield. He could also see that the entire Candlestick grounds crew had suddenly vanished when the Dodgers started scratching around. When Gorman fi-



AP WIREPHOTO

Wills got swamped by the Schwabs, but stole No. 104 back in L.A.

nally found Matty, he threatened the Giants with a forfeit if the base paths weren't immediately repaired.

"Sure thing," said Matty, who was prepared for just such an ultimatum.

Out came the grounds crew. Up came some, but not all, of the Mystery Mixture. Away it was carted in wheelbarrows. Then, a few minutes later, back came more wheelbarrows to fill up the holes.

"It was the same stuff," says Jerry. "We mixed it with some dirt and brought it right back. When we put it down a second time it was even looser." For some reason—exasperation, perhaps—this seemingly new concoction appeared to satisfy the umpires. Matty then ordered Jerry to water the infield, a task which Jerry performed at length, much to the disgust of the Dodger dugout, from which derisive calls were emanating.

"What could you do?" remembers Tommy Davis, the 1962 batting champion and now a minor league hitting instructor for the Dodgers. "It was their park. They were going to get away with anything."

The Dodgers, robbed of their potent running game, stole no bases and went down to ignominious defeat 11–2. The howls of protest from the L.A. side were heard all the way back to the National League headquarters in Cincinnati. There was even talk of digging up soil samples before the next game. So out went the Schwabs, *père et fils*, before the next sunrise to remove the evidence. The next day the Dodgers looked hard for more dirty work, so to speak, but found none. What they did find was well-watered base paths, courtesy again of Jerry. So generous was the moisture content of the base paths in Game 2 that the umpires stopped the game in midcourse and invited the Schwab gang to sand things down a bit, creating a nice marshy effect.

All this, needless to say, had a less than salutary effect on the Dodgers. Concerned about what to do *if* they got on base, the Dodgers seemed to forget *how* to get on base. Wills, usually cool and collected, got himself tossed out of Game 2 by umpire Al Forman for arguing over how many times he had stepped out of the batter's box. The Dodgers lost that game 5–4 and the finale 5–1, and they left San Francisco with their lead cut to just 2½ games.

Back in L.A., the local press was having a field day decrying the conditions up north. "They found two abalone under second base," wrote *Los Angeles Times* columnist Jim Murray. Murray also suggested that an aircraft carrier could have safely navigated some of the deep infield waters. Throughout Southern California, Dark became known as the Swamp Fox.

The Dodgers filed a complaint with the league office, just in case they should have to visit San Francisco for a playoff series after the regular season. National League president Warren Giles sent a letter to Giants president Horace Stoneham, mentioning Matty Schwab respectfully, but by name. Stoneham passed the letter on to Matty, but conspicuously omitted any particular instructions for the future.

On the last day of the season San Francisco's Willie Mays crashed a home run to defeat Houston 2–1. Half an hour later, as the Giants sat huddled around a radio in their clubhouse, St. Louis

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beat the jittery Dodgers 1–0, leaving San Francisco and L.A. with identical 101–61 records for the regular season. A three-game playoff series was quickly scheduled, with the first game slated for Candlestick. The Schwabs had their cue to assemble the armada of wheelbarrows and get ready again with the Mystery Mixture.

"The only trouble was that [umpire] Jocko Conlan arrived in San Francisco before we could do anything," recalls Jerry. Indeed, Conlan took charge of the Candlestick turf before the Schwabs could lay a shovel on it. With the Dodgers due a few hours later, what were a loyal groundskeeper and his son to do?

The Schwabs decided that if the speed trap couldn't be hidden beneath the surface of the infield, they might just as well perform their antics openly. This time the Giants grounds crew started by spreading sand around generously. When the Dodgers reported for practice, the infield was, in the words of *The New York Times*, "like a sandy beach well above the high water mark." There was no way anyone was going to get a firm foothold in that stuff. "It's just as bad as the last time we were here, only in a different way," moaned Wills.

Conlan was none too pleased. He had prevented the Schwabs from digging, but the excessive sanding had gone on while his attention was elsewhere. "Why don't you play the game like men?" he snapped angrily to Dark. Close to game time, Conlan summoned Matty again and complained that the base paths were too dry and sandy. Schwab promised to take care of the problem right away. He summoned his waterman extraordinaire, Jerry. "Get out there," he ordered, "and make a lake."

The large San Francisco crowd came alive as soon as Jerry appeared on the field with his hose. He watered the base paths as he normally would, then he watered them some more. He turned away, dampened the pitcher's mound a bit, then returned to the base paths with a vengeance. The result: Lake Candlestick. The crowd loved it, howling their appreciation with every flourish of Jerry's hose.

"They were with me all the way, cheering me on," Jerry remembers. "I kept watering until the umpires came rushing over to stop me. Then I got out of there fast."

But the water, which was seen by the umpires as a means of slowing down the Dodgers, was actually only a clever ploy to force the umpires to order even more sand. It worked perfectly.

"What's all this mess?" one of the umpires raged to Matty.

"New man on the job," shrugged Matty. "We'll get this cleaned up right away."

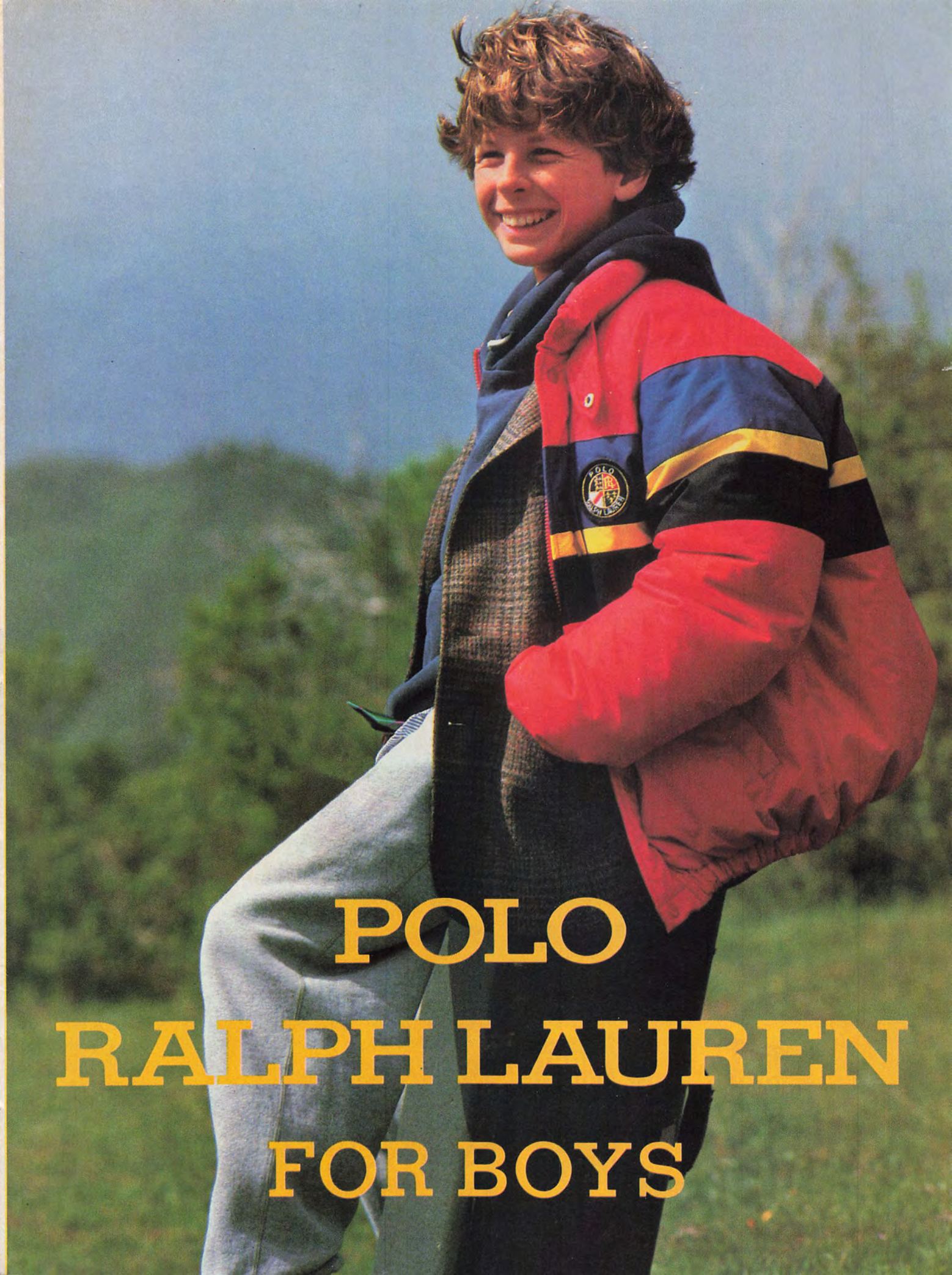
The "new man," it was noted, looked suspiciously like the one who had handled the hosing duties back in August. But before that realization could sink in, Matty was busy beckoning to his staff. Out came the wheelbarrows again and down onto those precious base paths went still more of the finest sand in California. The visitors stood helplessly in their dugout and watched. Again prevented from playing the style of baseball they favored, the Dodgers seemed to play in a trance all day, and the Giants cruised to victory, 8–0, in the crucial first game.

The festivities moved to Los Angeles the next afternoon, where the Dodgers evened the series 8–7. Back on the dry land of Dodger Stadium, Wills stole four bases in the final two games of the playoffs. Yet for all the shenanigans, it was an old-fashioned attack of wildness by the L.A. pitchers in the ninth inning of Game 3 that propelled San Francisco into its one and only World Series appearance, with a 6–4 win.

Alas, the outcome of the Series was a familiar one, as the New York Yankees triumphed in seven games. In a final irony, the last two games in San Francisco were delayed by torrential rainstorms. The Schwabs were sent scurrying around the outfield spreading sand. Divine punishment, perhaps?

To this day Jerry Schwab, now a post office branch manager in Fort Lauderdale, has fond memories of his smooth play around the base paths. And 79-year-old Matty Schwab, retired and also living in Florida, savors the memory of the full share of World Series loot that the Giants elected to give him. It was well earned. ■

Noel Hynd is the author of "The Giants of the Polo Grounds."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SCORECARD

EDITED BY STEVE WULF

BUTTING IN

When Sebastian Coe, the 1,500-meter gold medalist in both the 1980 and 1984 Olympics, failed to qualify two weeks ago for the team that Great Britain is sending to Seoul, there was an outpouring of sentiment on behalf of the champion. "It was a bit like requiring Mozart to run through the scales for the entertainment committee of the working men's club," wrote one British journalist. But the 31-year-old Coe reacted with his usual grace, saying, "The [selection] has been made, and I abide by it just as the other athletes have done."

Last week the president of the International Olympic Committee, Juan Antonio Samaranch, got into the act by writing the British Amateur Athletic Board to ask that it reconsider the decision to leave Coe off the team. Samaranch, who knows Coe well from their work on Olympic matters of mutual concern, told one London newspaper, "I know that many British people, as well as others from other countries, want to see him run in Seoul, so I decided to write and ask that the question be considered again."

Coe said he was honored by the efforts of Samaranch. But Tony Ward, a spokesman for the board, said, "A letter has been sent to the president politely, but firmly, rejecting his suggestion." Ward also said, "We have replied that our selection policy is complete and we are quite satisfied with it. We find it quite extraordinary that the IOC president should write concerning our selection policy."

Extraordinary and misguided. The president may have had noble motives for making his request, but as the leader of the Olympic movement, he must maintain an impartial and objective stance. Samaranch made much the same mistake last February when he criticized the U.S. Olympic hockey program. Whether or not Coe makes Britain's Olympic team is really none of his business.

HE EATS LIKE A PERSON

One of the entrants in Saturday's International Trot at Yonkers Raceway has rather unusual eating habits. Go Get Lost, a 4-year-old horse who finished third in the race, loves chocolate cupcakes, specifically the kind made by Hostess. He has tried Twinkies, but prefers the cupcakes. "He likes to bite the top icing off," trainer Art Wirsching told SI's Amy Lennard. "Horses don't usually like anything gooey because they're chewers, but he seems to love it. He also likes bananas." After Go Get Lost won a recent race at Yonkers, he was presented with a large silver cup filled with the chocolate cupcakes. "We can't give them to him all the time because of his digestive system," says Wirsching. "He would eat them three times a day if we didn't use discretion."

PATRICK McDONNELL

Go Get Lost also has a slightly more disconcerting trait. "When he wants attention, he sticks his tongue out the side of his mouth, hangs it way out," says Wirsching. "He wants you to pull it, like shaking hands. If you don't pay attention, out comes that tongue."

Because of his strange food preference, Go Get Lost reminds some of Jamin, the French trotter who won the very first International back in 1959. Jamin was so partial to his favorite food, artichokes, that when U.S. Customs officials confiscated the artichokes that had crossed the Atlantic along with the horse, Jamin fell into a funk and trained listlessly. An emergency airlift of artichokes from California was arranged, and thus fortified, Jamin won the race.

OVER THE BORDER

The Canadian Press news agency polled members of the California delegation at the Republican National Convention last week in New Orleans. Though its methods were not exactly scientific—only 20 of the state's 175 delegates were canvassed—the poll did yield some interesting results. Only six of the 20 Californians knew that Canada was upset with President Ronald Reagan's foot-dragging on the problem of acid rain. Only seven had any knowledge of the recent free trade agreement signed by President Reagan and Canada's Prime Minister, Brian Mulroney. When asked, however, the name of the newest member of the Los Angeles Kings, all of them knew it was Wayne Gretzky.

TOUGH NUT TO CRACK

Peer pressure forced pitcher Jack Morris to remove the Tchaikovsky tape he was playing in the Detroit Tigers' clubhouse the other day. So Morris decided to get even and had the highbrow music played over the Tiger Stadium P.A. system during batting practice. Asked what particular Tchaikovsky piece was wafting through the late afternoon air, Morris replied, "Uh, I think that's from his greatest hits album."

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NO BEAUTY CONTEST

One would not expect the Canadian Football League to be an ardent proponent of feminism, but this year the CFL will take a revolutionary approach to the traditional beauty pageant. Since 1951 the league has sponsored a Miss Grey Cup Pageant as part of the celebration surrounding its championship game. All contestants had to be pretty, single and between the ages of 18 and 24. "The girls who did the best were the girls who could dance the best," says Jo-Anne Polak, a pageant organizer. "A lot of them didn't have any knowledge of football or the CFL."

For this November's contest, in Ottawa, the CFL will consider women 18 and over regardless of their marital status. Contestants will appear in dresses or business suits, not cheerleaders' costumes or swimsuits, and each will have to deliver a five-minute speech telling what her CFL team means to her community. Even the current Miss Ottawa Rough Rider, Cindy Van Buskirk, 24, likes the change. "I think it's long overdue," says Van Buskirk. "The contest has had more to do with beauty than [with] speaking or brains or knowledge."

A COURSE IN LATIN

The Taconic Golf Club in Williamstown, Mass., has a picturesque and challenging layout, but what really distinguishes the course is the message printed on every scorecard: *Medio Tutissimus Ibis.*

Back in the 1930s Harry L. Agard, a mathematics professor at nearby Williams College, was asked to provide a suitable motto for the club. He turned to Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and the story of the flight of Phaëthon. Before Phaëthon took off across the sky in his chariot, his father, Helios, told him to drive neither too close to the sun nor too close to the earth. Said Helios, "*Medio tutissimus ibis,*" or, "You will go most safely in the middle."

STRINGS ATTACHED

At 6′ 9″, 341 pounds, Missouri sophomore Rob Dryden could have been the biggest football player in the Big Eight this year. Instead, he will settle for being, in all likelihood, the world's biggest bass player. It seems that Dryden, nicknamed Eclipse for his ability to block out more than just opponents, prefers playing electric bass for his band, Da' Tripp, to playing left guard for the Tigers. He had been expected to start this year.

Dryden, who comes from a musical family, says, "Football has never really been something I wanted to pursue. Those aren't my dreams and aspirations. Those are everybody else's." Missouri head coach Woody Widenhofer could only shrug and say, "I've lost players because they've been ineligible, because they didn't want to play anymore, because of girlfriends or wives. But this would be a first. A band?"

JUST A REMINDER

St. Louis Cardinals pitcher Joe Magrane wears a T-shirt that bears this inscription: THROW STRIKES . . . BABE RUTH IS DEAD.

THEY SAID IT

• Charlie Waters, former Dallas Cowboy defensive back, on the aspirations of pro football players: "First you want to make the team. Then you want to be All-Pro. Then you want to be in the Hall of Fame. But before that you want to be in a Lite beer commercial."

• Jim Ferree, a player on the PGA Seniors tour, on golfers who complain about the Old Course in St. Andrews, Scotland: "They are the same people who knock the pyramids because they don't have elevators." ■

A FRIDGE WITH AN EVEN BIGGER CAPACITY

WHILE WILLIAM (REFRIGERATOR) PERRY, THE 6′ 2″, 350-POUND DEFENSIVE lineman, rejoined the Chicago Bears last week after a four-week stay at a diet clinic, St. Clair County (Ala.) High's 5′ 11″, 500-pound senior defensive tackle Jeremy Lowery was busy preparing for his season opener this Friday. Folks in Alabama claim that Lowery, whose uniform pants are actually three regular pairs sewn together, is the biggest football player in the country.

Jeremy always wanted to play football, but until this year his blood pressure was too high. Like the Fridge, Lowery is on a fitness program, this one prescribed by the Sports Medicine Institute at the University of Alabama, Birmingham. He has lost 13 pounds in the last few weeks by walking a mile a day, switching to diet sodas and cutting his nightly intake of cheeseburgers from three to two. Says Lowery's coach, Jerry Forrest, "Jeremy gets around faster than any 500-pounder I've ever seen."

Lowery's teammates have been knocking themselves out trying to find a suitable nickname for him. Usually they just end up calling him Big Fridge.

BARRY FIKES

Lowery puts three pants on one leg at a time.

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CHASING THE DREAM

Butch Reynolds (right) shattered Lee Evans's 20-year-old world record in the 400

BY KENNY MOORE

IDEALLY, EVEN AS YOU DISCOVER here how Harry (Butch) Reynolds Jr. of Columbus, Ohio, planned and trained for and ran a 400-meter race incomparably faster than anyone in history, the image he became in the stretch ought somehow to wash across the page, across the wall, across the brain. For it was in that stretch when everything changed, when an old world cracked and fell away, and a fresh, loose, happily expansive one took its place.

PRESSE-SPORTS

Evans (foreground) set his lofty mark in the '68 Games.

The day before Zurich's Weltklasse meet last Wednesday, Reynolds was asked whether he had heard from Lee Evans after Reynolds had won the U.S. Olympic Trials 400 in 43.93, the second-fastest time ever. Evans, whom Reynolds has never met, set the world record of 43.86 almost 20 years ago, in the 7,349-foot altitude of the Mexico City Olympics. Although the reduced air density there assisted, Evans's old 43.86 remained officially intact, albeit with a little scarlet *A* affixed to it in some track record books. Adulterated by altitude.

Evans currently coaches sprinters in far-off Cameroon on a Fulbright scholarship.

"He hasn't called yet," said Reynolds with a green-eyed wink on Tuesday. "Maybe after tomorrow."

Thus Reynolds revealed he was gunning for the record. "I've got to go to Africa and look Evans up," he continued. "I'd like to say, 'Why'd you set it so *steep*?' Ever since the trials I've been asking myself, *where* can I find .07 of a second? And I've been answering: in my head, in trying."

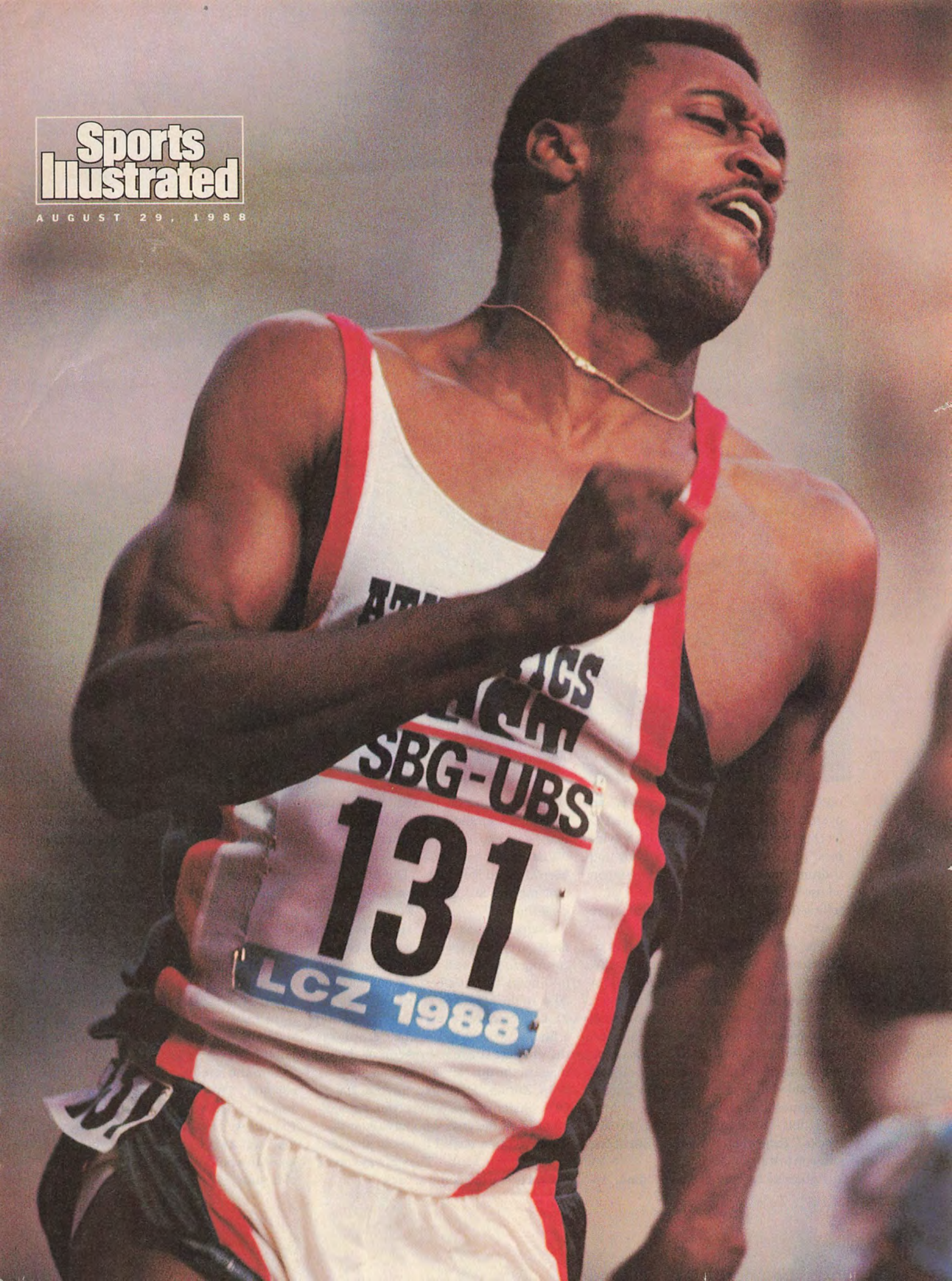
As well, it would take a windless evening, a great field and a maniacal crowd. All of which meant Zurich, the richest meet on the European circuit. Meet director Andreas Brugger's budget, estimated at $1.3 million, empowered him to purchase fields for several races that were the equal of Olympic finals; the most expensive was the long-awaited 100-meter rematch of Carl Lewis and Ben Johnson.

But no race was stronger than the 400. In Lane 2 was Roberto Hernandez of Cuba, who has run 44.22 but probably won't see Seoul because of his country's boycott. World-junior-record holder (44.11) Steve Lewis, a UCLA sophomore, was in Lane 3. Reynolds would be in 4. Innocent Egbunike, Nigeria's silver medalist in the 1987 World Championships, was in 5, and UCLA senior Danny Everett, who was a close second to Reynolds in the U.S. trials last month with 43.98, was in 6.

Reynolds had given thought to running at altitude himself, at a meet six days earlier in Sestriere, Italy, 6,668 feet up in the Alps, near Turin. There Roger Kingdom blasted through the 110-meter hurdles in 12.97, becoming the second man to break 13 flat and threatening Renaldo Nehemiah's world record of 12.93. But Reynolds, sure of his strength, passed in favor of low-altitude Zurich, saying, "A 20-year-old world record doesn't deserve an 'A' next to it any longer."

As he walked to the track in Zurich on Wednesday, all that confidence evaporated. "I don't feel there's a record here to-

MIKE KING/SPLIT SECOND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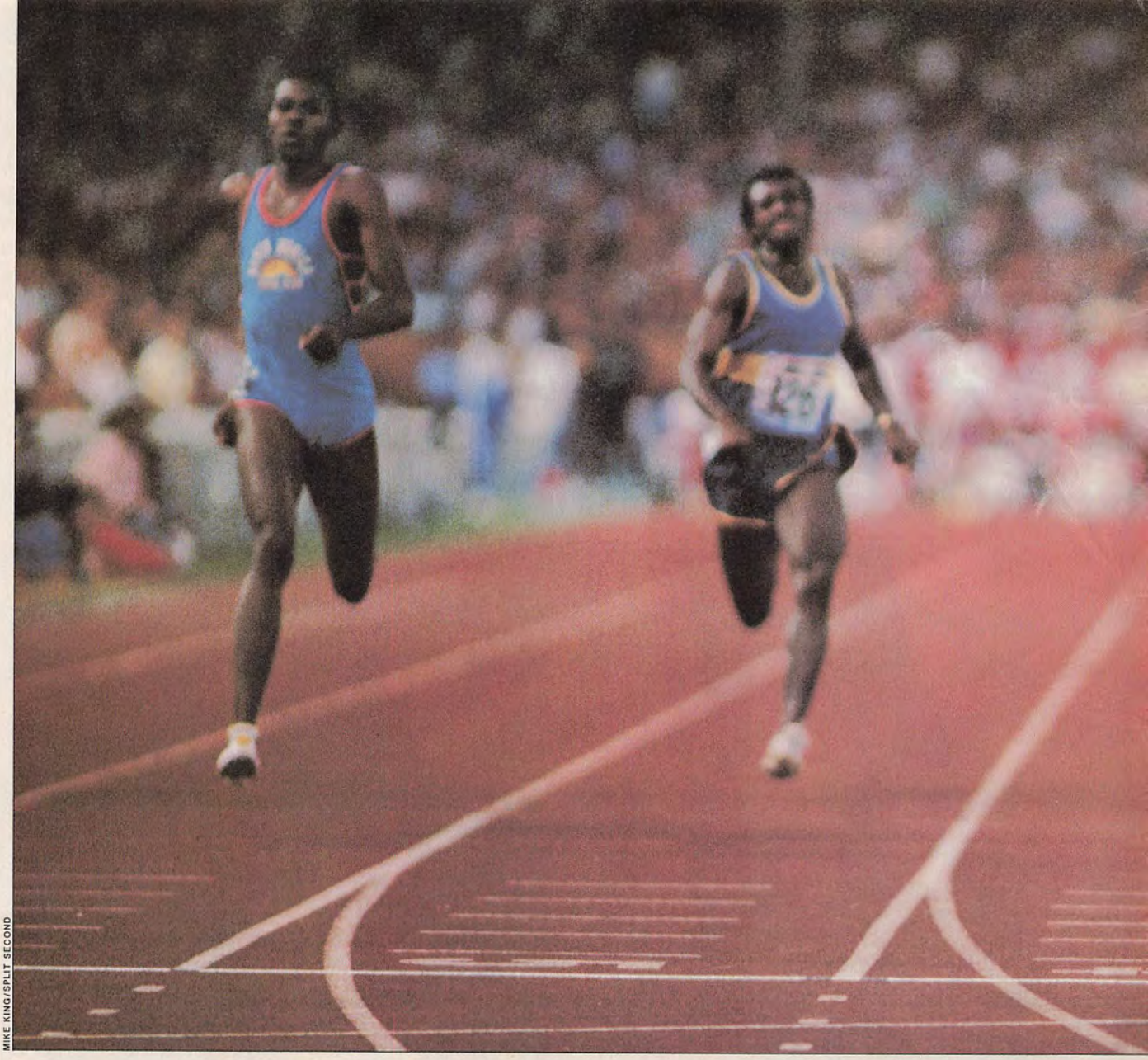


MIKE KING/SPLIT SECOND

night," he said suddenly. His nerves had overcome his need to run. "I wanted to let this record thing wait until the Olympics," he went on. But his brother and training mate, Jeff, 18 months younger, whose best is 44.98, wouldn't hear of it, telling Butch he had never been more ready.

The runners went to their marks at 8:20 p.m. beneath a deep lavender sky. There was no wind. They had to wait for the densely packed standing-room crowd near the start to finish screaming for Europe's most beloved triple jumper, Willie Banks of the U.S. Reynolds shook hands with several opponents but simply nodded at Everett, whom he judged the greatest danger.

"I felt weak and drained in the blocks," Reynolds said later. "But at the gun you just react."

Egbunike reacted like a madman. Always a fast starter, he shot around the first turn seemingly all out, making up two staggers on the other runners. "What could his strategy possibly have been?" asked Reynolds. "Did he want to pull me too fast and burn me out? Or steal the win?"

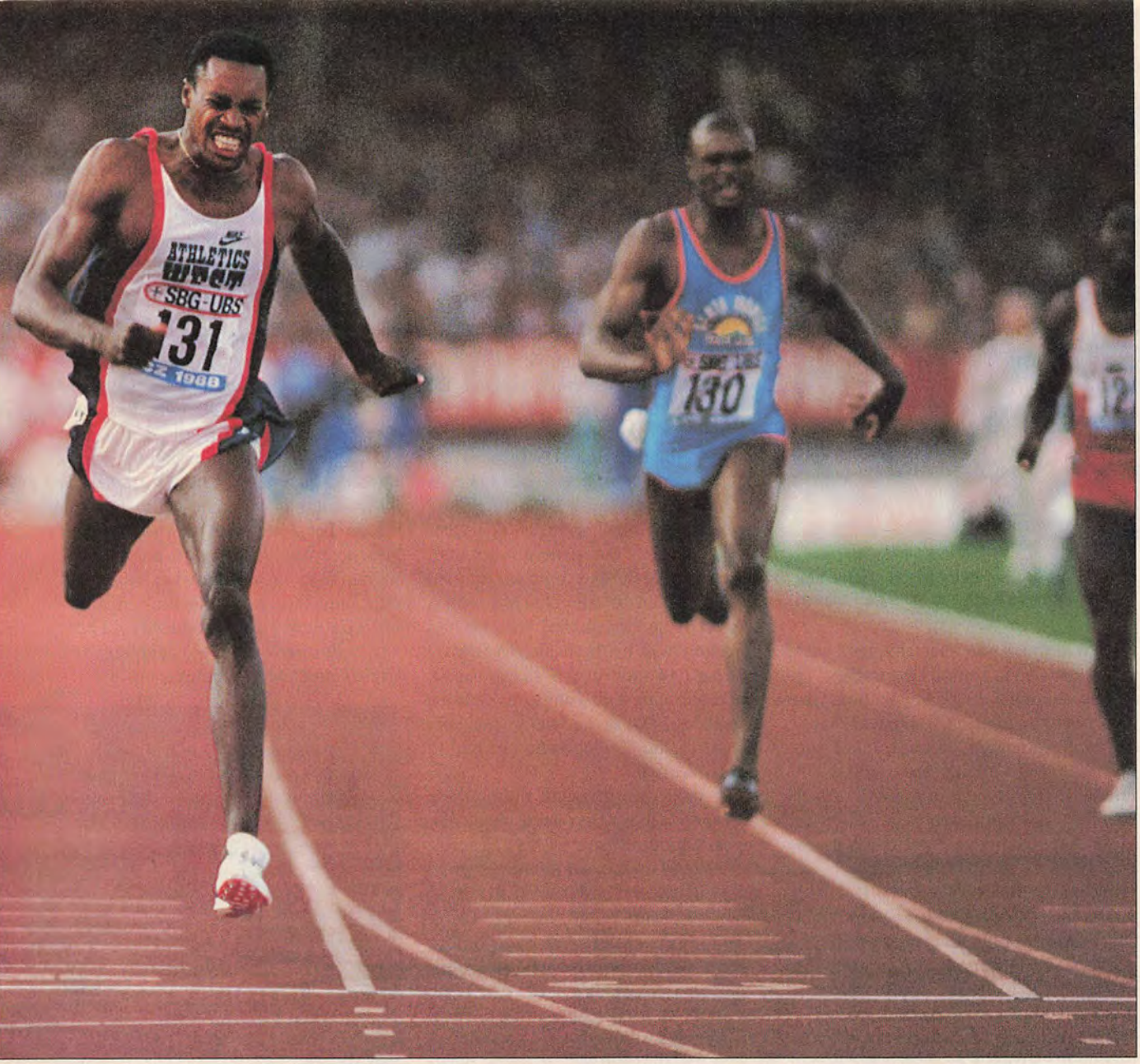
Quarter-milers are sprinters who must carry their speed. They succeed according to how well they practice a brutal finesse. Evans's best all-out 200 was 20.4. In the Mexico 400, he passed 200 in 21.4, then poured everything he had into a final 200 of 22.5. Thus his record was the greatest single expression of the essence of the quarter: holding on.

In Zurich, Egbunike hit the 200 in 20.6, instantly becoming the embodiment of all the guys who have ever said, "One of these days I'll go out that fast and not come back." They always come back. He started coming back.

Reynolds was three meters behind. "Innocent went out so fast that I looked out of the race," he said. His flowing, rangy stride seemed almost languid compared with the furious pumping of Egbunike. "I didn't panic. I knew I had time to make up what he'd gotten." Reynolds's 200 time was 21.1. He had made a swift furlong look like cruising.

On the turn, he went to work. "I could see Innocent dying up there," he said. "I wanted to get near him by the end of the turn. I got within striking distance, and suddenly Steve Lewis was right on my left hip."

Into the stretch, it looked like a typical 400. The early burner, Egbunike, was dead. He would finish sixth in 44.97. Everett was just four feet behind Lewis, who was two feet behind Reynolds. "I *knew* it would be a close finish," Reynolds said.



Reynolds opened a huge lead on chief 400 rivals Everett (far left) and Lewis (right).

How gloriously wrong he was. For when he dug down in response to Lewis, Reynolds cut loose as no quarter-miler has ever done. While the field stiffened, strained and goggled, he sprinted freely, beautifully, emotionally ahead.

"In the stretch," he would say, "you're *holding* your body. You're gutting it out, but you're holding composure. If you start moving your head or throwing your arms around or going side to side, you're *fighting*. You've got to *not* do that. You've got to *hold* that fatigue, hold it in. Feel it. Hide it."

He was running with an expression of wild, almost malicious delight, and he was pulling to a huge lead. Thirty meters from the finish he closed his eyes and showed his teeth. "I knew it was world-record pace," he said. "That was determination. I was saying to myself, *Go all the way.*"

Behind him Lewis and Everett were running strongly—and being left as if in wet cement. Lewis would slow, thunderstruck, before the line, and Everett would pass him, 44.20 to 44.26.

Nine meters ahead of them, almost all of that margin gained in the last 100, Reynolds somehow sensed exactly where to lean, scraping off an extra couple of hundredths, and he was done, transformed into queasy gelatin, easing into the arms of his brother.

"It's mine!" said Reynolds a few minutes later when he could speak. "No altitude, no wind, no stipulations. It's all mine."

And shall be for the foreseeable future. His time was 43.29. Where Reynolds had hoped to find .07, he had found .57. It was as if he had beaten Evans by a full five meters.

He and Jeff took a victory lap, and the crowd sang and swayed and grew giddy with the man and the occasion and the shock. The next events went on practically unnoticed in the buzzing clamor. U.S. shot-putter Randy Barnes threw 73′ 6¾″. Paula Ivan of Romania ran the year's fastest women's 1,500, 3:56.22, and Johnny Gray almost broke his American record in the 800 with 1:42.65, but the applause for them was light, distracted. "Twenty years," people said. "It's lasted 20 years until tonight."

It took the richest footrace in history to concentrate the mind again. Ben Johnson and Carl Lewis were about to duel at 100 meters for the first time since Johnson beat Lewis and set the world record of 9.83 last Aug. 30 in Rome. And even they were wild about Harry.

BOB MARTIN/ALLSPORT

Brothers in arms: Butch (right) exulted with Jeff, a training buddy and confidence builder.

"Butch's race was electrifying," said Lewis. "I tried to channel the energy."

The channels of money both camps required to indulge in this rematch were, by track standards, cascades. The top appearance fee usually necessary to retain a highly sought athlete is about $25,000. Lewis and Johnson had other ideas. Earlier this year they authorized promoters to hunt up sponsorship for some match races. "We gave Heritage Sports [a Virginia-based agency] a short-term option to generate funds above a certain minimum," said Lewis's manager, Joe Douglas. "That minimum was $250,000 per race, per individual."

The response to the idea of paying two men $50,000 a second was ringing silence. Running majestically, Lewis won the U.S. trials 100 in a wind-aided 9.78; Johnson pulled a hamstring in May and was hiding out on the island of St. Kitts while his doctor feuded with his coach over what had caused the hamstring pull and what to do about it. No race offers were forthcoming.

Then Johnson, employing Berkeley physiotherapist Jack Scott—who also treats Lewis—staged a dramatic comeback on Aug. 6 and won the Canadian trials in a wind-aided 9.90.

The wheels began to turn. Japanese firms expressed interest in a race in Tokyo after the Olympics. And Brugger wanted a match right away in Zurich. He found the extra money by offering each of the 31 countries that were taking the television feed from the meet the chance to kick in a premium to get Lewis and Johnson together at last.

The deal was finally set only the day before the meet. "They both knew they'd run a 100 here," said Johnson's agent, Larry Heidebrecht. "But whether it'd be against each other was an open question."

The quarter of a million that Lewis and Johnson each probably received in Zurich is more than double what Zola Budd and Mary Slaney received for their 1985 London rematch after Slaney's 1984 Olympic fall. But Lewis and Johnson put on 10 times the race.

They were in adjacent lanes. Lewis was the last to finish stretching and musing and to take his marks. The starter said, "*fertig*" ("set"), there was a photographer's flash, and Johnson jumped the gun. When he was charged with a false start, he complained that he had been drawn off by the flash. Because no one else had moved, the charge stood. One more jump and Johnson would be disqualified. "Once he was in the hole like that," said Heidebrecht, "he had to be conservative."

The next time the gun fired, Lewis and Johnson moved as one. Johnson displayed a good measure of his old acceleration, but Lewis never let the gap grow to the full meter it had been in Rome. "I knew his lead at 50 meters wasn't enough," Lewis said.

Even so, Johnson looked good until 80 meters, when his lack of racing sharpness showed in his arched back. Lewis passed him with 10 to go and won in 9.93, equaling his best. Johnson, when he saw he was beaten, simply shut down. He was actually braking as he finished. Calvin Smith rushed past in Lane 8 to take second with 9.97. Johnson was third in 10.00.

"My coach [Tom Tellez] will be pleased," said Lewis, hoarse from a head cold. "I ran my own race. Smooth as glass."

It had been a promoter's dream. Both men emerged healthy and able to fight lucratively again. "There are five weeks to Seoul," said Heidebrecht. "And Ben will improve more than Carl will."

Lewis, a genuine *artiste*, has seldom felt the need to be one of the guys, but he has admitted to envy of one aspect of the old days—the Lee Evans–Tommie Smith–John Carlos–Bob Beamon old days, now so nearly obsolete—and that is the sense of social mission those sprinters enjoyed. Yet, by engineering such a bonanza for themselves, Lewis and Johnson may have unified modern athletes more than they know.

Banks held a meeting to sound out the feelings of men like Linford Christie of Great Britain, who was fifth in the 100 in 10.07, for which he reportedly received a princely $5,100. Even Reynolds received only about 10% of Lewis's haul.

Brugger defended Lewis's and Johnson's deal as being fresh TV money. It didn't cut into what he could pay the others. The athletes understood that, but lamented that track has no athletes' union. They must take what promoters offer, and they will suffer that arrangement until they attain solidarity. "There will be further meetings," said long and triple jumper Mike Conley.

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Carl Lewis (left) passed Johnson (adjacent lane) with 10 meters to go in the 100.

"I'd say to those people, Don't get jealous," said Carl Lewis. "This will help track. If a potential sponsor came here today because of this race and saw all the rest of this incredible night, he'd say, 'Wow, let's get *in* this sport.' "

Back at his hotel the new world-record holder took off his shirt and called friends at home. "We've got some good news," he said to one. "I just broke the world record. . . .

"Yes, I did. . . .

"Yes, *seriously*. . . .

"No, it's not quite as painful as having a baby. . . ."

When Frank Zubovich of Ohio State, Reynolds's coach, heard the new-age time, he yelled the perfect Buckeye expletive: "Holy Toledo!"

Still on the phone, Reynolds watched his race for the first time on TV. "Jeez, Innocent made up *three* staggers on me. . . . But I worked the turn well. . . . I came home *real* strong, good knee lift, good arms. . . ."

With wide eyes, he finally fully understood what a stretch he had run, and he broke into the same savage grin with which he had run it. When it was over, Reynolds was just as amazed as the rest of us.

"I can't say how fast I can go now," he said, subdued, thinking of all that had gone right. "I know I'm the man for the Olympics now. The guys behind me here [Everett and Steve Lewis] are my teammates, so I've got to . . . I *want* to do all I can to keep us close together."

He'll have no trouble. The night before the race he was delighted to take extensive ribbing from the other quarter-milers about his evolving haircut. "They noticed I gave up my curler and went to the soft look, the Ivy League look," he said. "I'm happy I like people, and I like it that you can do that in track. I like it, too, that once the race is over, the stats come into play, and they're fun."

Sort of sobering fun. Reynolds improved the 400 record by 1.3%. Subtract that from some other records and see what you get. Reynolds, told that his 43.29 would be the equal of a 9.70 100 meters, or of a 3:43.38 mile, held his head and rocked and moaned.

Looking up at last, he said, "Something my mother once said is right. I admit I'm blessed. The Heavenly Father watched me through this race, this year." Reynolds stared at the legs that had held in the pain. He seemed then to have come full circle in two hours, from confidence to apprehension, from triumphant ecstasy to reflection, and now, with us all, to humility. ■

IT'S THE U.S.A. THE HOYA WAY

The Olympic basketball team, which has a very Georgetown look, fared well against select teams from the NBA

BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

IF YOU LIKE GEORGETOWN BASKETball, you'll love the U.S. Olympic basketball team. Even if you don't like the Hoyas—and the snarling dogs from D.C. are quite comfortable being the team America loves to hate—you may still end up falling for the players the U.S. will send to Korea next month.

To redeem the U.S. loss in the 1987 Pan Am Games, Georgetown's John Thompson has assembled exactly the team he vowed he would—a gray, white and blue bunch that will succeed (read: win the gold) or fail (take home anything else) on his exacting terms. Like the Hoyas, these Hoyanks will generate offense from defensive pressure. They'll substitute often. They'll put together at least one unanswered run in every game. And they'll cross Olympic assistant and Georgetown academic coordinator Mary Fenlon, who'll keep her prim vigil on the bench, at their peril.

In theory, Georgetown's style should travel well. Extended defenses, be they half-court traps or full-court presses, are rare overseas, and if a game turns into a battle of benches, only Yugoslavia can hope to compete with the U.S. "It'll be a shock for the Russians to play against these guys," said Sacramento's Kenny Smith—a member of the 1986 U.S. world championship team that beat the U.S.S.R.—after the Olympians thumped his NBA some-star team 100–67 in Richfield, Ohio, on Friday. "But it won't be a shock for the Americans to play against a team like the Russians."

Thompson is counting on that. Amid alarmist cries that the best way for the U.S. to compete internationally today is to match three-pointers with three-pointers, or bulk with bulk, or to throw in the towel and send in the pros, Thompson's pithy credo has been, "You can't push what you can't catch." His team, which as of Sunday night had won four of five meetings with NBA pickup squads, is wiry and fast and with each game looks less vulnerable to a fusillade of Brazilian treys or a succession of Soviet elbows. The Seoul Patrol will include:

• *The Three Amigos.* None of the team's big men has dominated, and they've all had to cover for one another. Big East kibitzers said Pittsburgh's Charles Smith was "soft" because he didn't rebound the way teammate Jerome (In The) Lane did. Fact is, Pitt wanted Smith in the high post so 'Rome could roam under the hoop, and the 6′ 10″ Clipper-to-be has so far shown he can bogart with the best of them. Meanwhile, David Robinson (Navy, the Spurs) has thrown his weight around so injudiciously that on Friday night he picked up his fourth foul within the first minute of the second half. Thompson is lucky that Robinson, who played only 15 minutes of the infamous Pan Am loss to Brazil because of fouls, isn't central to the system.

At first glance J.R. Reid seems completely at odds with Thompson's way. Whereas everyone else can grab a loose ball and lead the break, Reid is a turnover-in-waiting when he tries such things. But the North Carolina forward's role as inside enforcer is crucial so long as Robinson persists in courting foul trouble.

• *The Convertibles.* Much is being made of the team's supposed weakness at point guard, but no foreign team will be so rash as to press the Americans. Danny Manning (Kansas, the Clippers) and

Playing the pros, Robinson has shown a disturbing propensity for picking up fouls.

Coles has impressed Thompson with his disruptive qualities and his scoring ability.

Willie Anderson (Georgia, the Spurs) can play anywhere on the floor, including the point. Having two players this versatile will make all the shuttling Thompson plans to do that much easier.

• *The Gnats.* Thompson spent much of the trials emphasizing how important backcourt size would be in deterring three-thinking foreigners from letting fly. But he left open the possibility of choosing a little guy or two, so long as they were disruptive sorts in the Muggsy Bogues mold. Bimbo Coles and Georgetown's Charles Smith, who both go 6′ 1″, have made it on that score. "He's a very good player," Thompson said of Coles, smiling, after the Hokie sophomore scored 25 in a Virginia Tech upset of Georgetown last December. "I think we'll see more of him." No one picked up on that cryptic comment at the time. At week's end, Coles was the team's second-leading scorer in the NBA exhibition series, with 10.0 a game. (Manning is tops with 10.4.)

Smith, Georgetown's returning senior point guard, would be an ideal team leader if only because he knows the system so well. But even Thompson was startled at what happened in practice a few weeks ago after the coach had been running his charges through a stretch of wind sprints. He promised relief if someone hit a one-and-one and asked the team to pick the man to do it. Little Smitty was the unanimous choice.

• *Teacher's Pets.* Thompson adores Hersey Hawkins (Bradley, the Sixers), the efficient screen-reader and national scoring leader who has been asked to play defense for the first time in his life and has done so adequately and uncomplainingly. Dan Majerle (Central Michigan, the Suns) is the one player who hasn't been chewed out yet on the exhibition tour. A 6′ 6″ forward who had to rebound and score inside at Central Michigan, Majerle has fill-the-lanes legs (he has run a 4:36 mile) and a proto-Hoya feistiness (as a member of the U.S. Select team in June, he threw the team's sole punch in an exhibition against Spain) that are now on full display.

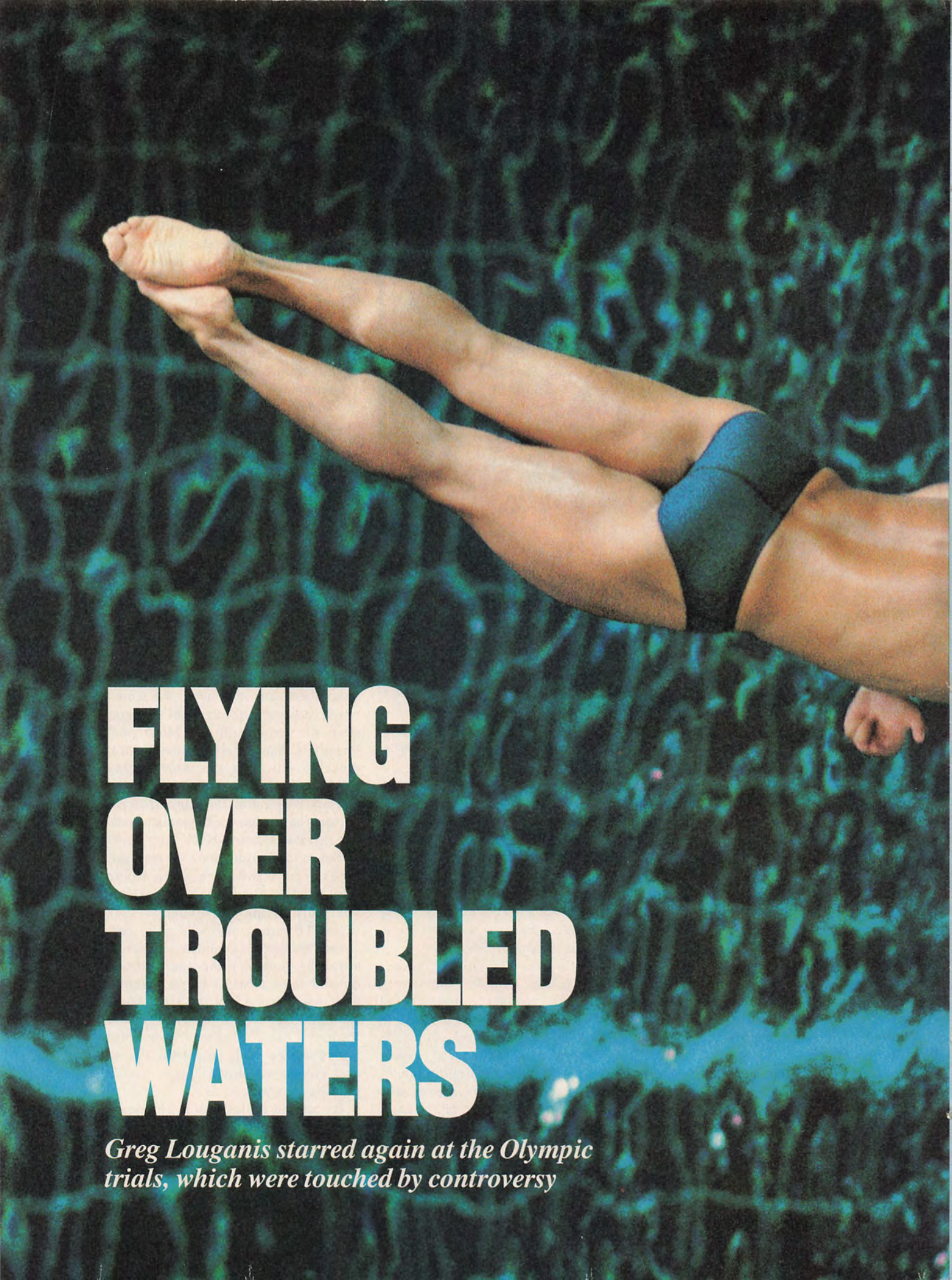
• *A Sheppard for the Flock.* An assistant on Dean Smith's 1976 gold medal–winning team in Montreal, Thompson remembers well the role Maryland's Steve Sheppard played as an end-of-the-bencher who kept his chin up. This year the 12th-man slot and spot defensive-stopper duty likely will go to Stacey Augmon of UNLV, whose crude offensive skills are nonetheless flattered by the open-court situations that the Thompson system will generate. Augmon's deflections led to two late turnovers, and he blocked the final shot in the Olympians' 81–80 victory in Charlotte on Aug. 12.

• *The Survivors.* Jeff Grayer, Brian Shaw and Mitch Richmond, all big guards who can shoot, handle and play D, are competing for two spots, possibly one. Whom to cut will be Thompson's toughest call. Richmond (Kansas State, the Warriors) seems the likeliest to go, but he has been steadily improving. He stripped Michael Jordan on consecutive possessions in Charlotte on Aug. 14 and had 14 points, four rebounds and six assists on Friday night. Grayer (Iowa State, the Bucks) will likely win a spot partly because he has the right temperament for coming off the bench, and Shaw (UC Santa Barbara, the Celtics) probably will make the team because he's the better rebounder.

They play hard, their pro sparring partners agree. But the Olympians, who lost to a Piston-heavy NBA team 90–83 on Sunday in Detroit, don't yet play nasty. They have two more games before Sept. 2, when Thompson will make his final cuts. Alonzo Mourning (6′ 10″), whom Thompson might let go in part so the Georgetown freshman won't miss a month of school, is the team's strongest and most physical player. "Tentative," was how the Sixers' Charles Barkley described the U.S. team. Added the Pacers' Chuck Person, "You gotta knock 'em on their butt, help 'em up and knock 'em down again. You're playing for your country."

It's an odd criticism of a Thompson team, and one likely to be rectified in the next few weeks. When they're knocking 'em on their butt and *not* helping 'em up, they'll have peaked. ■

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL SKALAK



FLYING OVER TROUBLED WATERS

Greg Louganis starred again at the Olympic trials, which were touched by controversy

BY CRAIG NEFF

SOMEDAY PATRICK JEFFREY MAY BE THE ANSWER TO A TRIVIA QUESTION: What little-known diver from New Jersey saved the U.S. Olympic Committee from one of the most colossal public-relations embarrassments in sports history? Jeffrey's performance in the men's platform competition at last week's Olympic diving trials in Indianapolis will be cherished by USOC officials for years to come.

The USOC's problem was that the top two finishers in each event in Indy would automatically make the U.S. team—and that meant 1984 Olympic silver medalist Bruce Kimball, free on bail, might qualify for Seoul. On Friday night, in the men's springboard competition, Greg Louganis, the still-magnificent Olympic champion, had triumphed to become the first male U.S. diver to make a fourth Olympic team, while Mark Bradshaw had earned the No. 2 spot. Kimball finished sixth.

As the second, and final, round of the men's platform competition opened Sunday afternoon, Kimball, 25, was startlingly close to an Olympic berth. He had been ripping his dives—entering the water without a splash—and stood in third place, well behind Louganis but just 4.5 points in back of Matt Scoggin.

Kimball had come to the meet free on $10,000 bail following an Aug. 1 acci-

JOHN BIEVER

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

While Kimball made his bid for the Olympic team, some spectators kept a silent vigil.

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

dent in Brandon, Fla. He has been charged with killing two teenagers and seriously injuring three other youths by plowing his car into them on a dark, dead-end street while allegedly driving drunk. He faces arraignment on Aug. 29 in Hillsborough County, Fla., on five felony counts of driving under the influence of alcohol, charges that carry a maximum jail sentence of 45 years.

Legally, Kimball was an innocent man, untried, unconvicted and fully entitled under USOC rules to compete in the trials. To a large extent he was diving in Indy to try to pull his life together. "It's the one thing he has left to hang on to," said his father and coach, Dick, recounting the anguish and blackouts his son had gone through since the accident.

Yet Kimball's decision to compete struck many as morally offensive. It drew an outcry from Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD) and prompted seven friends of the victims, including the bereaved fiancée of one, to drive up from Brandon and silently, hauntingly, watch Kimball dive. The protesters wore pink T-shirts with REMEMBER THE VICTIMS printed on the backs.

As the final round began on Sunday, Jeffrey, a 23-year-old Ohio State graduate, was in fifth place, nearly 17 points behind Kimball. That changed quickly. Nailing one dive after the next, Jeffrey climbed rapidly to second. "I like coming from behind," he said later.

Still, going into the 10th and final round at the Indiana University Natatorium, Jeffrey, who had an extremely difficult inward 3½ tuck as his last dive, led the third-place Kimball by less than two points. Jeffrey's coach, Vince Panzano, who rarely talks to him during meets, came over. "Pop it up over the tower, grab your hands and rip the son of a bitch," Panzano instructed.

Jeffrey ripped it. He was awarded two 9.0's and five 8.5's from the seven judges, to leap 84.27 points ahead of Kimball, whose last dive would be a far easier back 2½ pike. Panzano put an arm around his diver, who stood with his eyes down as Kimball walked out on the platform. "I've seen [Kimball] take spots away from me too many times," Jeffrey said later. "I didn't want to watch it."

Kimball, one of the few divers to keep close track of the standings during competition, knew he needed virtually all perfect 10's to catch Jeffrey because of the lower degree of difficulty (D.D.) of his dive. "I think he realized that it was over," his father would say.

Kimball hit the water—splash!—just off line. Scores of 7.5 and 8.0 went up on the board, and the Florida protesters cheered for the first time all week. Kimball had not only failed to make the team, but he had also dropped to fourth.

The final scores showed Louganis first with 1,331.19 points, Jeffrey next with 1,261.71 and the late-closing Mike Wantuck third with 1,254.72. Kimball finished with 1,244.43. "This week has helped Bruce's spirits," said a subdued Dick Kimball. "But it has only delayed the inevitable. Reality is going to hit, and it's going to hit hard."

The reality at Indy was that champions would repeat—Louganis, Kelly McCormick and Michele Mitchell all duplicated their '84 trials victories—and that others would battle memorably for second place. "This is the toughest meet in the world," said Olympic coach Ron O'Brien.

Jeffrey ripped to a team berth.

HEINZ KLUETMEIER

The 5′ 9″, 168-pound Louganis, 29, who had seemed vulnerable after several losses in the last year, dived with his left wrist taped because of a ganglion cyst and bone chip but still seemed to

be rounding into form. He has added eight pounds of muscle since the '84 Games, and O'Brien, his coach with the Mission Bay (Fla.) Makos club, has been working with him on bracing his hands to get cleaner entries into the water and to save wear and tear on his arms and wrists.

"Greg has, unbeknownst to him, I think, a little clock in his head," said O'Brien. "Next week he'll start to do something a little better, and then the week after that, he'll do something else. That's good, because in Seoul he'll have to dive better than he did here."

Louganis wasn't the only old-timer competing in his fourth U.S. trials. Another was women's springboard winner McCormick, 28, the '84 Olympic silver medalist and free-spirited daughter of former Olympic champion Patricia McCormick. Kelly, who since the '84 Games has significantly boosted the D.D. in the dives on her list to keep pace with the world-leading Chinese, turned in the performance of her career despite a seriously strained left calf muscle, which has plagued her since February. She built a small lead (528.90 to 513.57) over University of Miami junior Wendy Williams in the preliminary round and—pumped up by between-dive sessions with her boom box in a room under the stands—blew away the field with an unofficial American-record score of 578.22 in the finals.

McCormick's 1,107.12 put her more than 76 ahead of the Dick Kimball–coached runner-up Wendy Lucero, 24, an ex–figure skater and ex-ballerina who nipped teammate Mary Fischbach for second by just .81. If Fischbach had received a score .5 higher from even one judge on almost any of her dives, she would have made the team. "It makes you wonder what one little thing you could have done better," she said.

The fight for second in men's springboard was just as tense. While Louganis was cruising to victory with rounds of 722.88 and 717.72—his best scores of the year—Makos teammate and part-time dental assistant Kent Ferguson was trying to hold off Mark Bradshaw.

On the first round of the finals, Ferguson, 25, who has spent much of the year recovering from a left shoulder dislocation suffered while competing on platform in January, dislocated the same shoulder as he hit the water on a straight inward dive. "It's out again!" he cried to team physician Dr. Ben Rubin as he climbed from the pool. Rubin hustled Ferguson into a training room and popped the shoulder back in place. Astonishingly, Ferguson was able to move his left arm without too much pain. He decided to keep diving. "It was trials," he said later. "I had to go for it."

Bradshaw, 26, who trains with Jeffrey and McCormick under Panzano, was being lifted by an enthusiastic rooting section. More than 40 friends and family members from at least six states had come to Indy, and most were wearing blue T-shirts with such identifications as BRADSHAW'S UNCLE or BRADSHAW'S COUSIN inscribed on them. "Every time I stepped on the board I almost started laughing because they were so rowdy," Bradshaw said later. After five rounds of superb diving by both men, he still trailed Ferguson by more than 21 points.

The sixth round was Ferguson's downfall. He nicked his toes on the board on an inward 2½ pike and got scores as low as 5.0 instead of his usual 8.5's. At six feet, Ferguson is tall for a diver, and it may have cost him. "If he had been two inches shorter, he'd have made the team," said his coach, O'Brien.

Bradshaw finished with a flourish—scoring five 9.0's on his last dive—to claim second, 1,375.05 to 1,363.95. He was greeted with hugs from McCormick, Panzano and a woman in an extra-large T-shirt labeled BRADSHAW'S WIFE AND BABY. Lisa Bradshaw, who is due to give birth on Sept. 12, has helped her sometimes intense husband to stop thinking about diving 24 hours a day. "It's down to about 18," he admits.

Thinking can sometimes be a diver's downfall. Platform winner Mitchell and runner-up Williams both had to overcome psychological hang-ups to make the team. Mitchell, 26, the '84 Olympic silver medalist, began having mental and physical trouble last year with her inward 3½ tuck, one of the high–D.D. dives that had carried her to a U.S.–record score of 479.40 in 1985. The inward 3½ can be frightening—"as you do it, this is what passes the edge of the platform," says O'Brien, tapping his forehead—and for Mitchell it became a phobia that started ruining her other dives as well. Mitchell dropped the dive in mid-July and replaced it with an inward 2½ pike. The change boosted her to scores of 447.42 and 466.26 in Indy, good enough to beat Williams by 6.81.

Williams quit platform diving for six months in 1986 because, as she puts it, "It scared me to death." She reexamined her reasons for diving and came back in '87 with a have-fun attitude. (She gradually got comfortable on the platform by sunbathing on it.)

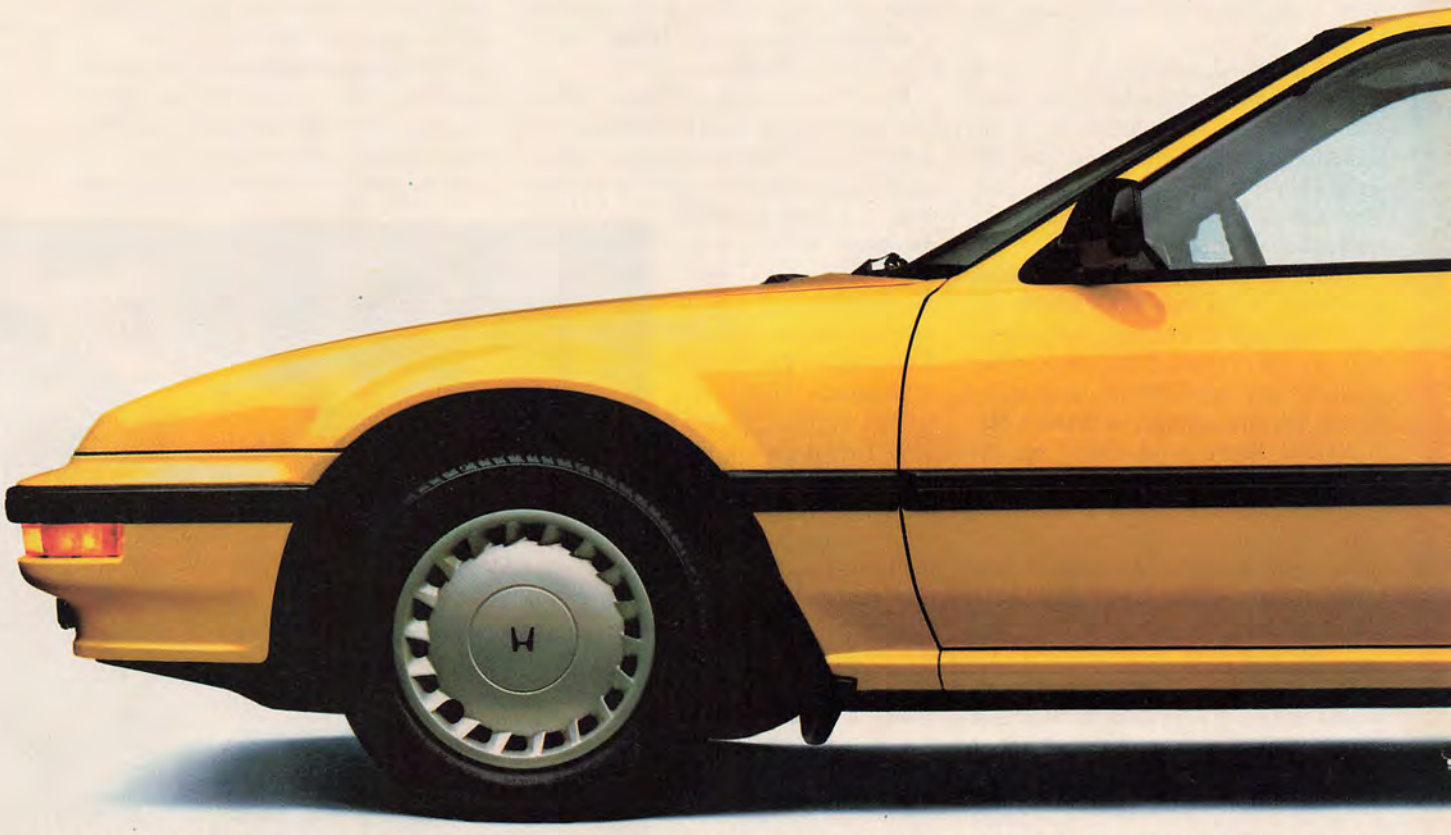
HEINZ KLUETMEIER

A change in dives restored Mitchell's confidence off the platform.

Only after Jeffrey pulled off his upset and the Kimball controversy died down on Sunday evening could the seven newly chosen U.S. Olympic divers gather for relaxed conversation and a team photo. Someone asked Louganis if he had any advice for the younger team members. "The worst part is over," Louganis said, with a gentle smile. "Qualifying for the team is just so nerve-racking. Now we can get together as a team and support each other."

None of the divers had to state the obvious: In that very real world outside of sport, the worst is not over for their friend Bruce Kimball. ■

They call it the h



Honda engineers have a way with words. They could have easily called it an environment that balances the perception of speed with comfort and control. That would describe the new Prelude Si. And you would expect that from engineers. But Honda always does the unexpected.

Many cars today don't exactly inspire your confidence. Especially when you are driving at highway speeds. Often they restrict your visibility. Other times they make you feel like you are riding in a bubble.

The perfect answer to the problem addresses both sides. That thinking became the basis of design for the new Prelude Si. The high speed cabin.

They began by sloping the hoodline even lower. This improves your view and raises your confidence level. It also lowers aerodynamic resistance.

Window area was increased by 20% to provide a more sweeping view. The glass fits more flush to the body. Again for better aerodynamics.

The engineers developed a double overhead cam engine with sixteen valves and Honda's Programmed Fuel Injection. Horsepower is up 20% and it's stronger through all driving ranges.

Next, they turned their attention to

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igh speed cabin.

the suspension. A double wishbone system was designed for all four wheels. It met the demand for stable handling in the Prelude. For obvious reasons, disc brakes are used on the front and rear wheels. Power assisted, of course.

They refined the whole interior. The driver's seat adjusts to about any position and then remembers it. The steering column adjusts, too, and has the cruise controls located on the steering hub. All the foot pedals are repositioned for increased comfort.

There is standard air conditioning, a power-operated Moonroof and a high power AM/FM stereo system with a cassette player. The console accepts a CD player. Also included are power windows and power outside mirrors. And integrated fog lights.

You have a choice of transmissions. The standard smooth 5-speed manual shift or a new electronically controlled 4-speed automatic with sport shift is available.

The new Prelude Si will definitely show you that Honda engineers know what they are talking about.

HONDA

The new Prelude Si

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APB *for* QBs

THE DEARTH OF TALENT AT QUARTERBACK SEEMS TO BE MORE GLARING THAN EVER. QUESTION IS, WHY?

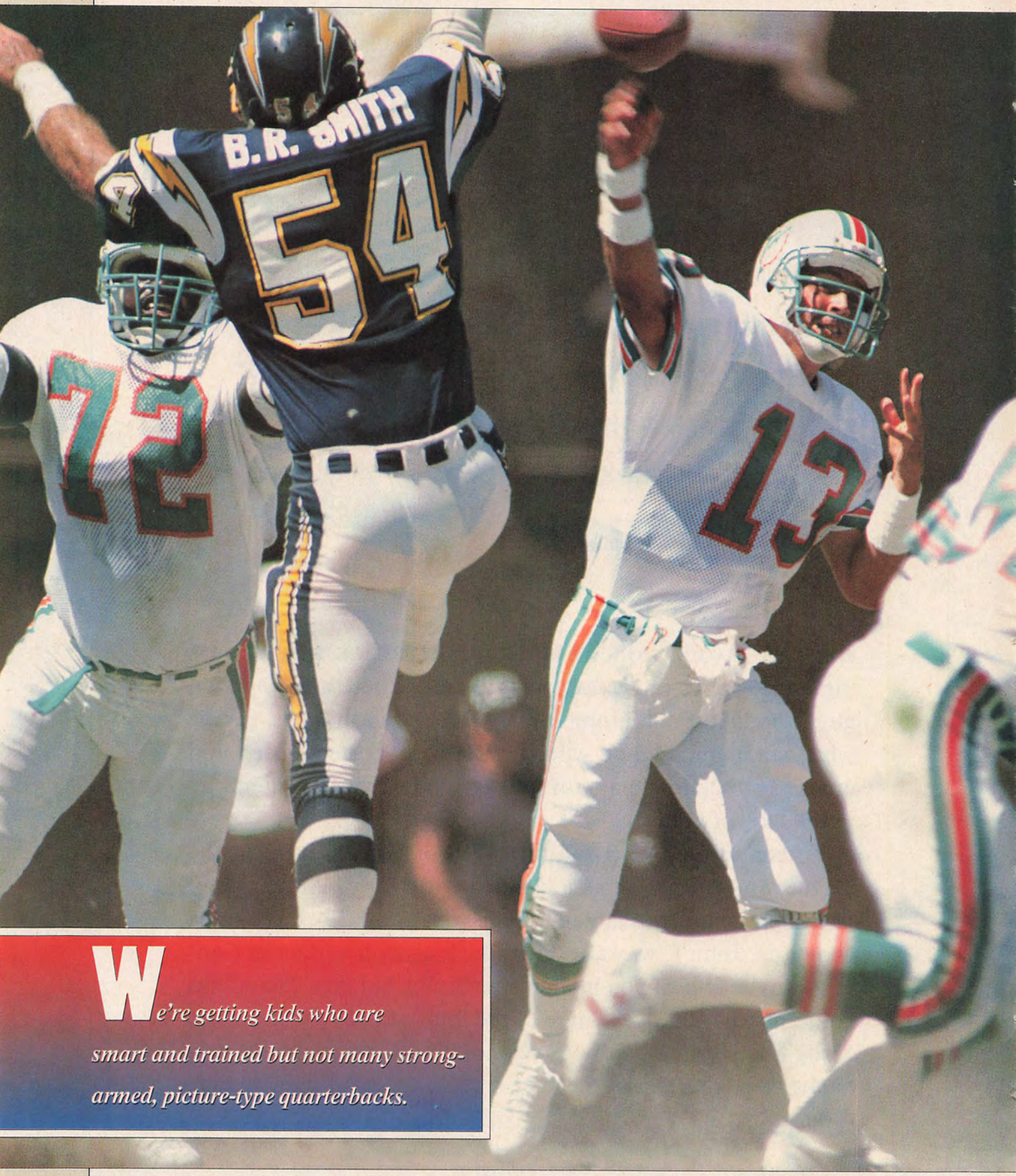
BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

IS IT OUR IMAGINATION, OR IS THE QUARTERBACK TALENT DRYing up? Where's the great young talent? Where are the tough guys, the Dan Fouts, John Unitas, Joe Namath types, people who can hang in and win games with busted noses and cracked ribs? How many of today's quarterbacks will end up in the Hall of Fame?

Fifteen years ago, five future Hall of Famers were in the league, and three more should make it. Now? At the risk of passing premature judgment on the young, let's say three—Joe Montana, John Elway and Dan Marino—will end up in Canton. Maybe four, if you include Jim Kelly, but he's 28 and has got to make his move. Three of the four—Elway, Marino and Kelly—are from the famous class of '83, in which six quarterbacks were drafted in the first round, and all three became

NAMATH WOULD RIP UP TODAY'S DEFENSES, AS HE DID THE COLTS' IN SUPER BOWL III

WALTER IOOSS JR.



We're getting kids who are smart and trained but not many strong-armed, picture-type quarterbacks.

ANDY HART

MARINO IS ONE OF SIX QUARTERBACKS WHO WERE FIRST-ROUND PICKS IN '83

starters. (Ken O'Brien, Todd Blackledge and Tony Eason were the other three.) But what has happened since then?

In the five NFL drafts from 1984 to '88, 27 quarterbacks were picked in the first five rounds; the average for the three preceding five-year periods was 32.3. Counting supplemental drafts, eight quarterbacks from the 1984–88 era were first-rounders; the three previous five-year periods produced an average of 9.7 first-rounders. From the total number of quarterbacks who joined the NFL from 1984 to '88—that's counting free agents as well as draft choices—12 became starters, although some have since lost their jobs. Compare that with 22 starters from the period 1978 to '83, 17 from 1974 to '78 (which historians rate as another dry era for quarterbacks), and 23 from 1969 to '73.

O.K., some of the newer guys might still become starters, although the chances are slim for this year's rookie crop. Last spring's draft yielded a record low of two quarterbacks in the first five rounds, and both of them were third-rounders. One of them, Tom Tupa of the Cardinals, was selected as a combination quarterback-punter. Each five-year period has produced its share of stars, but let's look at what the drafts of the past half decade have given us:

• 1984—five starters. Steve Young, Tampa Bay's No. 1 pick in the supplemental draft, is now the darling of the San Francisco Bay Area. Everyone is writing obits for Montana because he played one lousy game in last year's playoffs. But Montana had an outstanding regular season, and Niner coach Bill Walsh is not about to hand over the job to Young. Granted, he has talent, but Young has been on three teams in two leagues and has yet to prove he can really work a game. Cincinnati's Boomer Esiason is a competent starter; Washington's Jay Schroeder, a Pro Bowler in '86, lost his job to Doug Williams. Steve Pelluer had the Dallas job, lost it to Danny White, and now has it again, uh, maybe. Finally, Randy Wright was rushed into quick service in Green Bay and now is fighting off a mob led by former Raider Mark Wilson.

• 1985—two starters. Bernie Kosar of Cleveland and Randall Cunningham of Philadelphia are both budding stars.

• 1986—three starters. The jury's out on all of them: Jack Trudeau of Indianapolis, Jim Everett of the Rams and Chuck Long of Detroit.

• 1987—two starters. Chris Miller may be all right if he survives playing for Atlanta. Ditto Vinny Testaverde in Tampa Bay, but here and there you hear whispers that the Bucs shouldn't have let Young go to make room for him.

• 1988—zip. Out of all the colleges playing football—hundreds of programs, thousands of athletes—how come only two quarterbacks were drafted in the first five rounds? A cyclical thing, say the more optimistic scouts. Perhaps. But since 1983 I count only two quarterbacks, Kosar and Cunningham, who can quicken your pulse. So the question remains: Why not more?

"Teams have gone corporate," says former Redskins quarterback Joe Theismann. "You used to have half a dozen or so exceptional quarterbacks—Unitas, Bradshaw, Starr, Hadl, Jurgensen, Namath. If they played well, the team won. Today the primary job of a quarterback is not to win games; it's to make the right decisions and not lose them. Most clubs are no longer one-quarterback teams. It's like training two senior vice-presidents—and coaches will make a change quicker these days. It's like bringing a World B. Free off the bench. It's the only way some of these coaches can impact a team. It's easier than being a true quarterback coach, a teacher."

We put the question to a multitude of NFL people—past and present coaches, players, scouts and general managers: Are we in a down era for quarterbacks? Their answers fall into general groupings by profession. Retired quarterbacks and older vets agree that the modern group is missing something. Coaches, who have to coach their own quarterbacks and prepare for the other guys', do not agree for the most part. Hell, they say, there's plenty of talent around. What's more, the game's much more complicated now. Current quarterbacks generally agree with the coaches.

"Sonny Jurgensen was a great quarterback, a great passer," says Buffalo coach Marv Levy. "He looked at a strong zone, weak zone and man-to-man free safety. There isn't enough time for me to explain all the coverages there are now. And they limit a quarterback's

CARL SKALAK

IF KELLY HOPES TO MAKE THE HALL OF FAME, HE MUST MAKE HIS MOVE SOON

of a pipe. Bobby Douglass of the Bears was a flamethrower whom no one remembers, and James (Shack) Harris of the Bills and Rams could bring it as well as anyone. The game has always had major arms, and I think more of them might have been around in the old days. If so many great arms are coming out of college these days, why don't more quarterbacks get drafted higher?

The older scouts generally agree that today's quarterbacking talent is subpar, but for the life of them they don't know why. After all, more colleges are putting the ball in the air than in the past. "It's a real puzzler," says Charley Casserly, Washington's chief scout. "More colleges are going to drop-back passing, the veer and the wishbone have diminished over the last 10 years, and there are better passing coaches in the schools. Still, for five years the drafts have slid. We're getting kids who are smart and trained, but we're not getting as many big, strong, picture-type quarterbacks.

"Here's an off-the-wall theory: the influence of soccer on the youth of America. You find a lot of kids playing soccer, which means *x* amount are not playing football. There's a trickle-down effect. Some people might say that doesn't make any sense, but let them come up with a better reason."

"It's got to be the mommies' and daddies' fault," says Bengal coach Sam Wyche. "They have to put out kids with stronger arms."

"Maybe kids aren't getting enough Vitamin B," says Roger Staubach.

"Hey, look," says Casserly, "pull out some rosters from 10 or 15 years ago and see what there was around the league. Maybe the talent was the same. That's the only way to really find out."

So let's compare, team by team. We'll go back 15 years and hit all 26 teams. (The Buccaneers and Seahawks didn't exist in 1973.) The evaluations, you understand, are strictly personal.

AFC

COLTS: BERT JONES VS. TRUdeau and Gary Hogeboom. Score one for '73.

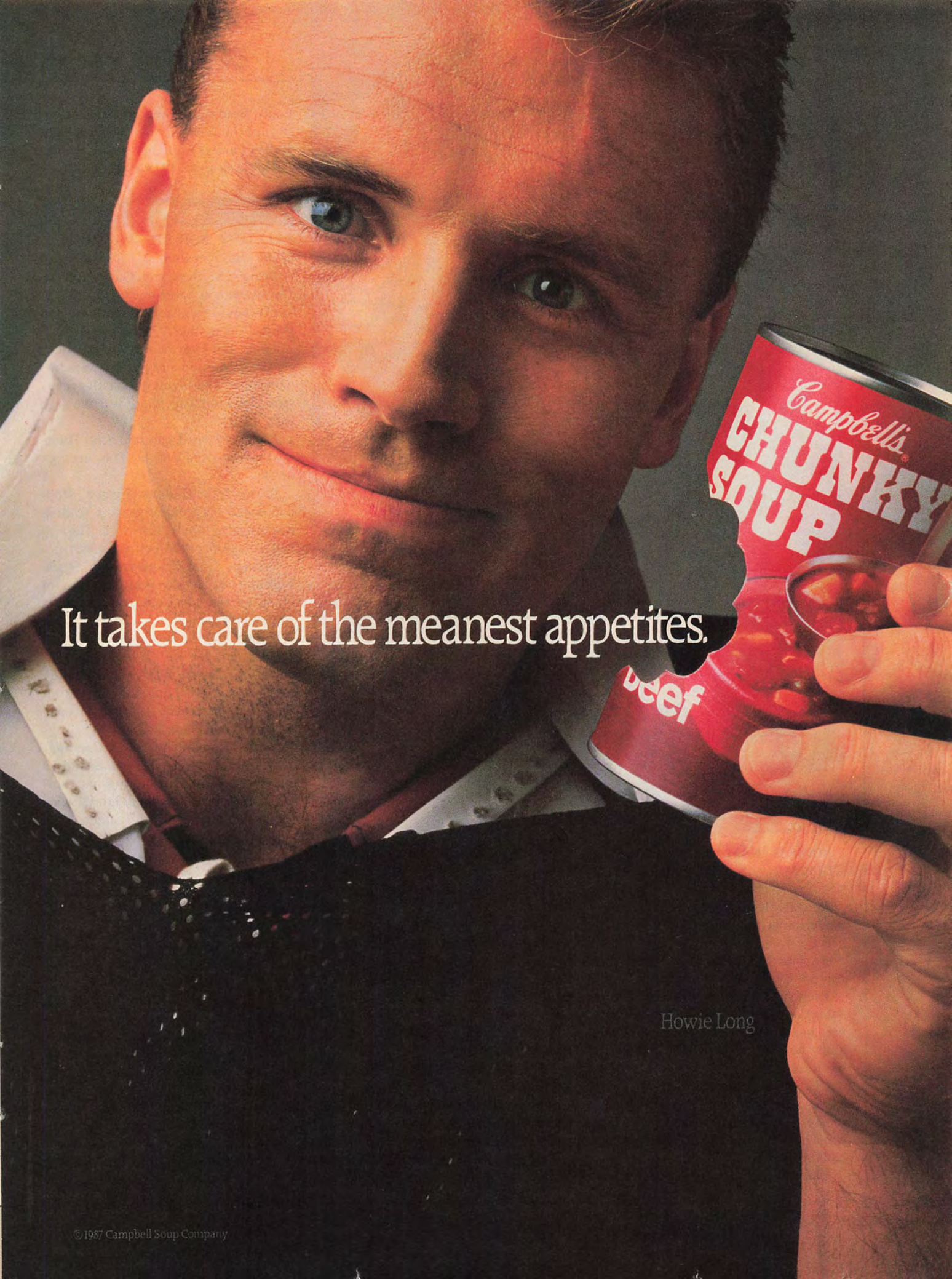
Bills: Joe Ferguson vs. Kelly. Kelly wins, but it's close.

Teams have gone corporate. Today the job of a quarterback is not to win games; it's to make the right decisions and not lose them.

ability to be as consistent as he once was. Even the good ones now aren't quite so consistent. If anything, there are more good arms. But they're going against more good defenders."

"Bart Starr and Bob Griese were great quarterbacks who won championships," says Saints quarterback Bobby Hebert. "But if you put them in one-on-one drills with Marino and Elway, they wouldn't even be on the same field. I'm not saying that in a negative way. I'm just talking about physical skills."

More good arms now? Better physical skills? I'm not so sure. Namath threw the ball as hard as anyone. Terry Bradshaw's passes looked as if they came out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SOUP
beef
It takes care of the meanest appetites.
Howie Long
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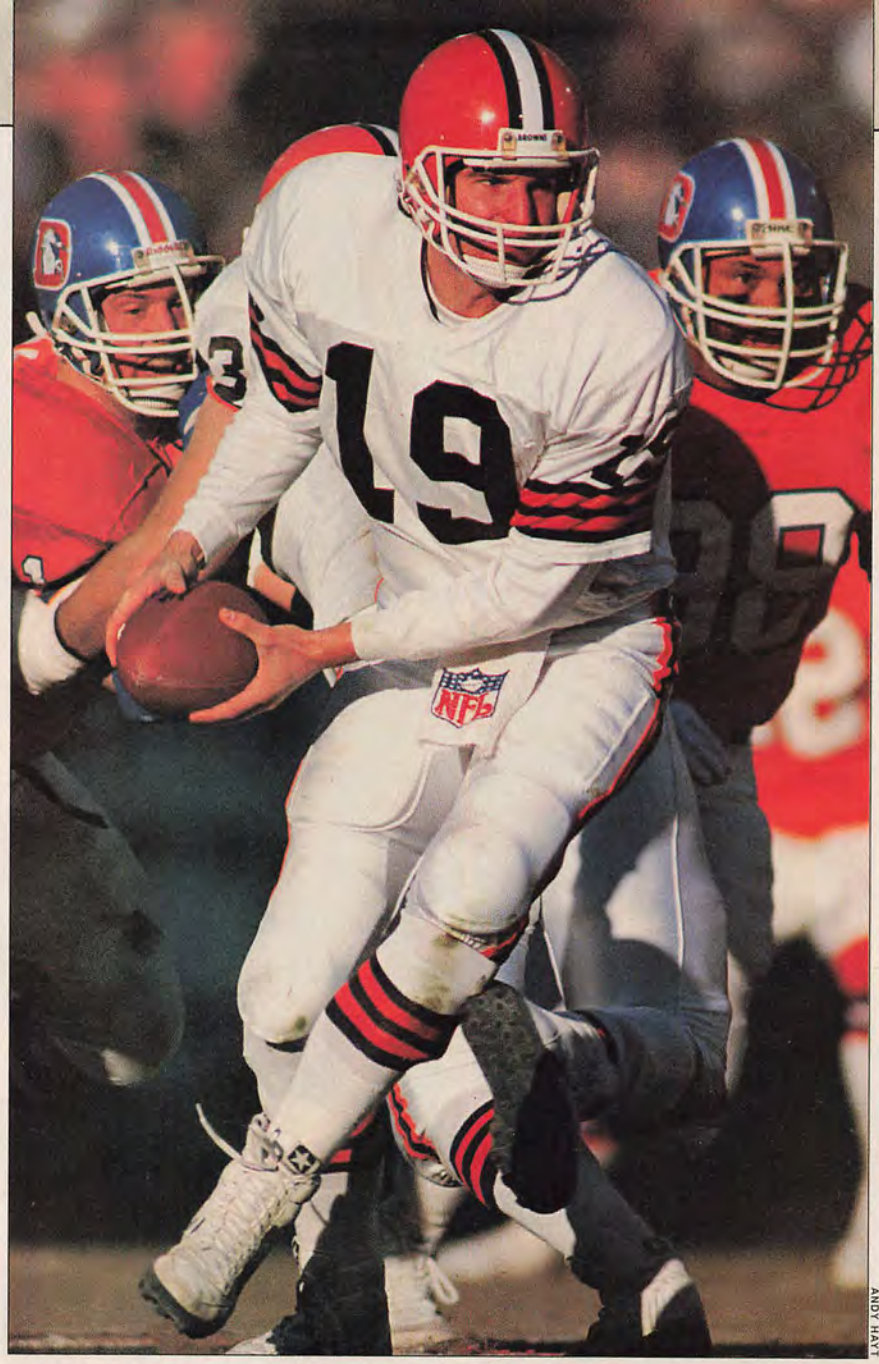


ANDY HAYT

KOSAR IS AN NFL RARITY: A YOUNG GUN WHO CAN QUICKEN THE PULSE

Bengals: Ken Anderson vs. Esiason. Anderson is a future Hall of Famer. He gets the nod.

Browns: Mike Phipps vs. Kosar. No contest. It's Kosar.

Broncos: Charley Johnson vs. Elway. Johnson was the first honest-to-goodness quarterback that Denver had who knew how to move a team, but Elway has the edge.

Oilers: Dan Pastorini and Lynn Dickey vs. Warren Moon. Two beleaguered rookies against a competent vet. Moon wins, but Pastorini and Dickey certainly had the arms.

Chiefs: Len Dawson vs. Bill Kenney. Dawson, a Hall of Famer, is an easy choice.

Dolphins: Griese vs. Marino. Sorry, Bob.

Patriots: Jim Plunkett, age 25, with a whole rags-to-riches career in front of him, vs. Steve Grogan, backed up by an injured Eason. Many things to evaluate, past, future, entire career. Very difficult. Call it even.

Jets: Namath vs. O'Brien. Hall of Famer No. 2 wins it.

Raiders: Ken Stabler vs. a mob. The Snake in a walkover.

Steelers: Bradshaw vs. Bubby Brister and Blackledge. A laugher. Bradshaw has Hall of Fame written all over him.

Chargers: Fouts vs. Mark Malone and Babe Laufenberg. No contest. When Fouts, Bradshaw and Anderson are enshrined in Canton, that will be eight Hall of Famers from this era.

Halftime score: 1973 leads 7-5-1.

NFC

FALCONS: BOB LEE VS. MILLER. Miller wins on potential.

Bears: Douglass and Gary Huff vs. Jim McMahon. Score one for '88.

Cowboys: Staubach vs. Pelluer and White. Yet another '73 Hall of Famer.

Lions: Bill Munson and Greg Landry vs. Long. Munson and Landry were two underrated and highly productive quarterbacks. Long isn't there yet. We'll go with '73.

Packers: Jerry Tagge and Scott Hunter vs. Wilson and Wright. This one goes to '88.

Rams: John Hadl vs. Everett. Hadl had one of his greatest years in leading Los Angeles to a 12–2 record. He also had a magnificent career. He wins.

Vikings: Fran Tarkenton vs. Wade Wilson and Tommy Kramer. Hall of Fame vs. two good quarterbacks. Tarkenton gets the nod.

Saints: Archie Manning vs. Hebert. A win for '73.

Giants: Norm Snead and Randy Johnson vs. Phil Simms. Simms is an old-style quarterback who would have been good in any era. No contest.

Eagles: Roman Gabriel vs. Cunningham. Gabriel had 23 TD passes and 12 interceptions in '73, exactly what Cunningham had last season. Gabriel wins on the strength of an entire career.

Cardinals: Jim Hart vs. Neil Lomax. People forget how good Hart's 18-year career was. He gets our vote.

49ers: John Brodie vs. Montana. A tough loss for John.

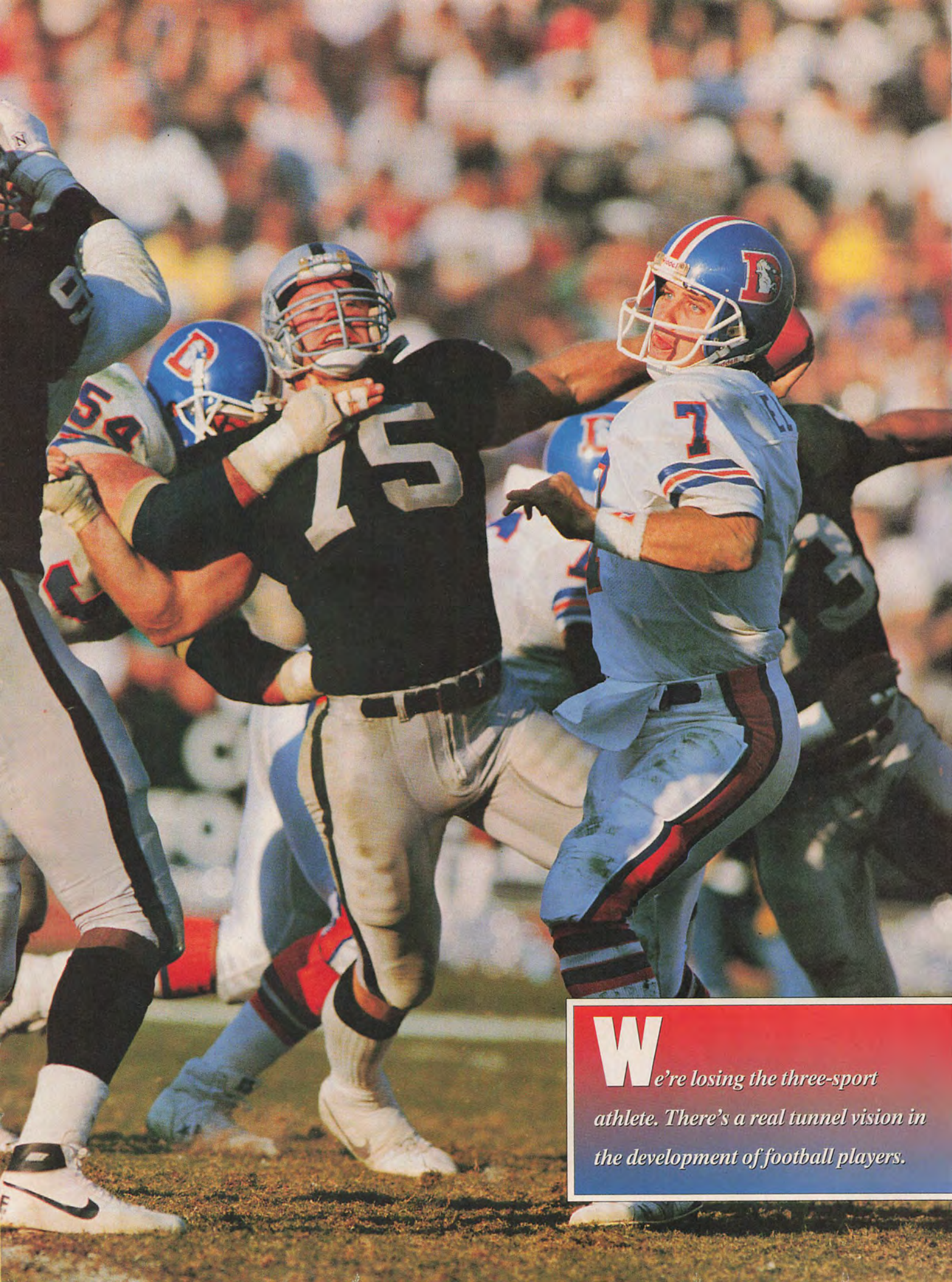
Redskins: Jurgensen, backed up by Billy Kilmer, vs. Williams and Schroeder. Jurgy is our fifth and last '73 Hall of Famer, and he gets a win here.

Final score: 15-10-1 in favor of the quarterbacks of '73.

We also compared this year's quarterbacks with their counterparts from 10 and 20 years ago, and the old-timers won by roughly the same margin. What does this prove? Only that in an era in which athletic performance is supposed-

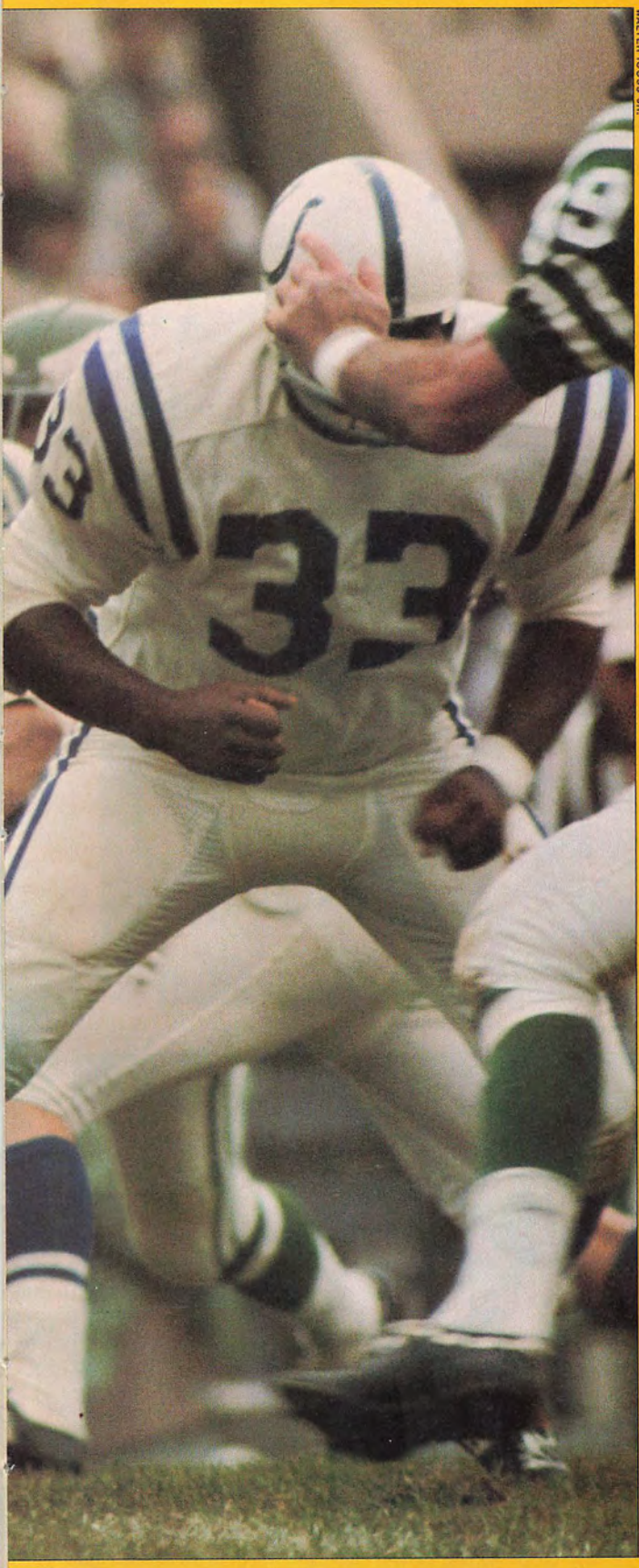
ELWAY AND TWO OTHER CLASS OF '83 MEMBERS MAY BE BOUND FOR CANTON

C. BERNHARDT/ALLSPORT USA

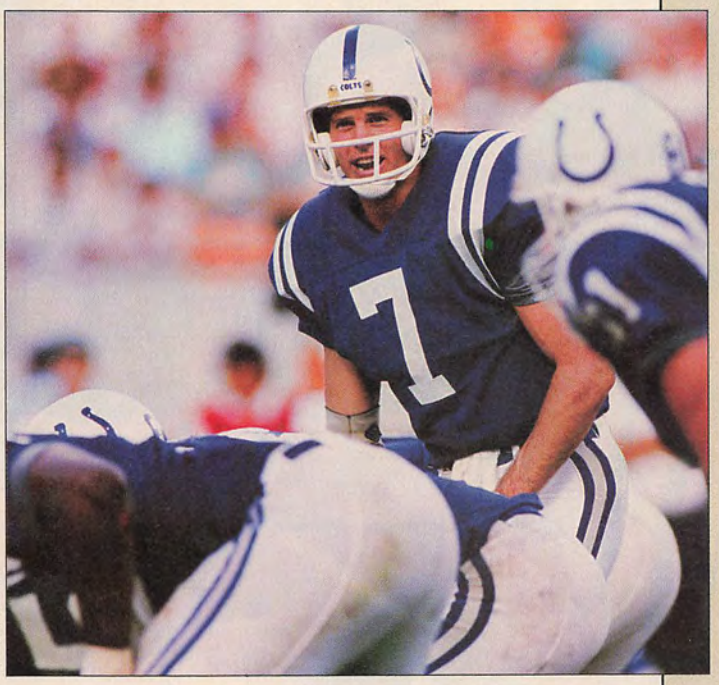


We're losing the three-sport athlete. There's a real tunnel vision in the development of football players.

Something you never hear anymore is quarterbacks complaining that they don't call their own plays.



WALTER IOOSS JR.



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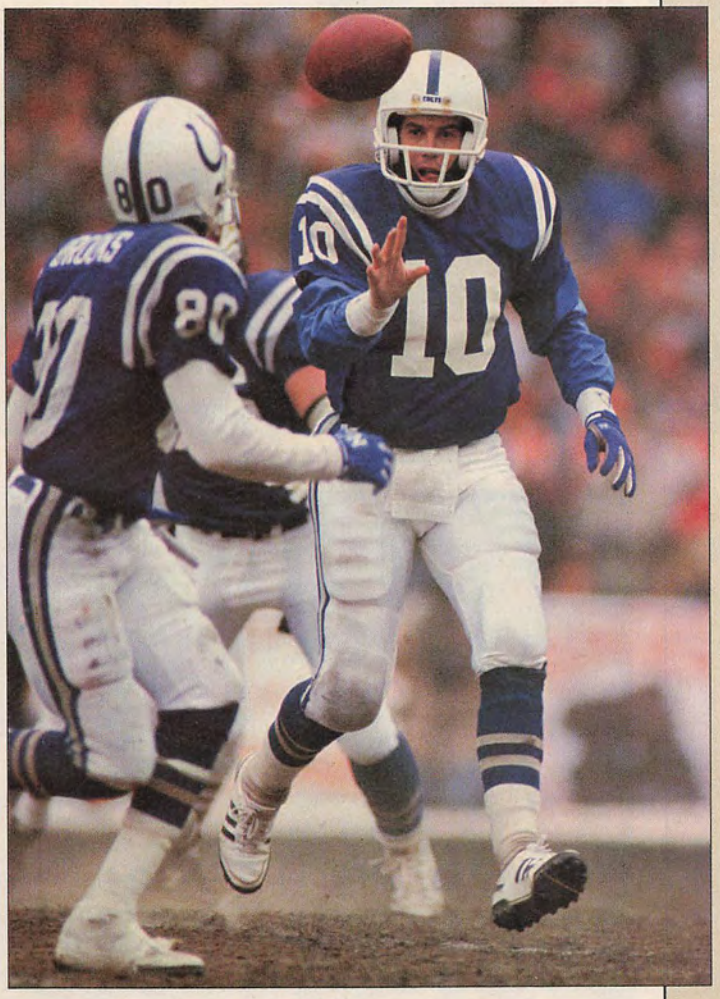
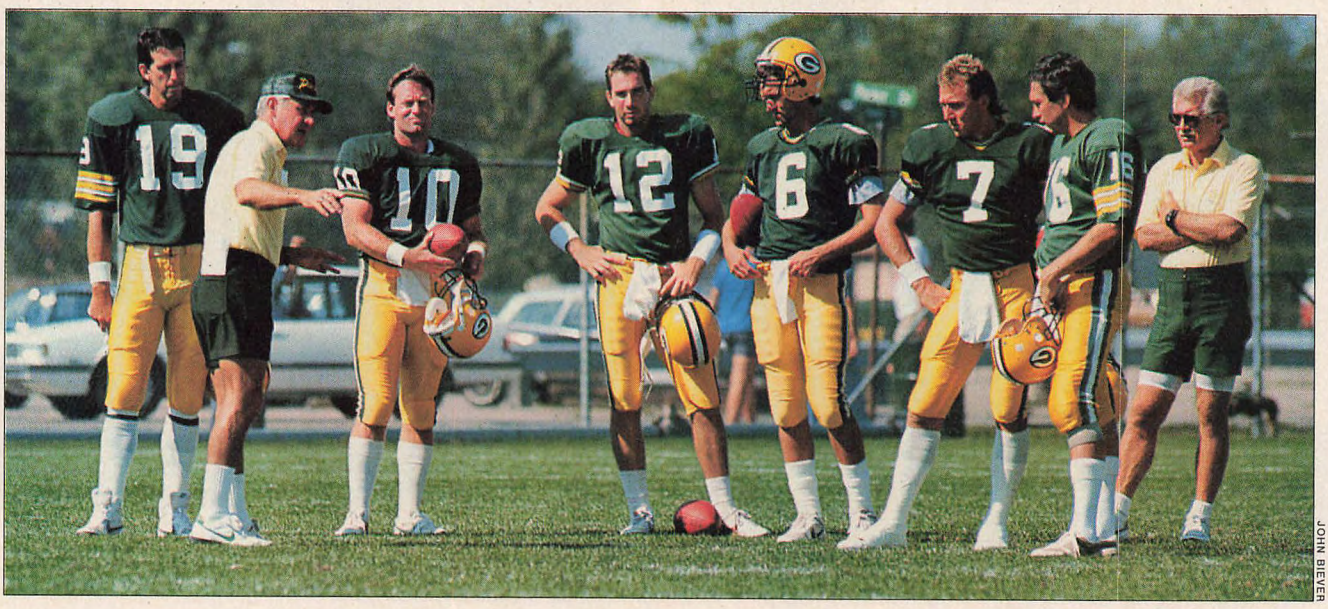


JOHN BIEVER

TOGETHER, HOGEBOOM (7) AND TRUDEAU (10) DON'T ADD UP TO THE TALENT OF THE LEGENDARY UNITAS (19)

NEIL LEIFER



JOHN BIEVER

V.J. LOVERO

ly improving in all sports, quarterbacking at the professional level isn't as good as it used to be. Granted, the signal callers of 15 years ago didn't have to look at the changing spectrum of 3–4, 4–3, nickel, dime and seven-back defenses. But I can see Namath, who carved up Baltimore's rather simplistic strongside rotation zone in Super Bowl III, doing the same thing to today's nickel and dime backs, zipping them to death with his 15-yard squareouts.

Many coaches say the physical pressure on the modern quarterbacks—in particular, the swarms of mobile Lawrence Taylor–type linebackers coming at them off a variety of stunts—is unhinging a lot of them. But players like Namath and Jurgensen killed blitzes because they got the ball away so quickly, in much the same way that Kosar eats up the blitz nowadays.

One reason today's quarterbacks are seeing so many blitzes and stunts is that, thanks to the strangleholds offensive linemen are permitted, defenses are having a hard time getting the job done with three and even four down linemen. Moreover, colleges aren't producing great defensive linemen anymore. The talent there is even drier than at quarterback. Any scout will tell you that. The top quarterbacks of 20 years ago didn't worry about the blitzers. They were too concerned with the likes of Deacon Jones, Merlin Olsen and Richie (Tombstone) Jackson. Remember Tombstone? He had a head slap that split helmets. Talk about pressure.

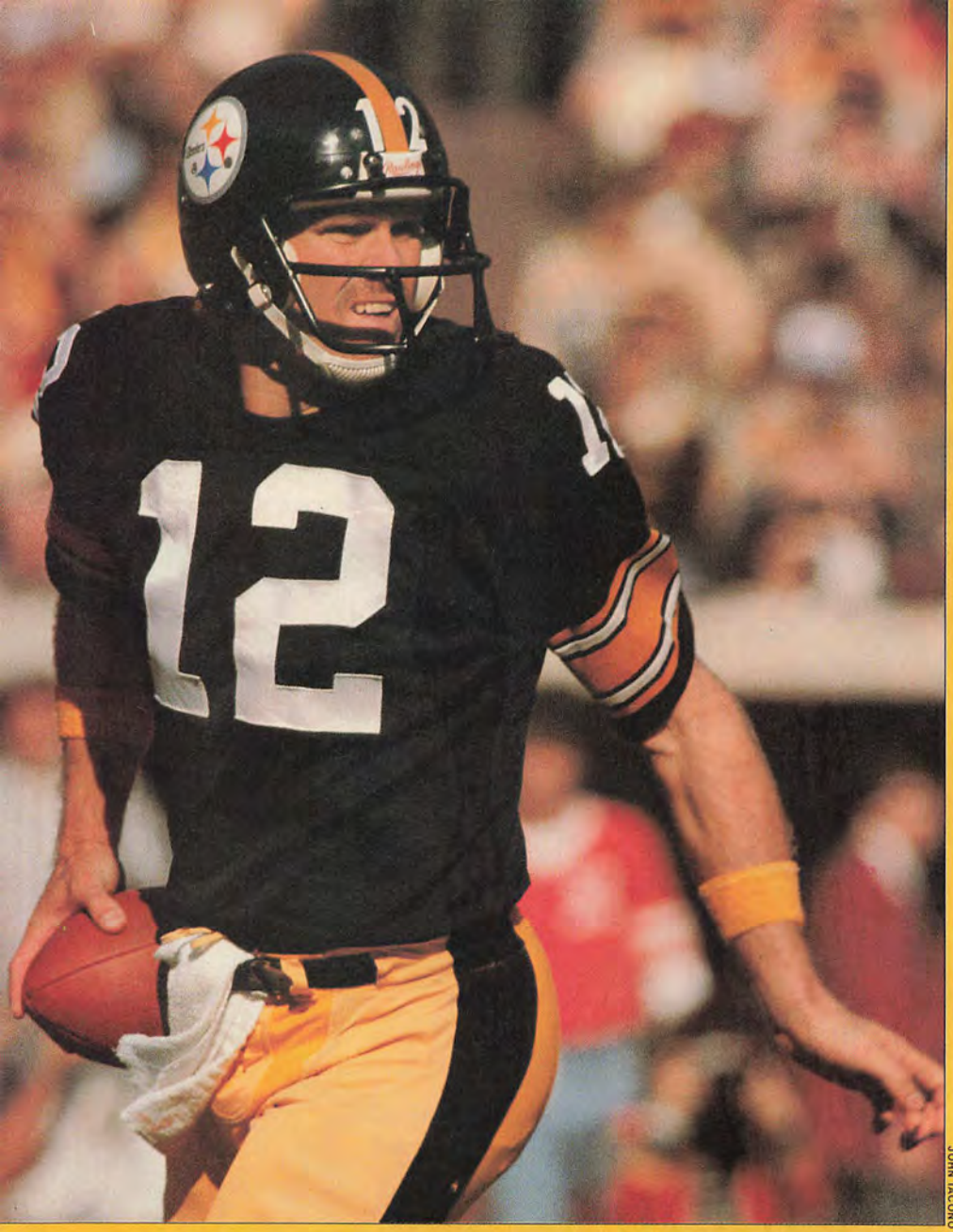
Now the pressure is mental. A kid is two years out of college, has a million-dollar contract, and the fans, media and owners want to get him in there so he can start earning his paycheck. When he takes the snap, half the time he doesn't know what he's looking at. "He's thinking, Is it a nickel, is it a dime, two linebackers, three?" says Theismann. "Nowadays you need an accountant in the huddle with you, a 12th man just to inform the quarterback as to who the defense has on the field."

Something you never hear anymore is quarterbacks complaining that they

IN CONTRAST TO ONE STARR (ABOVE LEFT), THE PACKERS HAD A SEXTET IN TRAINING CAMP THIS YEAR, WHILE THE RAIDERS (ABOVE) HAD A QUINTET ATTEMPTING TO FILL STABLER'S SHOES

WALTER IOOSS JR.

There are quarterbacks starting around the league who do not deserve to be starters.



JOHN IACONO

CHUCK SOLOMON

don't get to call their own plays. Says Giants general manager George Young, "Hell, they're thankful that they don't have to. They have enough to worry about. But at one time all you heard was about how dehumanizing it was."

Maybe that's part of the problem—too many mechanical quarterbacks. Make the right read, find the right receiver, don't screw up, earn your million bucks. "Two years ago I was talking to Bobby Dodd, the old Georgia Tech coach," says the Redskins' offensive coordinator, Dan Henning. "I asked him what was the most important factor in offensive football today. He said, 'Make sure that before the quarterback kills the other team, he doesn't kill your team.' "

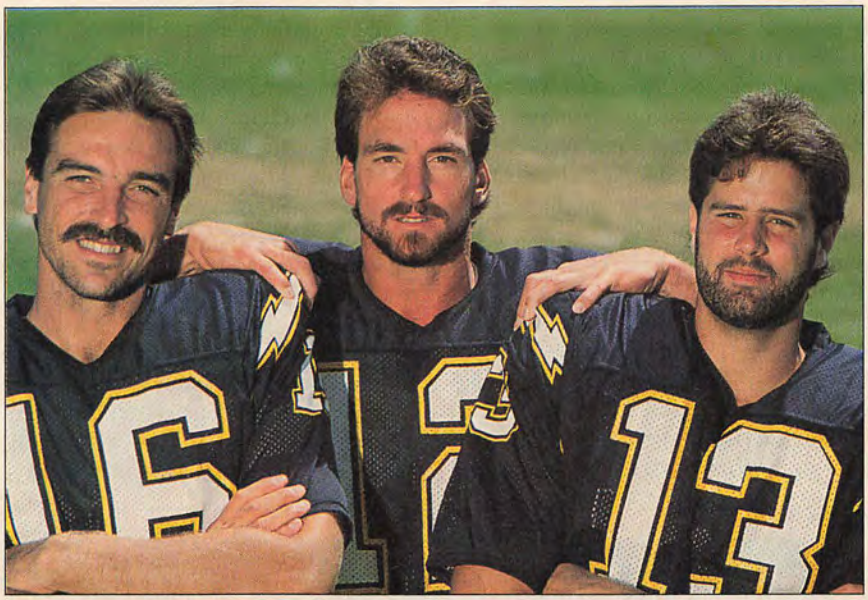
What are NFL teams looking for: take-charge leaders or nonscrewups? "Some guys can't handle the pressure, even though they have the physical skills," says Staubach. "The big money produces pressure to win right away. Maybe it has them a little shell-shocked. NFL quarterbacking is dealing with pressure on a consistent basis."

Staubach was the ultimate two-minute quarterback. Joe Kapp was tough; he would take on linebackers. Gabriel was indestructible. Tarkenton, Namath, Unitas, Bradshaw, Fouts—they all had their individual styles. Now, once you get past the top few, the quarterbacks tend to blur into a kind of gray competence.

People talk about the running quarterbacks, such as Cunningham, Elway and Young, as if they were a new breed. True, they get down the field more quickly than their predecessors did, but the NFL has always had great running quarterbacks. Remember Marlin (the Magician) Briscoe in Denver and Douglass with his ferocious gallops in Chicago? ("Six foot four, 225 pounds of quarterback or whatever you want to call him," was Frank Gifford's line about Douglass.) The league has always had great scramblers, too, instinctive escape artists like Tarkenton, and Griese in his younger years. You can go back as far as Frankie Albert in San Francisco. Watch some of those old films of Albert and you'll be amazed.

My god, that's 40 years ago! I can see

BLACKLEDGE (14), BRISTER (6), STEVE BONO (13) AND RICK STROM POSE NO THREAT TO BRADSHAW'S REPUTATION



ROCKY THIES

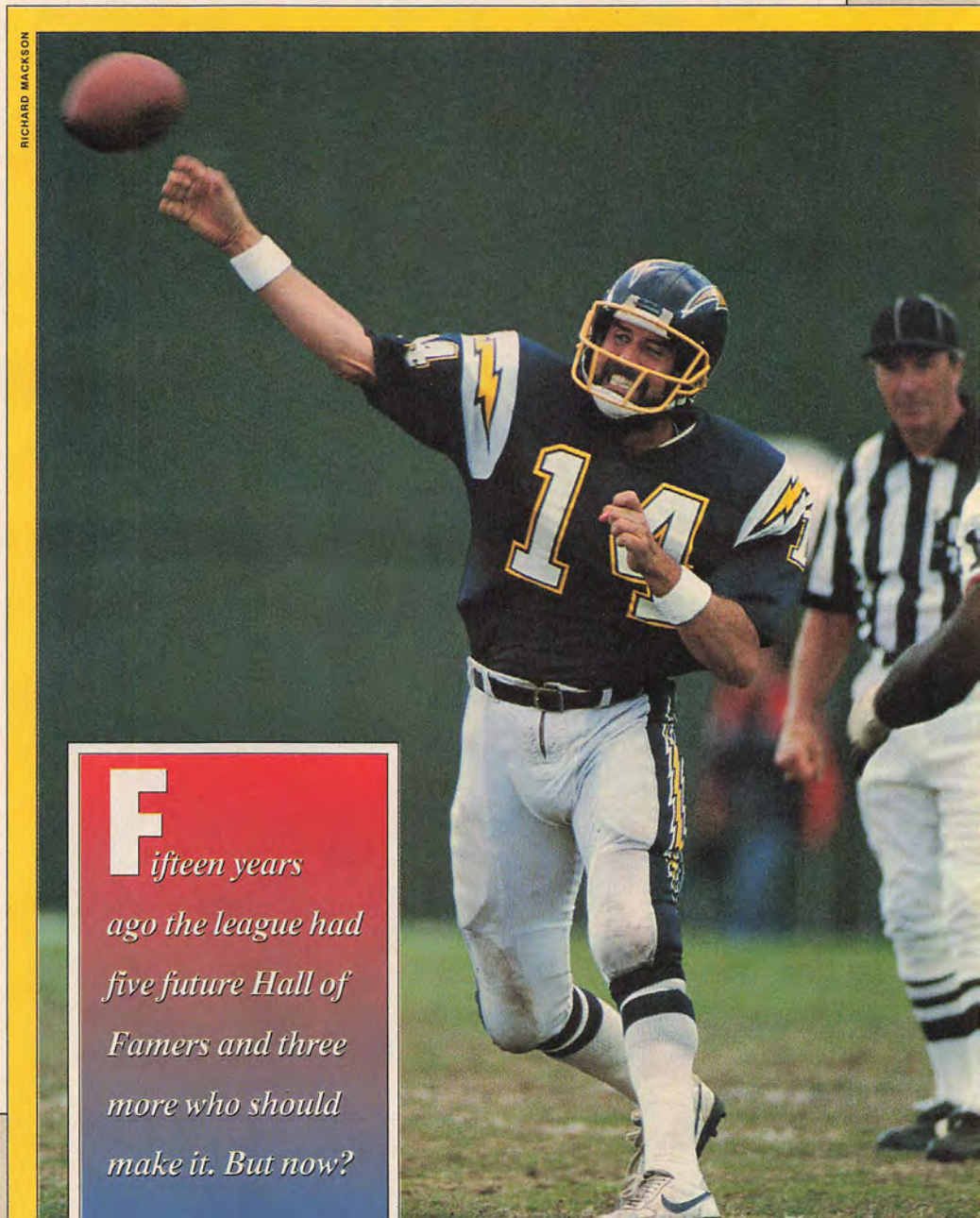
WITH FOUTS (BELOW) GONE, SAN DIEGO MUST MAKE DO WITH (FROM LEFT) MALONE, LAUFENBERG AND MARK VLASIC

the smirks, hear the polite tee-hees. Leave the poor old guy under the tree with his memories. It's just that something has gone out of the position—individuality, toughness, style, call it what you want. "I see burnout," says Theismann. "I don't think freshmen should play varsity football. I don't think college players should be in year-round programs. I played baseball at Notre Dame, and in the summer I unloaded boxes and delivered beer in Somerville, New Jersey. Football wasn't a 12-month operation. Everybody has to step away from the game and rejuvenate himself mentally and physically. Counting all the off-season workouts, by the time a kid is a senior in college he's probably done as much throwing as a third- or fourth-year pro used to do. An arm has only so many throws. I don't think you'll see many more 15-year vets."

Mike Hickey, the Jets' director of player personnel, agrees. He traces the problem back to the high school level. "Some of those programs are so intense that they won't even let kids participate in other sports," says Hickey. "We're losing the three-sport athlete. Today, a high school football coach might tell a kid, 'O.K., run track or play basketball, but you've got to make our drills, too.'

"You see guys who are one-dimensional—football, that's it. I prefer the players with the multisport background. This isn't true only at quarterback. Every position is like that. The talent has fallen off everywhere in the last five drafts. There's a real tunnel vision in the development of football players. You see kids that are weight-room strong, but they don't have natural tensile strength. So they get hurt."

"Scouts have known for some time that this is a down era in overall talent," says Dick Steinberg, the Patriots' top scout. "I have my own theory. We're between baby-boom eras. The whole population of young people is down. Resorts, the fast-food industry—they're having a real problem finding kids to hire. That 1983 draft is remembered as the greatest quarterback draft in history, but it was more than that. It was the greatest draft, period. In those days any major school that you went to, you'd find



RICHARD MACKSON

Fifteen years ago the league had five future Hall of Famers and three more who should make it. But now?

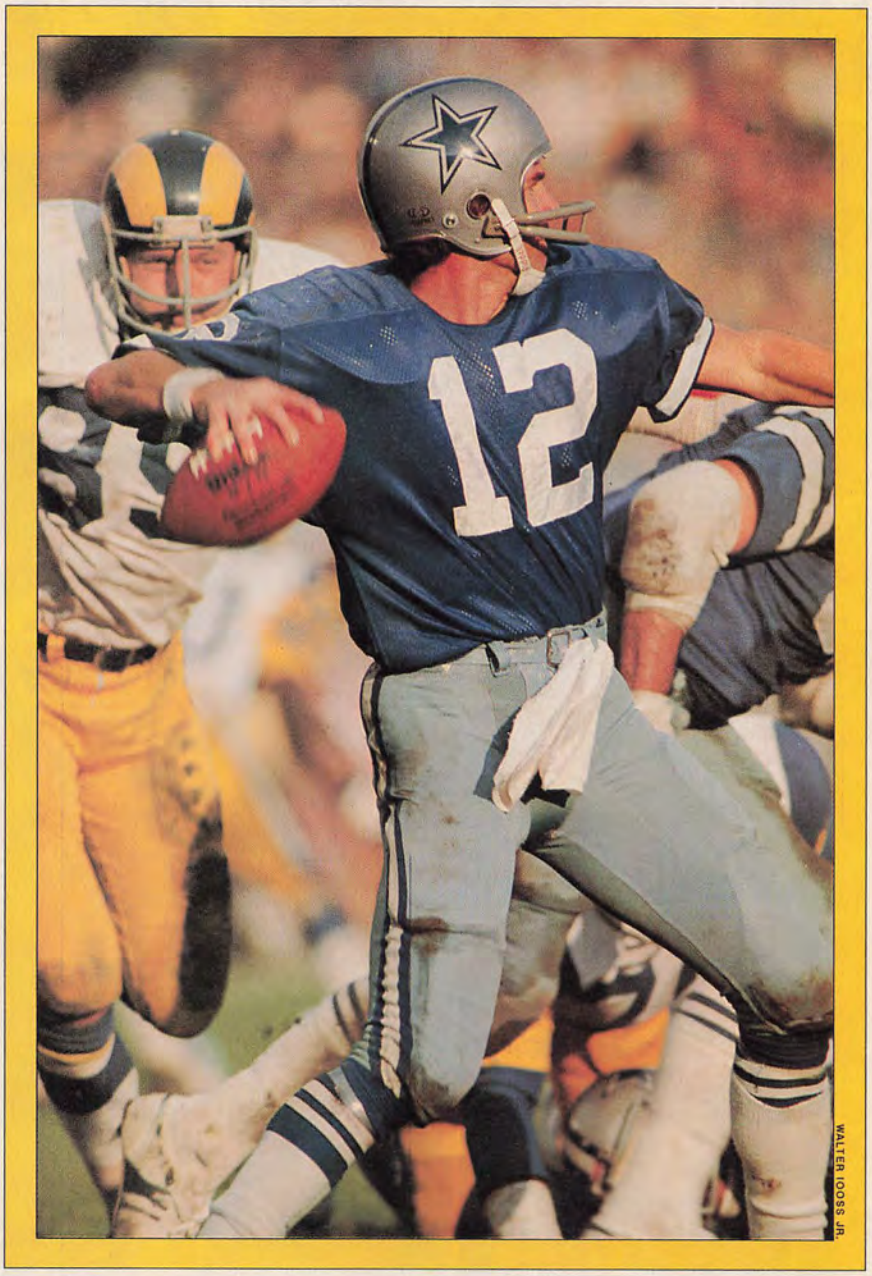
a prospect that excited you. No more."

We may never see another pool of football talent like the one in '83. In addition to the six first-round quarterbacks who became NFL starters, Hebert, who wasn't even drafted, and Laufenberg, a sixth-round choice who might win the San Diego job this year, entered the league that year. Eric Dickerson and Curt Warner came out in '83. So did Anthony Carter. The Bears laid the groundwork for their victory in Super Bowl XX by drafting seven players who would eventually start for them. Three of them, Jim Covert, Richard Dent and Dave Duerson, would make the Pro Bowl. The Giants landed four Super Bowl–team first-stringers. In addition to Marino, Miami got Mark Clayton and Reggie Roby. San Diego picked up nine first-stringers; Washington drafted Charles Mann and Darrell Green; Detroit got half a dozen starters; San Francisco selected Roger Craig. The list goes on. All told, 23 eventual Pro Bowl players came out of that single draft.

What's on the quarterback horizon? Optimists say the '89 draft will supply four or five good ones. Most scouts, however, think only UCLA's Troy Aikman is a bona fide prospect. Meanwhile, many proud names, including the Cowboys, Raiders and Steelers, are hunting for a quarterback. Let's face it. There simply isn't enough talent to go around.

"I'd say the NFL has an upper echelon of quarterbacks," says 13-year veteran Ron Jaworski, who now backs up Marino in Miami. "Maybe five or six. Then there are another 10 guys behind them who are good, solid people who may not win a lot of games for you, but won't lose a lot, either. After that there are guys starting around the league who don't deserve to be starters." ■

PELLUER (16) COMES UP SHORT NEXT TO THE TWO-MINUTE MAN, STAUBACH



WALTER IOOSS JR.

ANDY HAYT

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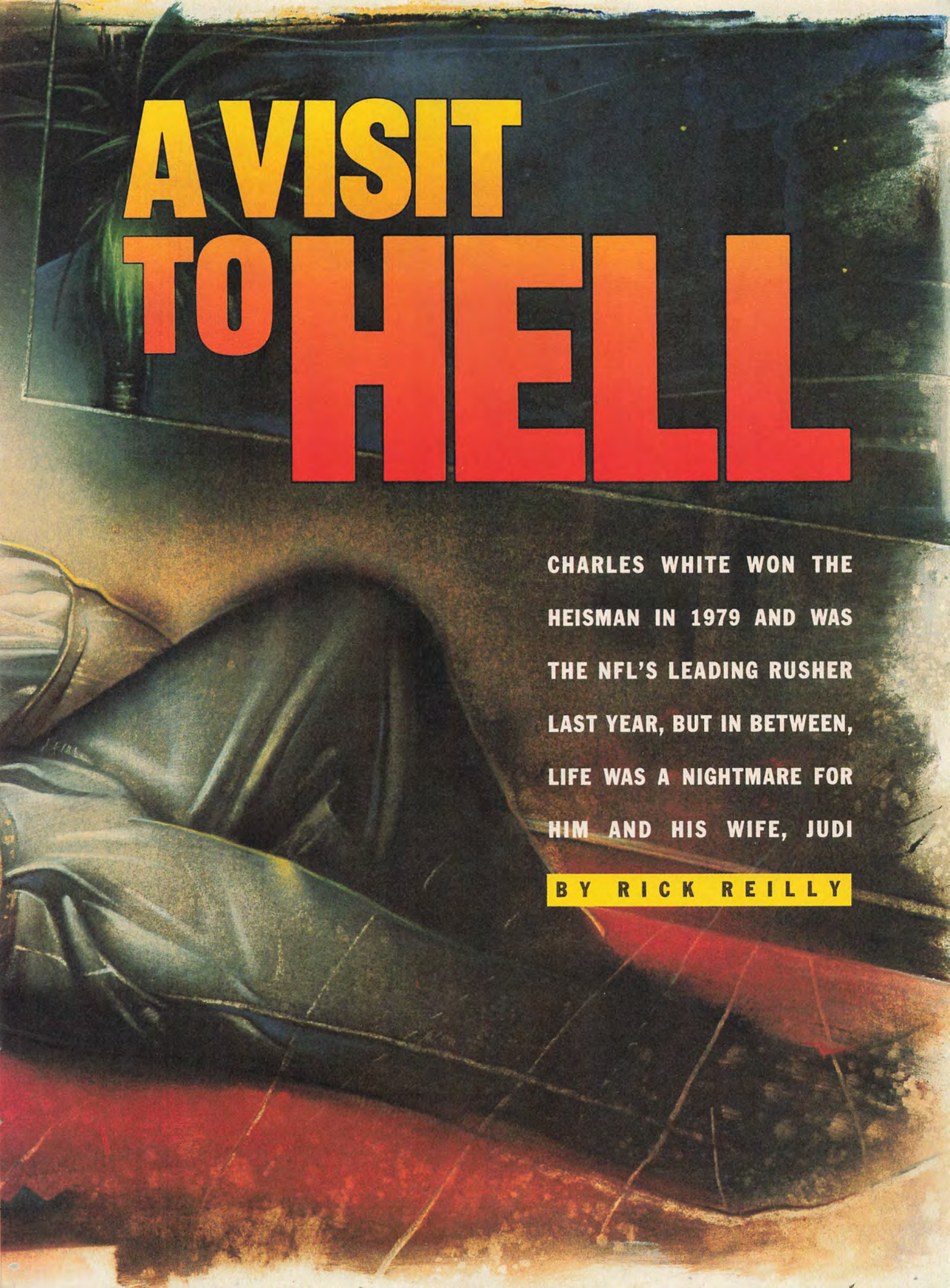
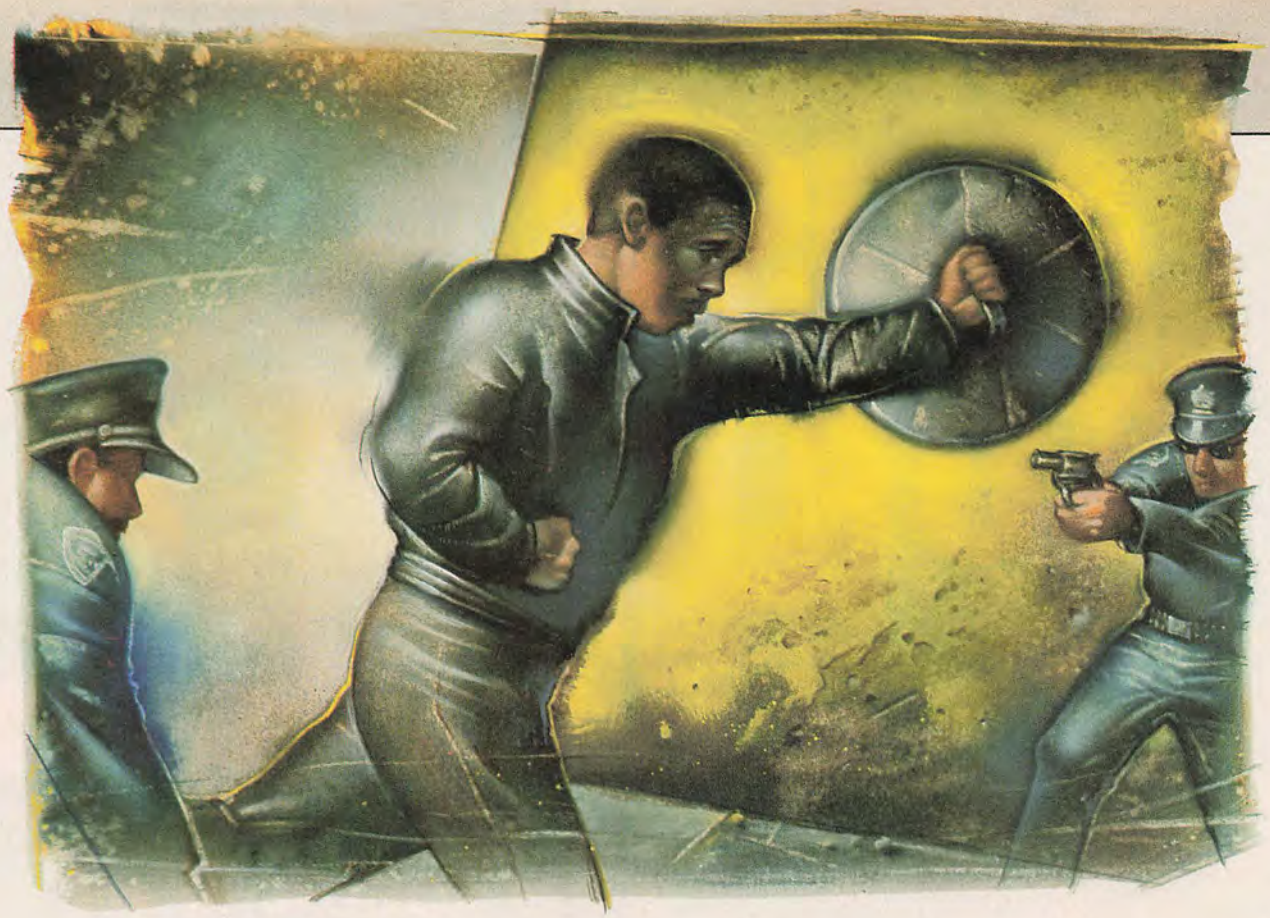


A VISIT TO HELL

CHARLES WHITE WON THE HEISMAN IN 1979 AND WAS THE NFL'S LEADING RUSHER LAST YEAR, BUT IN BETWEEN, LIFE WAS A NIGHTMARE FOR HIM AND HIS WIFE, JUDI

BY RICK REILLY



AS THE POLICE CLOSED IN ON HIM, WHITE, TRIPPED OUT ON COKE, USED THE LID OF A TRASH CAN TO FEND THEM OFF

CHARLES WHITE, HEISMAN TROPHY WINNER, broke for daylight, fending off murderers with a metal trash can lid, sprinting down the sidewalk in a black leather jacket. It was 100° in Brea, Calif., 10 minutes after noon, Aug. 21, 1987, and he was tripped out of his mind.

The Los Angeles Rams were flying to San Diego that afternoon for an exhibition game, but White was going to miss the flight. You talk about in the grasp? White had spent the last nine hours—from 3 a.m. to noon—smoking cocaine through a pipe in an unlit, abandoned warehouse. And though he and his friend were alone, White now felt that many were trying to kill him. Suddenly he jumped up and burst out of the warehouse door. He grabbed the lid and held it in front of him like a warrior. Tommy Trojan meets Charlie Crack.

White high-stepped it down Lambert Street, swiveling his neck to see who would charge him next. Seeking refuge, he ran inside the American Quality Dry Cleaners and began screaming, "Somebody's after me! Somebody's trying to kill me!"

Day manager Barbara Hughes and her counter assistant backed slowly to the wall. After about 30 seconds, White decided they were after him too, so he bolted out the door and jogged to a vacant lot near the corner of Lambert and Brea. He began circling in a half step, first forward, then backpedaling, rambling on about people trying to get him, holding his shield in front of him as he went. Out of the corner of his eye he saw two police cars. He whirled the other way and saw three more. Five officers emerged, guns drawn.

"Don't hurt me!" he screamed. "Don't kill me!"

They closed in on him in an ever-decreasing circle until they could make a grab for him. White, a running back, broke a few tackles before the cops finally laid him out on the gravel face down, spread-eagled. White fought so hard that both his wrists were permanently scarred by the handcuffs.

Four and a half months later, he was in the Pro Bowl.

Charles White, Heisman Trophy winner, broke for daylight, fending off dream-killers with a stiff left arm. It was two days after Christmas 1987, and this last run against the San Francisco 49ers at Candlestick gave him 1,374 yards for the season and the NFL rushing title.

Can you imagine it? The NFL rushing title? To the guy who had sat on the pine behind the greatest runner in the game, Eric Dickerson? The same Dickerson who had never missed a game because of an injury in his pro career? To the guy who had spent five years in Cleveland playing musical chairs between the bench and drug rehabs? The same guy who had cleared waivers? It had taken White six seasons to get only four more yards than he got last season alone.

White got his break in '87 when Dickerson vamoosed to Indianapolis on Halloween eve. Talk about scary. The Rams were 1–5 *with* Dickerson. What would they be with White?

Try 5–4. In the space of five months, White traded his handcuffs for a gold Pro Bowl watch and became the Football News Comeback Player of the Year. Heck, make that the decade. Who came from further back than White? And if you give an award to Charles, what do you give to his wife, Judi?

One thing about the 30-year-old White, he's abundantly human, huge in both glory and shame, greatness and darkness. Raised in the San Fernando ghetto north of Los Angeles, he was a record-setting high school hurdler. He was so strong as a high schooler that he was banned from playing baseball be-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARY HENRIE

cause he broke up a double play once by knocking the second baseman out cold. His body fat was once measured at USC as 1.94%, lowest in school history. USC coach John Robinson called him "the toughest man I ever knew" and "the only college back I've ever seen who could play doubleheaders."

White not only won the Heisman, but he also won a national championship for USC in 1978 and three Rose Bowls. He is universally loved by teammates. Judi, his wife of eight years, calls him the kindest man she has ever known. At home in El Toro, Calif., White always has one of his five kids—ages one to seven—in his arms, sometimes playing the blues on the piano to lull them to sleep.

But then there is the other side. "Whatever happiness Charles brings you," says Judi, "he also brings you the pain. The greatness within him goes along with the depth of his darkness."

If that sounds like she has thought a lot about her husband, she has, mostly at 4 a.m. while lying in bed, wondering if he would come home in their car or a squad car. Or at all.

"I went through hell for him," she says. "I gave up my life for him." But where could she go? She had a bad habit. She loved him: "I saw goodness in this dark man."

White smoked his first joint at 15, in the rest room of a pizza parlor. He smoked marijuana "almost daily" at USC. He did his first line of cocaine a few weeks before the 1977 Rose Bowl.

It was around then that he met Judi McGovern, a USC student and an Ann-Margret ringer, with long auburn hair and oversized eyes. Her friends think of her as either divine, crazy or both. She came from a nonghetto, Mission Viejo, Calif., and her mother hoped she would be a lawyer. But when chance introduced her to White, they fell in love. Still, Judi winces. "I knew I'd have to pay a price," she says.

They lived together for three years at USC before they got married and Judi gave birth to a daughter, Nicole. But two years before that, soon after the Heisman season, things had started to go bad. Charles was sleeping too often, getting too skinny, ignoring Judi too much and staying on road trips too long. White was into cocaine, most of which he says he got from a USC alumnus.

But even with half his body, White was a great athlete. That spring of 1980 he went to the Bahamas and won the Superstars competition and $36,000. Within months, he had spent it all up his nose.

Cleveland took him in the first round of the draft that year, but White was a bust. The Browns blame White, and White blames the Browns' fullback-oriented system. "I still don't know why they took me," White would tell friends. "I was a wasted pick."

The cycle was simple: Drugs brought football failure, and football failure brought more drugs. A lot of his salary those first years was spent between midnight and 4 a.m. Judi would go to the bank to draw out money only to find none there. Disappointments? White missed Nicole's first birthday party—and two teammates were there—because he was out partying.

The man with the remarkable body now became renowned around the NFL for how much cocaine he could put into it. Judi had never so much as lit up a joint, but friends told her that when it came to drugs, White was "a Superman. They'd never seen anybody do so much in their lives," she recalls.

But it was tightrope-walking without a net. Every time White was out late, "I thought he was dead," says Judi. She dreaded hearing the door close every time he left the house.

In July 1982, White agreed to check into a drug-rehab clinic in Orange, Calif. When he came back to Cleveland that summer, he enrolled in the Browns' drug counseling group, the Inner Circle. But even as he sat in those meetings and pledged to stay clean, White would sometimes hold a bottle of clean urine in his pants—between his legs to keep the sample warm—for the drug tests.

Eventually the doctors got smart and White was bent straight. He went almost three years without alcohol or cocaine. "The happiest years of our lives," says Judi. Even so, White was miserable on the field. In 1985, one week after Browns coach Marty Schottenheimer told White he was "too good a player to let go," Schottenheimer let him go. "I'll never forget that," White remembers. "Thanks, Marty." He was cut and for one month stayed cut. Finally the phone rang and it was Robinson, now head coach of the L.A. Rams. Care to play special teams?

White would have poured Gatorade. Still, something about being in California again set him back. Could it be not wanting to return to L.A. as anything but a star? The checking account started to fund brain-frying sessions again. At one time the Whites were so broke they couldn't pay the light bill. Judi found her husband's relapse so vile that every time she smelled the aroma of cocaine or marijuana on his clothes, she would throw up. "I was like Pavlov's dog," she remembers. "If I smelled it, I lost it."

The tightrope was fraying. Both Judi and Charles now call it "our lost year." White was in so deep that he would check

WHITE'S WRISTS STILL BEAR SCARS FROM THE HANDCUFFS

IN LESS TURBULENT MOMENTS IN HIS LIFE, WHITE PLAYS THE PIANO TO LULL HIS CHILDREN TO SLEEP

himself into hotels and smoke crack alone, peering out from under the corner of the drapes to see who might be coming to get him. Judi wouldn't be able to stand it, waiting for him to return, so she would take herself and the kids to another hotel. But in the morning, Charles would be outside the house, waiting.

Finally, one night in 1985, White got home in the skinny hours of the morning. Some screaming and crying and ranting later, Judi did something strange. She threw her husband down and lay on top of him. She put her palms on his and spread his arms out as though he were on a crucifix. And she screamed into his face, "Look! I'm going to love you no matter what you do to me or to you! I'm going to love you and I don't care what you do to either of us! I'm not going anywhere! I'm staying right here, through this, no matter what!"

Talk about a dirty trick. You treat someone as lousy as you can and they come back and love you more.

"After that, something changed in him," she says. "I think love won him over. He stopped doing cocaine, because a person can't walk away from true love. It's the only changing force in life."

Says White, "She could've left a long time ago. To still be there, I mean, that said a lot."

White was again out of the shadows. And he stayed out until the evening of Aug. 20, 1987. After a two-year layoff, for reasons unknown to White, he suddenly had a "serious need" for cocaine. He called an old partying buddy. They met in a nearby bar, drank until closing time and then headed for the warehouse, "where the stuff was," says White.

Hello, Superman. "At first I thought I could do a little bit," White remembers. "Then I thought I could do as much as I used to do. . . . After a while, I was going a million miles an hour. I just got paranoid. I broke out and started running. I thought somebody was chasing me. . . . My body was giving me something to think about."

Robinson bailed him out of jail. They went to the coach's home and called Judi from there; White got on the phone. Her first thought was not rage or resentment or, Here we go again or, I'm leaving for good this time. Her first thought was, Well, we'll sell the house if we have to.

"I wanted to take care of him," she says. "I knew right then it was going to be me and Charles against the world. As usual. Like it's always been."

But that's where she was wrong. She didn't count on Robinson. The next day Robinson called her and said, "Don't worry about his job; let's just try to get him healthy." Robinson had decided to keep him, no matter what. One last time.

"He's my friend," Robinson explains. "I would have felt awful if I had turned away from him."

"I realized I was being given a second chance," White recalls. "I could've been *dead*, man! And John Robinson was willing to take a chance on me. And [Rams owner] Georgia [Frontiere]! Georgia could've said no, but she didn't. If I could've kissed her feet, I'd have kissed her feet."

Compared with Len Bias and Don Rogers, White figured he had hit the lottery. He had life. He even had work. But as the strike grew near, he got itchy. How could he make it with nothing to do? How could he keep his mind clean? He crossed the picket lines. "I didn't do it for the money," he says. "I did it to save my life."

In the three strike games, White, running tirelessly, fattened up with 339 yards, more than he gained in four of his five seasons in Cleveland. When Dickerson fled to Indianapolis, White was back in business. He got 213 yards against St. Louis and four more 100-plus games after that. A career that should have been over was suddenly just beginning. Charles White had been saved by true love and true friendship.

Of course, since then, White's impossible season has been called everything but an optical illusion. Critics say it could have only happened in a strike season. White beat Dickerson by 86 yards, but White started one more game than Dickerson. "I'm happy for Charlie," Dickerson told a

reporter, "Charlie's a good back, but he's not in my caliber."

White's reaction? "When someone's insecure, they start boasting off at the mouth," he says. "That's all he's doing." Besides, when you have just survived an airplane crash, you don't care if someone says your tie is crooked.

Still, when the rookie running backs showed up to play a scrimmage in Thousand Oaks in July this year, there stood White. Asked by a reporter what he was doing there, White said, "I'm here because I want to prove to all you guys that last year was real."

One day during the off-season, Judi overheard one agent tell another what he thought of Charles White's season. "A once-in-a-lifetime year," the agent said.

Judi told Charles and saw that look in his eye. "He said to himself, 'I'll show them.' And he will," she says. "At the end of this season he'll be able to walk up to that guy and say, 'So, how do you like me now?' "

Charles White, Heisman Trophy winner, broke for daylight, running with a bursting heart. It was 97° in Fullerton, Calif., the Ram camp '88, yet White was taking ordinary two-hand-touch handoffs 35 yards farther than he had to, an activity peculiar to him. "Got to think fourth quarter," he says.

He is a regular Whizzer White now, what with his thrice-weekly urine tests, and he loves it. He's clean, he's playing and he's *alive.*

"I feel like I'm 24 again," he says. "I feel like a fresh kid. I've been in the league all these years, but I haven't been pounded all these years. I can play another six seasons."

This might come as a surprise to the Rams, who used their No. 1 draft choice this year to take Gaston Green, the dazzling running back from UCLA. Of course, after what the Whites have been through, Green is just the Crisis of the Week. "We're war-wounded soldiers," Judi says. "We've been through it all. We've had it all before and we've lost it all before and now we have it again. God has moved mountains for us. You think we're worried about Gaston Green?"

For the first time as a pro, White is wearing his USC national championship ring. And farther down his left hand, hanging just below one of his handcuff scars ("My beauty marks," he calls them), is a bracelet Judi had made up for him, which is inscribed: CHARLES: NFL LEADING RUSHER, 1987.

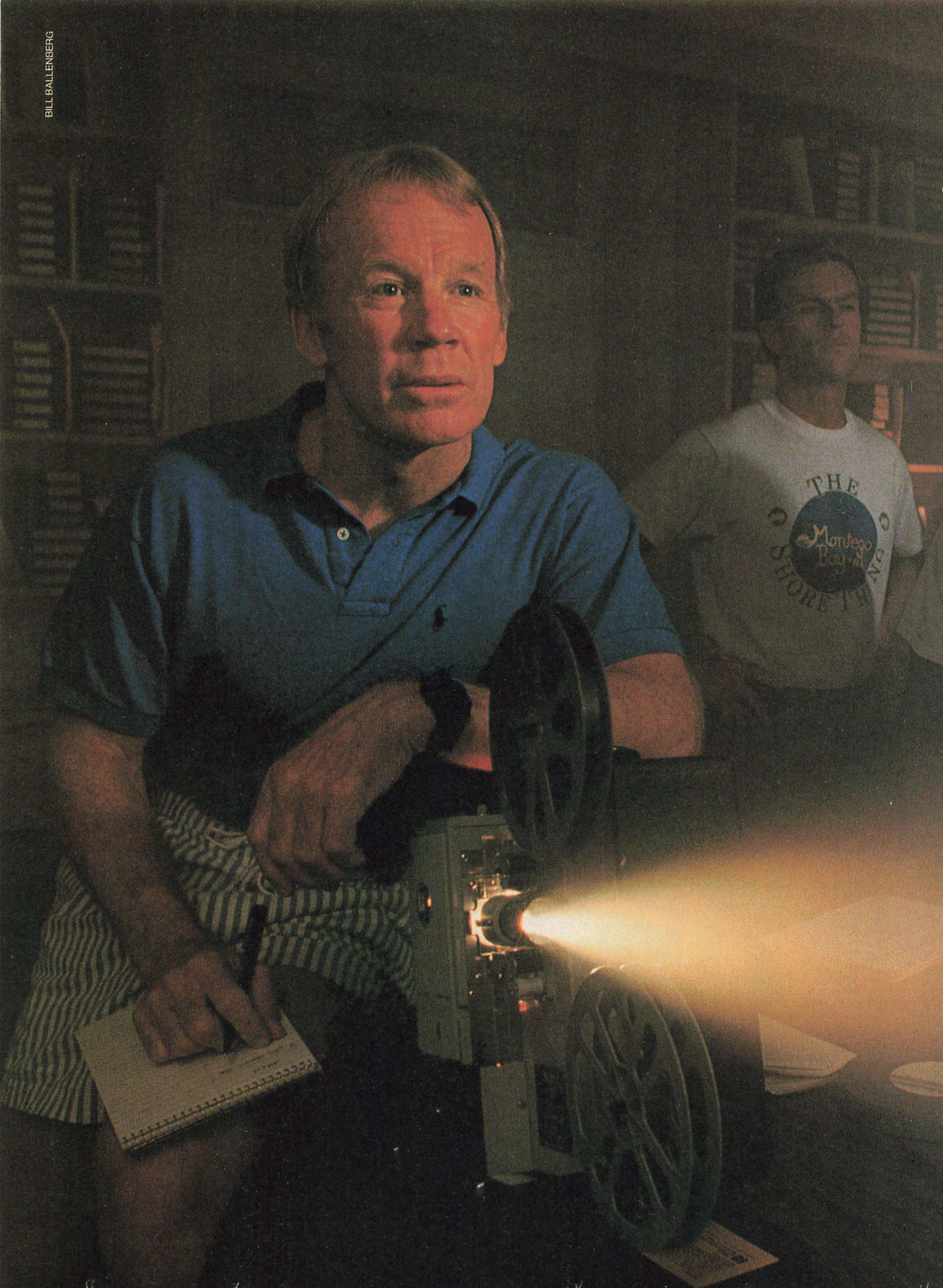
The only people they have to answer to now are their children, and White can't wait. "When they ask me what happened that day, they can hear it from a living legend," he says.

It has been a year since White broke for daylight, bursting from the darkness of that warehouse into the squinting high noon. He has not been back to the darkness since. He feels like running forever, and Judi thinks he can. "I'm just glad he's not a boxer," she says. "He'd die before he'd go down. He's like a great racehorse who dies running. Maybe that's what will happen to Charles. I can't ever see him stopping."

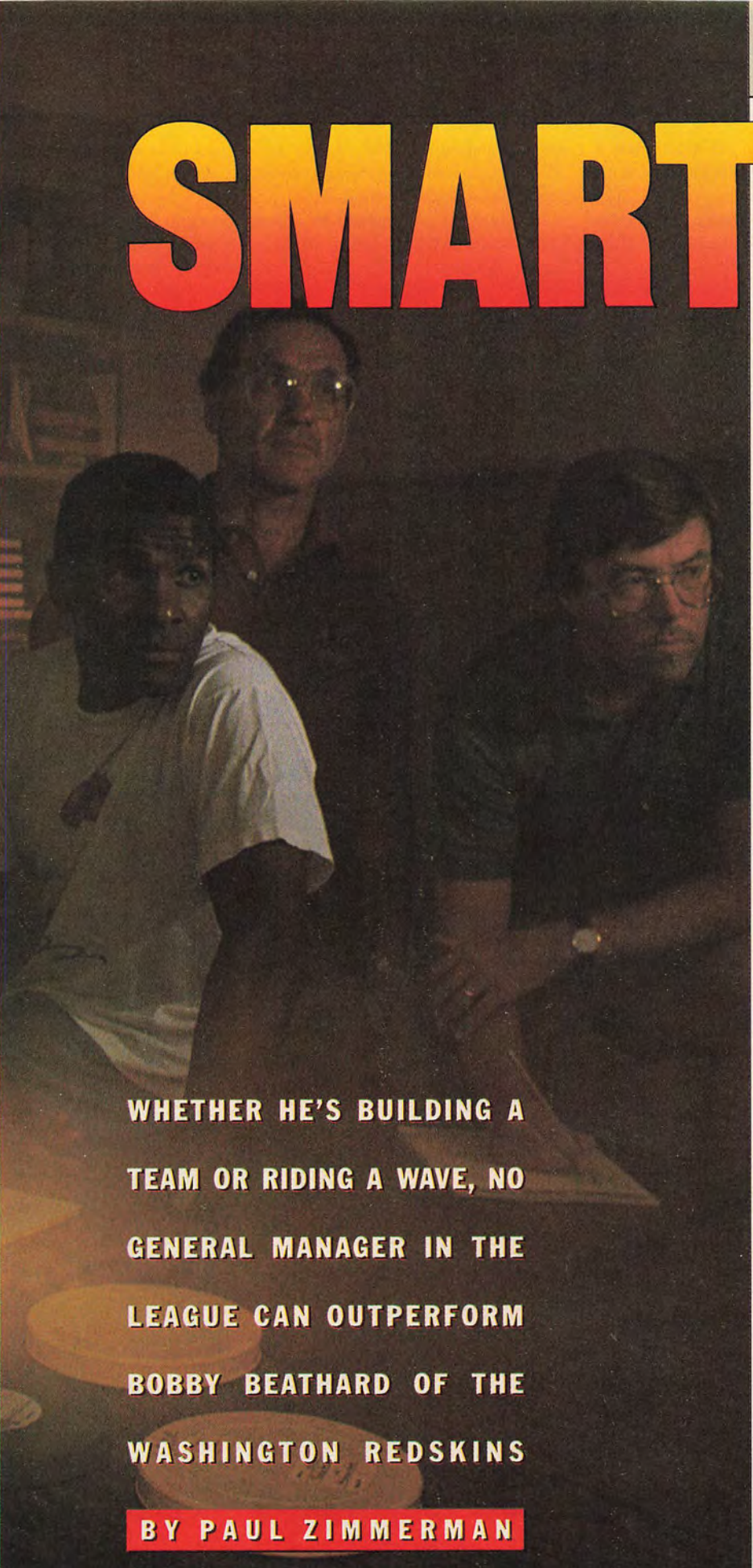
But can *he*? Green is young and White's legs are mortal. After the Brea incident, Robinson said, "One more, Charlie, and it's over." He means it. Only so many times a guy can swim into a riptide to save a friend and not be pulled down himself.

So be careful, Charlie. Daylight fades. Careers end and night falls. How will you like yourself in the darkness when there's nowhere else to run? ■

WHEN DICKERSON WAS TRADED TO INDIANAPOLIS, NO. 33 RAN AS EFFECTIVELY FOR THE RAMS AS HE ONCE DID FOR USC


BILL BALLENBERG
Montego

SMARTEST MAN IN THE NFL



WHETHER HE'S BUILDING A TEAM OR RIDING A WAVE, NO GENERAL MANAGER IN THE LEAGUE CAN OUTPERFORM BOBBY BEATHARD OF THE WASHINGTON REDSKINS

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

EARLY MORNING MAY SUNshine streams into Bobby Beathard's office overlooking the practice field at Redskin Park. It is an office that always seems to be bathed in sunshine. California is never far away. On the wall—surrounded by pictures of Beathard's four children and adjoining a photo of his youngest son, Casey, as a six-year-old, snuggling against former Miami Dolphin fullback Larry Csonka—is a photo of a green, curling, eight-foot Pacific wave, the head and shoulders of a bodysurfer barely visible in the heart of it. On the floor, under a chair, lies a pair of jogging shoes. On the shelf behind the desk are a banana, a pear, a plastic bag filled with homemade granola, a styrofoam cupful of raisins. Health, vigor, joy—that's the message of the office.

A visitor thumbs through a book on a table—*Summer Is Forever: The Southern California Beach Towns.* Under Newport Beach is written: "At the harbor entrance along the north stone jetty where beach is steep, waves having faces of 20 feet plunge suddenly onto shallow water and a sandy bottom. The Wedge attracts only the brave and the best. . . . In recent years there have been several

FILM TIME FOR BEATHARD AND STAFF

drownings, some broken necks and backs. . . . It is definitely a 'rite of manhood.' . . . They hoist the danger flag and park an ambulance on the beach."

The picture on Beathard's wall is of the Wedge. The bodysurfer is Beathard, general manager of the Redskins. "How old were you then?" asks the visitor.

"Old," he says, pointing to the wave. "See, you tuck here and come across the face, then shoot up. You can come out much faster than you think. There's a skill to getting out of it."

How many NFL general managers bodysurf? Or take 12-mile runs? Or are called Bobby? Not Robert or Mr. Beathard—the latter kills him—or Bob. Just Bobby.

Beathard's great asset is his intuition. Plus his connections. Take Paul Masotti, a free agent from Acadia University in Nova Scotia. Not a bad wideout—fast, has moves. Beathard's Canadian connection, J.I. Albrecht, tipped him on the kid. Then there's Kelvin White, out of football for four years, who was once Oklahoma's top running back recruit. Beathard found him working in a warehouse in Lubbock, Texas. White ran a 9.3 hundred in high school. Maybe, just maybe. . . .

Beathard's energy is infectious. His scouts work their tails off for him, jog with him, eat granola and raisins with him. He goes with them on the road, pounds the pavement, as he has done for 25 years. They were a frenzied band of recruiters in the days before the 1987 players' strike, and their work paid off. Not one Redskin veteran crossed the picket line, but the young replacements went 3–0.

Beathard has put together an organization that has won two Super Bowls in the last six years. In the 10 seasons that he has been in Washington, only Miami has had more victories than the Skins, and Beathard is responsible for part of the Dolphins' success because he ran their scouting operation for six years before going to Washington. He hired the Redskins' Joe Gibbs, who has the best record of any active coach in football. He signs players to contracts. The *San Jose Mercury News* recently conducted a poll of 12 leading agents to find out, among other things, which general manager was best prepared. Beathard came out on top.

It's hard to picture Beathard talking hard numbers with an agent in a downtown office or timing kids on a practice field at Cal State–Fullerton. First there's the way he dresses—shorts and jogging shoes for everyday, light slacks and open-neck shirt when he's going formal. "Oh my God, the clothes," says his mother, Dorothy. "I'm embarrassed when he comes in from an airplane or when he's on TV. I say, 'Bobby, why don't you wear a coat and tie?' He says, 'I don't want to.' I even talked to the Redskins' owner, Jack Kent Cooke. I said, 'Can't you get him to dress better?' He said, 'That's Bobby.' "

HOW LAST SEASON'S SUPER BOWL CHAMPION CAME TOGETHER
ROUNDS 5-12
DT Darryl Grant 9TH ROUND '81
RLB Monte Coleman 11TH ROUND '79
LG Raleigh McKenzie 11TH ROUND '85
TE Clint Didier 12TH ROUND '81
DE Dexter Manley 5TH ROUND '81
RB Timmy Smith 5TH ROUND '87
Kevin Bryant 7TH ROUND '83
Barry Wilburn 8TH ROUND '83
S Clarence Vaughn 8TH ROUND '87
ROUNDS 1-4
DE Charles Mann 3RD ROUND '83
QB Jay Schroeder 3RD ROUND '84
SS Alvin Walton 3RD ROUND '86
TE Don Warren 4TH ROUND '79
CB Vernon Dean 2ND ROUND '81
WR Gary Clark 2ND ROUND '84
CB Brian Davis 2ND ROUND '87
C/G Russ Grimm 3RD ROUND '81
WR Art Monk 1ST ROUND '80
RT Mark May 1ST ROUND '81
LCB Darrell Green 1ST ROUND '83
DRAFT
CHART BY JOHN GRIMWADE
FREE AGENTS
MLB Neal Olkewicz '79
C Jeff Bostic '80
LT Joe Jacoby '81
LLB Mel Kaufman '81
FS Todd Bowles '86
K Ali Haji-Sheikh '87
TRADES
RB George Rogers '85
DT Dave Butz '75
WR Ricky Sanders '86
RG R.C. Thielemann '85
QB Doug Williams '86

Then there's his puckish smile, pageboy haircut and runner's build. Only the lines on Beathard's face and neck betray his 51 years. "You make a severe mistake when you confuse Bobby's appearance with naiveté," says agent Marvin Demoff, "because he's a very well-prepared and skillful negotiator. He taught me most of what I know. Fair, yes, and scrupulously honest, but nobody's going to put anything over on him, despite his boyish looks."

The May minicamp is in its first day. He has cut down on his running until he can clear up a back injury, a memento of a foolish burst of energy a few years ago, when he competed in three marathons and a half marathon in five weeks. The phone is ringing in his office, and a couple of dozen pink callback slips are on his desk. He carries on a conversation with the caller and a visitor at the same time, a talent his wife, Christine, says often reaches ridiculous extremes.

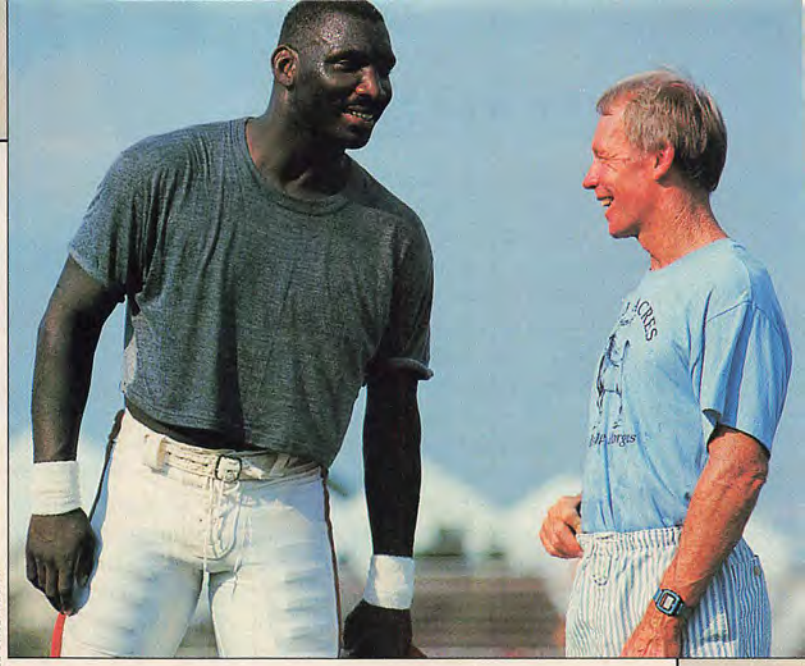
"This is Bobby," she says. "He's on the phone doing a radio interview, and at the same time he's watching a documentary on TV and skimming through a magazine. Occasionally he'll start a conversation with me. The way you see him in the office is the way he always is."

The phone rings again in Beathard's office. An NFL scout wants to know about a tight end. "The problem is that when he's on the move and has to block, he can't break down because he's so stiff," says Beathard. "He turns his head. Downfield he has to throttle down to make a cut. You have to worry about his hands, and he's not a big-time blocker. He's no better than what you've got."

After hanging up, Beathard says to his visitor, "Yeah, we'll trade information—with the guys who return the favor. Some people, like George Young of the Giants and Dick Steinberg of the Patriots, guys I've known for a long time, well, I'm on the phone with them a lot. Some teams hardly at all. Some teams, like Dallas, never. I don't discourage our scouts from talking to other scouts. I guess some organizations do. You never know who's telling the truth."

Bill Devaney, who at 33 is Beathard's youngest scout, comes in for some granola. Beathard does not take a lunch break. He simply grabs whatever is closest, a banana, a peach, some granola. That's breakfast, too, and sometimes dinner when he's working late. "Christine makes it," says Beathard. "She's a granola genius. Let's see, there's oat flakes, soy flakes, sesame and sunflower seeds, bulgur, almonds, raisins, apples, dried peaches, cloves and cinnamon. Then she bakes it. She's getting her degree in creative writing from George Mason University. She can stay up all night studying and still find time to bake 10 loaves of whole-grain bread."

The phone again. "Hey, Jerry, I'll be happy to, if you send me some of the muffins from Ovens of Brittany." The place is in Madison, Wis. Beathard selects his hotels on the road for their proximity to health-food shops and running trails. In Eugene, Ore., he prefers the Thunderbird ("Near the Prefontaine track by the McKenzie River," he says); in Austin, Texas, the Crest ("You go right out the back door, and you're on a trail you can run on for miles by a lake or a river"); in Columbia, Mo., the Campus Inn ("Terrific old country roads, and hills"). The worst is the Newark Airport Marriott, where the Skins stay when they play the New York Giants at the Meadowlands. "I just run around the parking lot and down to the North Terminal and back," says Beathard.



BILL BALLENBERG

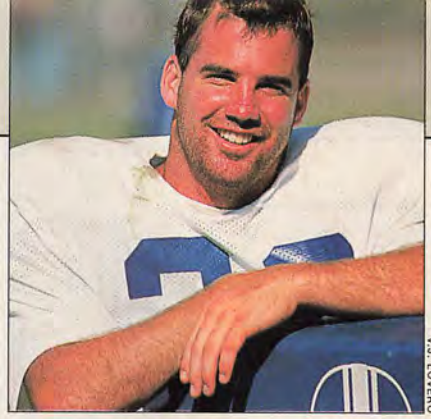
JERRY WACHTER

BEATHARD KNOWS HOW TO SIZE UP VETERANS LIKE WILLIAMS (TOP) AND UNKNOWNS LIKE ARNELL JONES

A check of the clock. Time to go watch the morning workout. Beathard is spotted by a coterie of TV people with minicams, reporters with notebooks and radio guys with mikes. They know there is no better interview. His candor is sometimes disarming. "Why didn't you pick up that guy when he became available?" someone asks.

Beathard looks the questioner full in the face. "Because he's terrible," he says. Beathard assumes the remark will not be quoted verbatim. He tries to help any writer covering his team, but he assumes the person has the brains to protect him on potentially damaging comments—or at least to ask if the quote can be used. Those are the rules. When they're broken, Beathard ceases being a source.

He stares at the practice field, watching Todd Krumm, a free-agent safety from Michigan State. He has a special interest in Krumm, who was first coveted by the Tampa



V.J. LOVERO

DAD GOT JEFF A SHOT AT THE RAMS

Bay Buccaneers. Beathard's acquisition of Krumm reminds him of the old AFL–NFL wars, when Beathard broke in as a scout with the Kansas City Chiefs and part of his assignment was to keep talent away from the NFL. Last spring the Buccaneers put Krumm up in a hotel and had the phone shut down to any NFL callers. Beathard assigned one of his scouts, George Saimes, the job of getting through. Saimes made contact, and the Redskins got Krumm.

"Bobby drove me over [to Redskin Park] from the airport," says Krumm. "He had a jogging suit on and a bike in the back seat. He wasn't a general manager, just Bobby. The way he treated me was real positive. There was no pressure to sign. He introduced me to everyone, the scouting staff, the coaching staff, the upper echelons. At Tampa Bay there was constant pressure to sign."

The practice is winding down. A writer shows Beathard a piece in *The Washington Times* that says All-Pro defensive end Dexter Manley wants to renegotiate his contract. It quotes Manley's agent, Bob Woolf, as saying he tried to reach Beathard but couldn't. "Tried to reach me?" says Beathard, looking hurt. "I never got any message that he tried to reach me."

Upon returning to his office, his first call is to Woolf. He reaches Woolf's associate, Randy Vataha, the former New England Patriot wide receiver. "I know, Randy," says Beathard. "The base is low, but nobody's got an incentive package like he has. He didn't make it all last year because of the strike, but if he goes the way he has, he'll be up over $700,000 this season. Then we'll look at it, O.K.?"

BILL BALLENBERG

CHRISTINE KEEPS BOBBY FILLED WITH HEALTHY VITTLES

One of Beathard's policies is that he tries to redo a contract before a player enters his option year. Another is that if a player clearly outperforms his contract, then it's rewritten. "If you hold a player to a long-term contract," he says, "or if you start tacking on more years, all you do is create an unhappy player."

The afternoon winds down. Somehow the phone messages get returned and the letters answered. The last call of the day is from Ted Grossman, a Hollywood stuntman and Beathard's best friend. They met on the beach 30 years ago. They look alike, dress alike and have the same remarkable energy level.

Beathard invites Grossman to league meetings. The stuntman shows up at NFL parties, for which "casual dress" usually means a dark suit, in slacks and sandals. Beathard might introduce his friend as a recruiter for the Maccabiah Games. What the hell, Grossman once played volleyball in the games. Or as an international rugby star. After all, Grossman tried professional rugby in Australia, New Zealand and France 35 years ago as a member of a nondescript bunch of U.S. football players (he was a backup quarterback at the College of the Pacific) who billed themselves as the American All-Stars, despite the fact that their rugby knowledge was zilch.

Once at the league meetings, Beathard introduced Grossman to John Madden, then the Oakland Raiders' coach, as a kinesiology expert from Cal Tech who had done a time-and-motion study on quarterbacks setting up. "I think you'd better listen to what he has to say," Beathard told Madden.

"I told him, 'The old crossover method is obsolete. You can cut three-tenths of a second this way,' " says Grossman. "And I get into a semisquat and backpedal in these tiny pitty-pat steps. Madden's taking it all in. I mean, the name Cal Tech is magic. 'Yes, I can see that,' he says. Then I say, 'And you distract the defense by doing this,' and I make these big circles with my left hand. Bobby bursts out laughing, and John yells, 'Get the hell out of here!' "

In the early '50s Beathard was a single wing tailback and safety for El Segundo High, and Grossman played for Beverly Hills High. Before that Beathard was a water nut. By the time he was 11, he had a boxful of swimming medals and ribbons. "Pool swimming, rough-water swims in the ocean, I didn't know much else," he says. "We'd go down to La Jolla and swim around the buoy, swim around the pier in Oceanside. We bodysurfed everywhere—the Wedge, shot the pier at Huntington. I board surfed, too, but bodysurfing was always best. You felt like you were part of the wave."

By the 10th grade Beathard was burned out on competitive swimming. He turned to football and, as a 170-pound senior at El Segundo in 1953, made all-league. Beathard says he was "quick rather than fast." He certainly wasn't as fast as his younger brother, Pete, who would quarterback for Southern Cal and various teams in the NFL, AFL and WFL.

An El Segundo assistant got Beathard and a few of his teammates scholarships to LSU. "They brought me in early to get used to the humidity," says Beathard of his brief stay in Baton Rouge. By September, Beathard was longing for Califor-

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JERRY WACHTER

MARSHALL, A $6 MILLION SKIN

nia, and he entered El Camino C.C., where he played backup quarterback on an undefeated team. He went to Cal Poly–San Luis Obispo the next fall, redshirted and then started at quarterback and defensive back four games into his sophomore year. With Beathard at quarterback, Cal Poly put together 9–1 seasons in 1957 and '58.

After graduating, he joined the Redskins as a free-agent safety but was released in camp. The next season he tried out with the L.A. Chargers in the AFL, and he lasted six exhibition games. Two years later he tried Norm Van Brocklin's Minnesota Vikings, but during camp he decided to end his playing career for good.

"I never felt disappointed," he says. "I loved being around football. I knew that's how I wanted to make my living; I just didn't know where. Scouting wasn't very developed then. The time I spent in those camps, though, was invaluable."

In 1961 he married Larae Rich. It was time to go to work. He tried coaching for a year as a graduate assistant at Cal Poly. Then came a succession of odd jobs. First he sold insurance. Then he peddled pharmaceuticals ("It was awful," he says) and chemical supplies ("even worse") before starting his own airplane paint-stripping business.

In 1963, Kansas City head scout Don Klosterman hired Beathard as a part-time scout with the Chiefs. When Al Davis had his brief run as AFL commissioner, he hired Beathard as a scout. Three months later Beathard became a full-time scout with the Chiefs.

In 1968 he was back with Van Brocklin as a scout for the Atlanta Falcons, and four years later Don Shula hired him to head the scouting department in Miami. Joining the Dolphins was a tough decision for Beathard. As the West Coast scout for the Falcons, he could spend time at home in Manhattan Beach. Jamie, the youngest of his four children, had been born in 1968. In 1971, Beathard and Larae divorced, but he still saw his kids when he wasn't on the road. Now he would have to move to Miami. The Dolphins offered him $25,000 a year, a big increase over the $18,000 he was making with Atlanta. He told Shula he would take the job only if his travel schedule allowed him to get back to California as often as possible. Shula, a serious family man, agreed.

"One difference between Bobby and the other guys that I've worked for," says Charley Casserly, an assistant general manager for the Redskins, "is that they would make us go on the road for two to three weeks at a time. One of the first things Bobby told his scouts was, 'You'll get home every weekend, whether you're in Virginia or California.' "

The guys who remember Beathard from his beach days were not surprised by his climb up the NFL ladder. "Bobby could look beyond a 4.4 time or a 39-inch vertical jump and tell you if the guy was a player," says Jon Arnett, an old beach buddy and former Pro Bowl halfback for the Los Angles Rams. "Any scout can clock or take a tape and measure a jump, which is what 90 percent of them do. All of us knew Bobby would find the real competitive guys, because he was so competitive himself."

In 1978, six months after he was named general manager of the Redskins, Beathard remarried. He had met Christine Van Handel, who was a flight attendant at the time, on a trip seven years earlier. She remembered their meeting; he didn't. "We started talking," says Christine. "He said, 'Look, I'd like to take you out, but I don't want you to think I'm just a guy who goes around picking up stewardesses. Here's my parents' phone number. They'll tell you I'm all right.' Three weeks after I met him I called my sister. I told her, 'Some day I'm going to marry this person.' "

The wedding took place at a mutual friend's house in Marina del Rey. It was late getting started. The guys were all upstairs in front of the TV. Christine came up to ask when the ceremony would start. "Halftime," they said. They were watching a Raiders-Rams *exhibition* game. "Fastest wedding ceremony I'd ever seen," says Grossman. "By the time we got back upstairs the band was still on the field."

Beathard came to the Skins with impressive credentials. In his last four years at Miami, 23 of the 28 players he drafted in the first six rounds made the team. But in Washington he found a team that had gone six years without a draft choice in the first three rounds, a legacy of the George Allen era.

Allen's aging veterans had missed the playoffs in 1977. They hadn't won a postseason game since making the Super Bowl after the 1972 season. Beathard echoed the traditional personnel man's cry—new blood—but the coach in 1978, Jack Pardee, had been one of Allen's Over the Hill Gang. And a whole lot of draft choices weren't available anyway because they had been traded—seven in '78 and five in '79.

Beathard's first pick in 1978, Florida halfback Tony Green,

AP

BOBBY WORKS SUPER WELL WITH GIBBS (LEFT) AND COOKE

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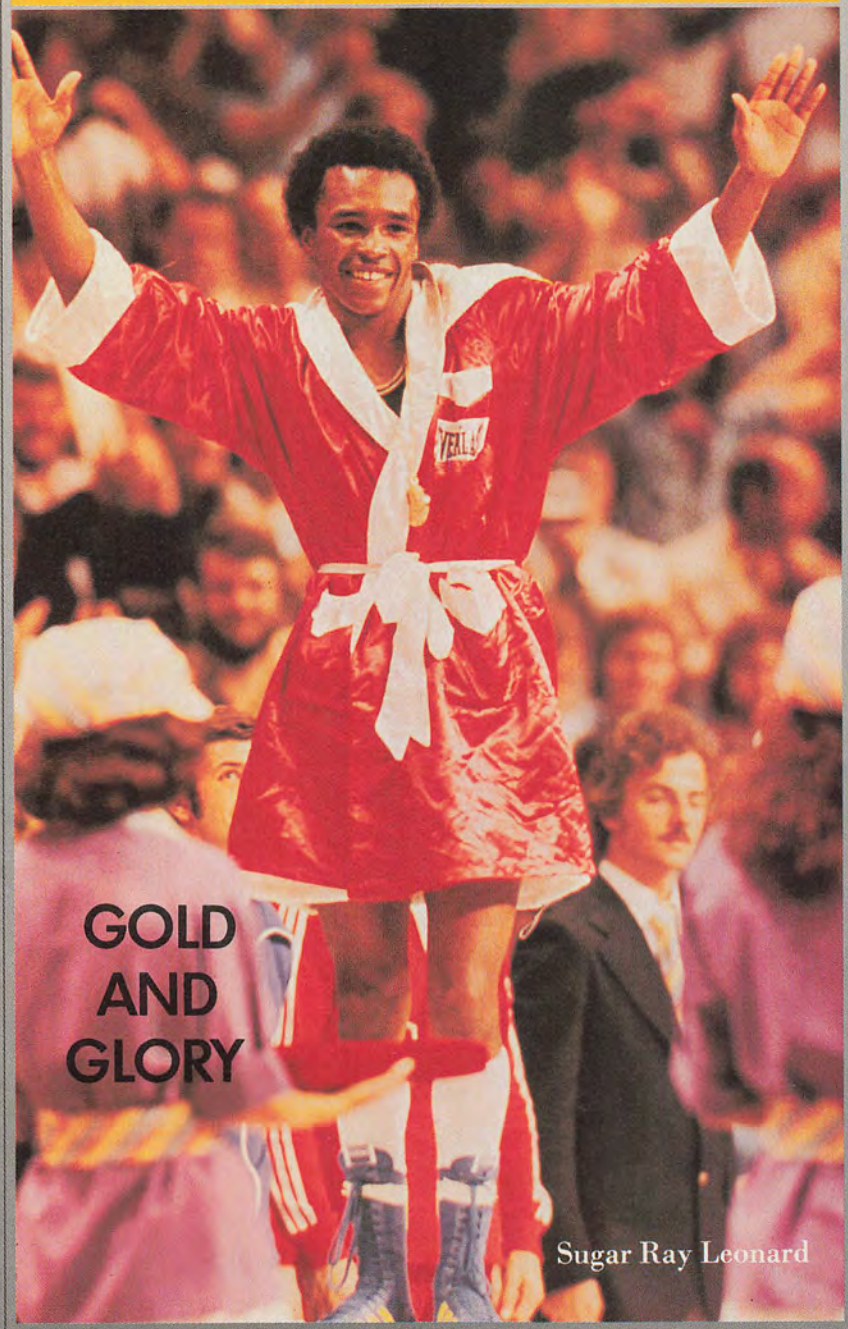

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NEIL LEIFER

NEIL LEIFER

Leon (left) and Michael Spinks went from rough-housing at home to gold medals in Montreal and world heavyweight titles.

By Walter Bingham

No Olympic sport dangles the financial carrot quite so seductively as boxing and basketball. Let's face it, kayakers and fencers and rhythmic dancers are there for the fame, not the fortune, but boxers and basketball players can't help but hear the Siren song of cash hitting the barrelhead. A few sports, notably track and field, have become lucrative only recently, and baseball won't earn medal status until the 1992 Summer Games in Barcelona. But professional boxing, with its boxcar purses, and basketball, with its huge NBA contracts, enjoy a gilded status all their own.

A glance at the U.S. Olympic rosters in these two sports reveals dozens of athletes who became outstanding—not to mention prosperous—professionals. In boxing, you have such former heavyweight champions as Floyd Patterson, Muhammad Ali, Joe Frazier and George Foreman. Basketball could counter with its own heavyweights, including Bill Russell, Bill Bradley, Michael Jordan and Patrick Ewing.

But for their combined stature as Olympic amateurs and play-for-pay professionals, the two most outstanding cash crops—no arguments accepted—are the boxing team of 1976 and the basketball team of 1960.

BOXING
The Gold Rush of '76

It's true that four years ago in Los Angeles the U.S. boxing team won nine gold medals, as well as a silver and bronze, but the Soviet bloc boycotted those Games, detracting from the achievement. It is also true that in 1952, Patterson, then a middleweight, was one of five U.S. gold medal winners, and he went on to win a world professional championship. But the 1976 boxers won a bronze and a silver in addition to their five gold medals, and five of those medalists went on to win nine world titles.

Many of those names from 1976 are still familiar. Start with Sugar Ray Leonard, from Palmer Park, Md., who won professional championships in two different divisions, junior middleweight and welterweight. Then, there were the St. Louis bruise brothers, Leon and Michael Spinks. Leon, three years older, was a light heavyweight, and Michael a middleweight, but they both became heavyweight champions of the world.

The youngest gold medalist was 18-year-old Leo Randolph, a flyweight from Tacoma, Wash. Taking the fifth gold was lightweight Howard Davis, of Glen Cove, N.Y. The medal haul also included a silver won by bantamweight Charles Mooney and a bronze by heavyweight John Tate.

The Spinks brothers learned to fight by squaring off against each other, and there were plenty of opportunities in that family of five boys and a girl. "We fought like madmen," Michael said in Montreal. "I thought I was the toughest in the house. Then one day I boxed my sister and she busted my nose."

"You never fought with mother," Leon said. "She could whip you good."

"Still can," said Michael.

The Spinks family lived in the Pruitt-Igoe housing project in St. Louis, a tough neighborhood. When Leon began attracting notice with his boxing, Michael idolized him, although he often had to pay a price. "Leon was beating up all these mean guys in the gym," Michael once said. "Afterward they'd say to me, 'You Leon's little brother?' and whap, I'd get it."

So at age 12, Michael decided he

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEIFER

NEIL LEIFER

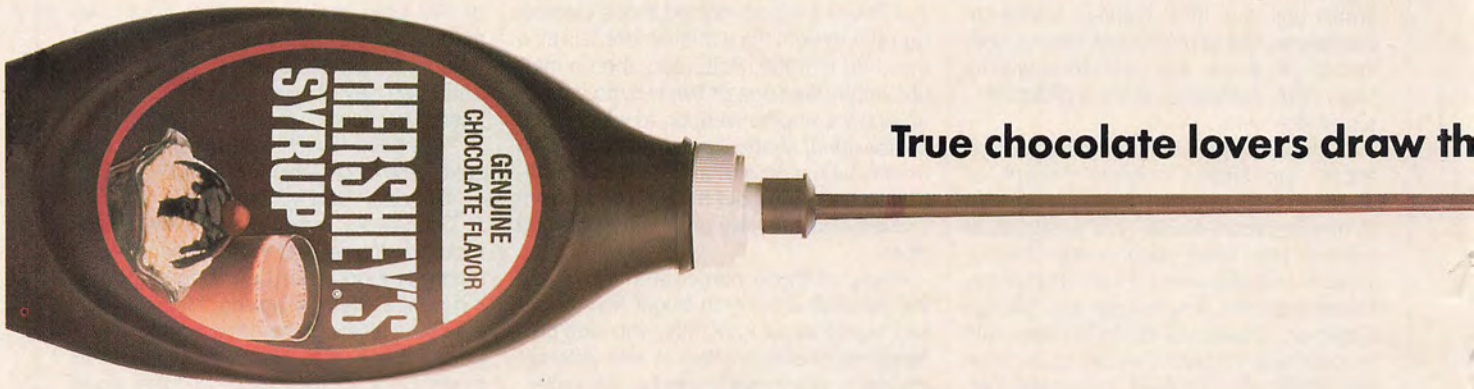
Only 18, flyweight Randolph (left) was the competition's youngest winner.

might as well start boxing officially, partly because it offered five dollars a day in meal money when he was fighting away from home. Seven years later he and Leon became the first brothers to win gold medals in boxing in the same Olympics.

Sugar Ray Leonard spent much of his time in Montreal telling everyone that his hands hurt so much that he planned to retire from the ring when the Games ended. This was not his first announced retirement, nor, of course, would it be his last. When he was a seven-year-old growing up in Washington, D.C., he got punched around so much at the L Street Boys Club that one day he called it quits. Never a dummy, Ray had figured out that it was a lot more fun to lie around his house reading and playing with his dog.

But Leonard had an older brother, Roger, who started a boxing program in Palmer Park, where the family moved when Ray was 13. Ray ended his "retirement" and made such quick progress that he became the national 132-pound Golden Gloves champ at 17 and the Pan Am Games gold medalist at 19. Of the 12 boxers on the U.S. Olympic team, he was considered the best bet to win.

Leonard, however, was not just a great boxer. He was also warm, personable, attractive and, yes, a poet of sorts, writing



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verse for his girlfriend Juanita Wilkinson. While both were in high school, Juanita had become pregnant. The two decided to have their child but remained unmarried while Leonard concentrated on his Olympic dream. During the Games, Sugar Ray boxed with Juanita's picture taped to his ankle.

Howard Davis, 20, learned boxing at the hands—literally—of his father, a former professional. Two days before the Games began, Howard's mother died, but he fought anyway, because he was sure she would have wanted him to. Leo Randolph came to the Olympics as a quiet, God-fearing high school student who said that no matter what happened in Montreal, he would be in church the next day. Charles Mooney was an Army sergeant, and John Tate a garbage truck driver in Knoxville, Tenn.

Manager Rolly Schwartz laid the groundwork for the team's success. He realized something drastic had to be done to end the dominance of Cuba and the Iron Curtain countries. Deciding that U.S. boxers too often lacked international experience, he scheduled more than 30 appearances against top foreign competition in the year preceding the Games. By using only a few of his best boxers for any one event, he made certain the team never looked too good. "It was the old shell

NEIL LEIFER

Lightweight Davis (right) was chosen the most outstanding boxer in Montreal.

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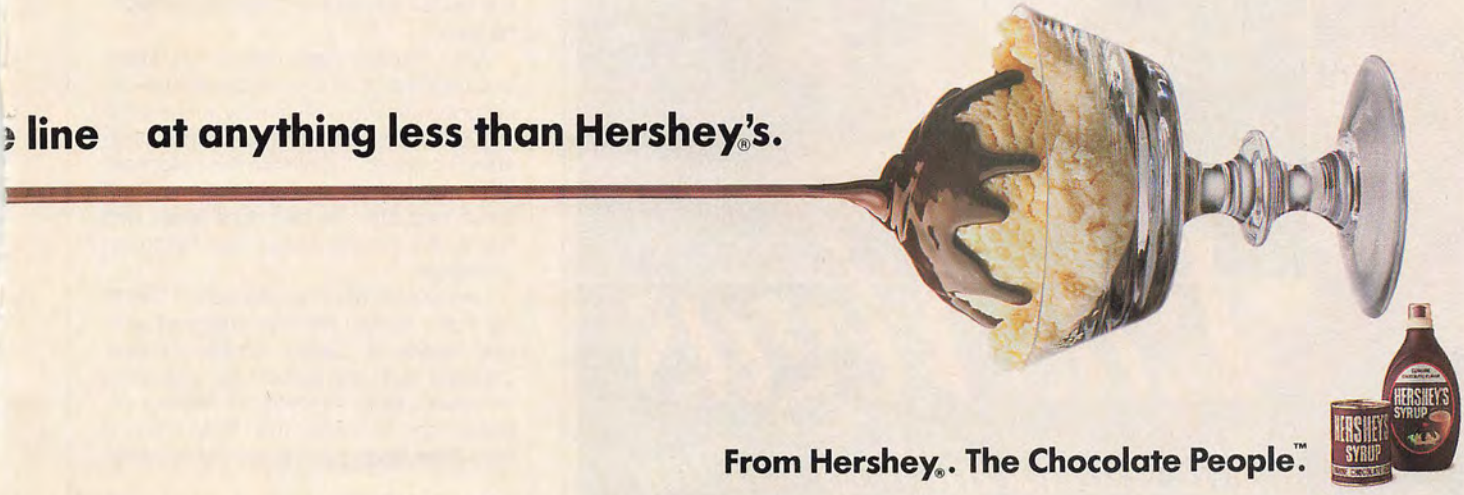

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game," he said. "We let them stay cocky."

The actual boxing strategy was left to the two team coaches, Pat Nappi and Tom Johnson, both former Army career men. Nappi had coached the Army team since 1953, and Johnson was considered to be a superb ring technician.

The coaches realized, of course, the difficulty of competing against an experienced Soviet team that represented the best of that country's nearly half million fighters. The boxing pool in the United States was a mere 10,000.

"What the Soviets do best," said Nappi at the time, "is drive straight ahead, pressing our kids into a corner." To combat this tactic, the U.S. coaches told their fighters to attack with powerful jabs, followed by combos. Make the other guy back up. Keep the hands higher than usual because Eastern European fighters like to fire away at the temple. And, most important, if you must retreat, move laterally, to the left or right, not straight back.

The team went to Montreal fortified with confidence. "The Russians are computerized fighters," Sugar Ray told his teammates. "You don't have to wind them up, because they come with lifetime batteries. You just push a button and away they go. All we have to do is keep them off balance."

On the Saturday of the finals, six members of the U.S. team were still in contention for a gold medal. Randolph's prospects against a Cuban named Ramon Duvalon were not considered good, but he came away with a 3–2 decision. "It's the best thing that's happened to me since I became a Christian in 1962," he said.

After Mooney was outpointed, Davis and Leonard both earned unanimous decisions, with Davis ultimately winning the Val Barker Award as the Games' outstanding boxer. "I dedicate this gold medal to my mother, wherever she may be," Davis said after he had done away with Romania's Simion Cutov, the European champion.

Leonard, in what he had called "his final fight" ended the five-knockout winning streak of Cuba's Andres Aldama. Leonard won by beautifully executing Johnson's bold strategy of fighting Aldama head-on, rather than flitting around him. After twice putting the Cuban down

for eight counts, Leonard said victoriously, "The journey is over, my dream is fullfilled."

The Spinks brothers fought in successive bouts. Mike came first against a Soviet named Rufat Riskiev. It was brutal. He bombarded his opponent in the first round and dropped him to the canvas in the second. With a bit more than a minute remaining in the third, Spinks slammed a stomach punch to Riskiev, who doubled up, claiming foul. No go. The judges declared Spinks the winner. Match that, Leon.

And Leon did, surviving an all-out slugfest with Sixto Soria, a 22-year-old Cuban with a lethal right hand. Early in the third round Leon landed a right of his own, then another, and Soria went down. He got up and took the count, but the referee stopped the fight. The third round time of 1:09 meant Leon had won his gold medal 45 seconds faster than his brother.

After the fight, Nappi and Johnson solemnly shook hands. They had molded the finest U.S. Olympic boxing team ever, and primed their young charges for even greater success as professionals. Sugar Ray would win millions in classic matches with Roberto Duran and Marvin Hagler and become the first boxer ever inducted into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame.

Leon Spinks would become world heavyweight champion by shocking the great Ali, and Michael, in addition to winning the world light heavyweight title, also would claim the heavyweight crown by ending the 48-match unbeaten streak of Larry Holmes. John Tate went on to win the WBA heavyweight title in 1979, and Randolph rounded out the team's professional accomplishments, winning the WBA junior featherweight title in 1980.

BASKETBALL

The Bucket Brigade of '60

Shortly before the 1960 Olympics in Rome, Nikolai Semashko, a leading Soviet basketball official, made a serious mistake. In an article for Komsomolskaya Pravda, the Communist Party's chief youth newspaper, he claimed that his country's team was closing the gap on the United States, and he hinted that the Soviets could win the gold medal. In fact, the Soviet team was progressing, but poor Semasko had no way of knowing that the American squad would be the greatest in Olympic history, or that he and coach Stepan Spandaryan would suffer severe consequences soon after the Games ended.

COURTESY OF THE USOC LIBRARY

The 1960 United States Olympic gold medal basketball team: (back row, from left) Imhoff, Lucas, Bellamy, Burdette Haldorson, Boozer, Dischinger, Robertson; (front) Lane, Allen Kelley, Smith, Jay Arnette and West. Coach Newell kneels on the right.

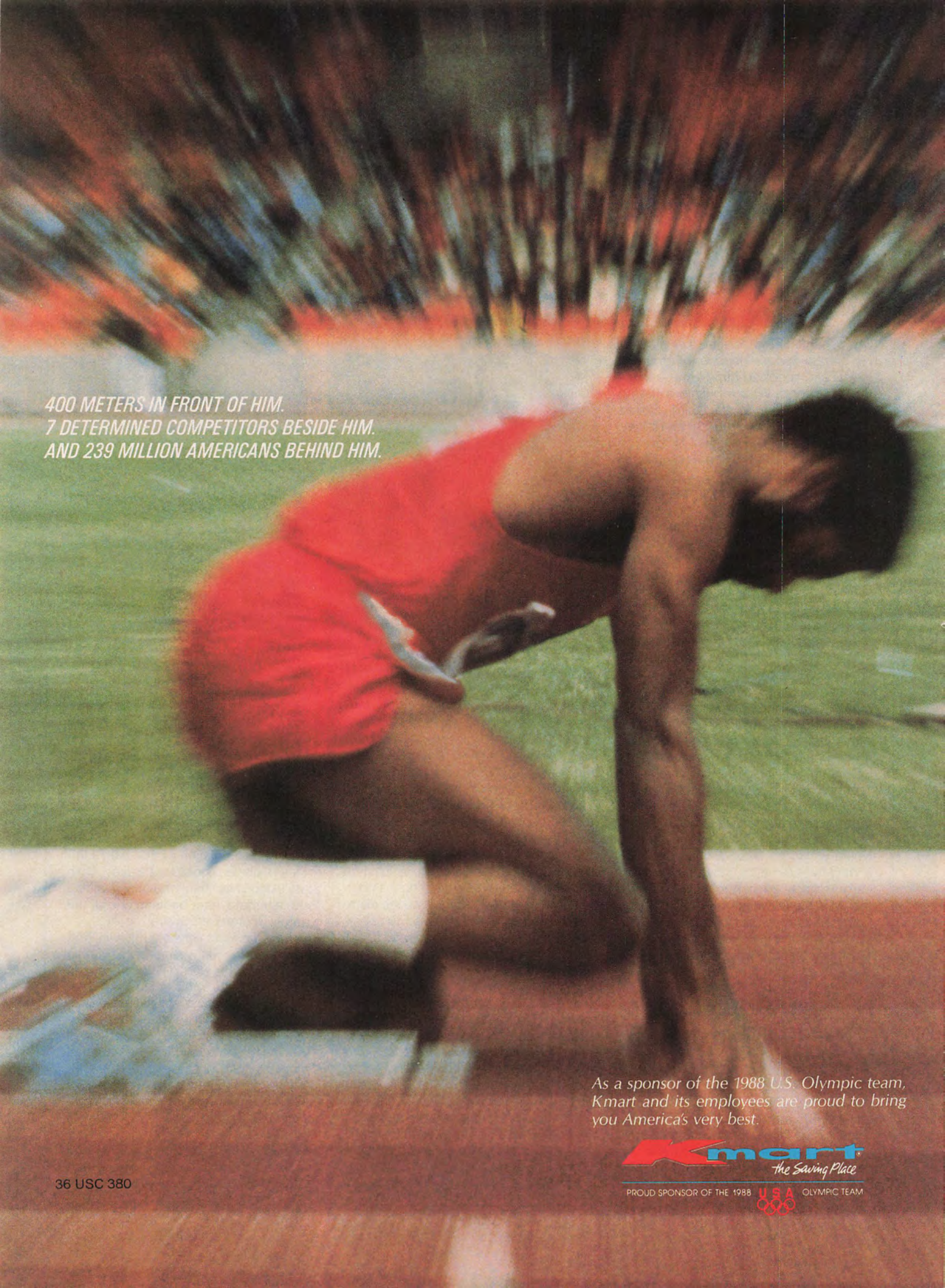
When the U.S. held its basketball trials in April of 1960, the selection committee watched 96 players on eight teams compete in three games each. Then the members scratched their heads, so to speak, thanked everyone, and said, ah, let's take Oscar Robertson, Jerry West and Jerry Lucas. At that point the committee could have rounded out the squad with Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and still have left Rome with the gold medal.

Robertson and Lucas had been three-time All-Americas and NCAA champions at their neighboring schools, the University of Cincinnati and Ohio State University. West was a two-time All-America at West Virginia, leading the Mountaineers to the 1959 finals. All three went on to brilliant professional careers and are now in the basketball Hall of Fame.

Joining them on the U.S. team was a dazzling list of recent college players who would also become outstanding pros: Terry Dischinger of Purdue, Darrall Imhoff of California, Walt Bellamy of Indiana, Bob Boozer of Kansas State and Adrian Smith of Kentucky. There was also Lester Lane of Oklahoma, a guard who became a coach but died at 41. Perhaps the greatest indication of the team's talent was a player who did not make it. Ohio State's John Havlicek, who only qualified as an alternate, later became one of the greatest Boston Celtics ever.

Driving this Rolls Royce outfit was Pete Newell, whose University of California team had won the NCAA championship in 1959. Newell took his squad to West Point to begin training and five days later sent the players out to meet the Cleveland Pipers of the American Basketball Association. Incredibly, the star-studded Olympians lost in Cleveland. But after more practice together, they knocked off teams in Denver and New York, in addition to the Spanish and Swiss national teams.

Despite his team's obvious talent and its successful exhibition tour, Newell had his concerns. "Our players all have differ-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ent styles," he said when the squad arrived in Rome. "It isn't easy to coordinate them. Our kids come from fast-break teams, from teams with deliberate offenses, from teams that set up screens one way, from those that set up screens another."

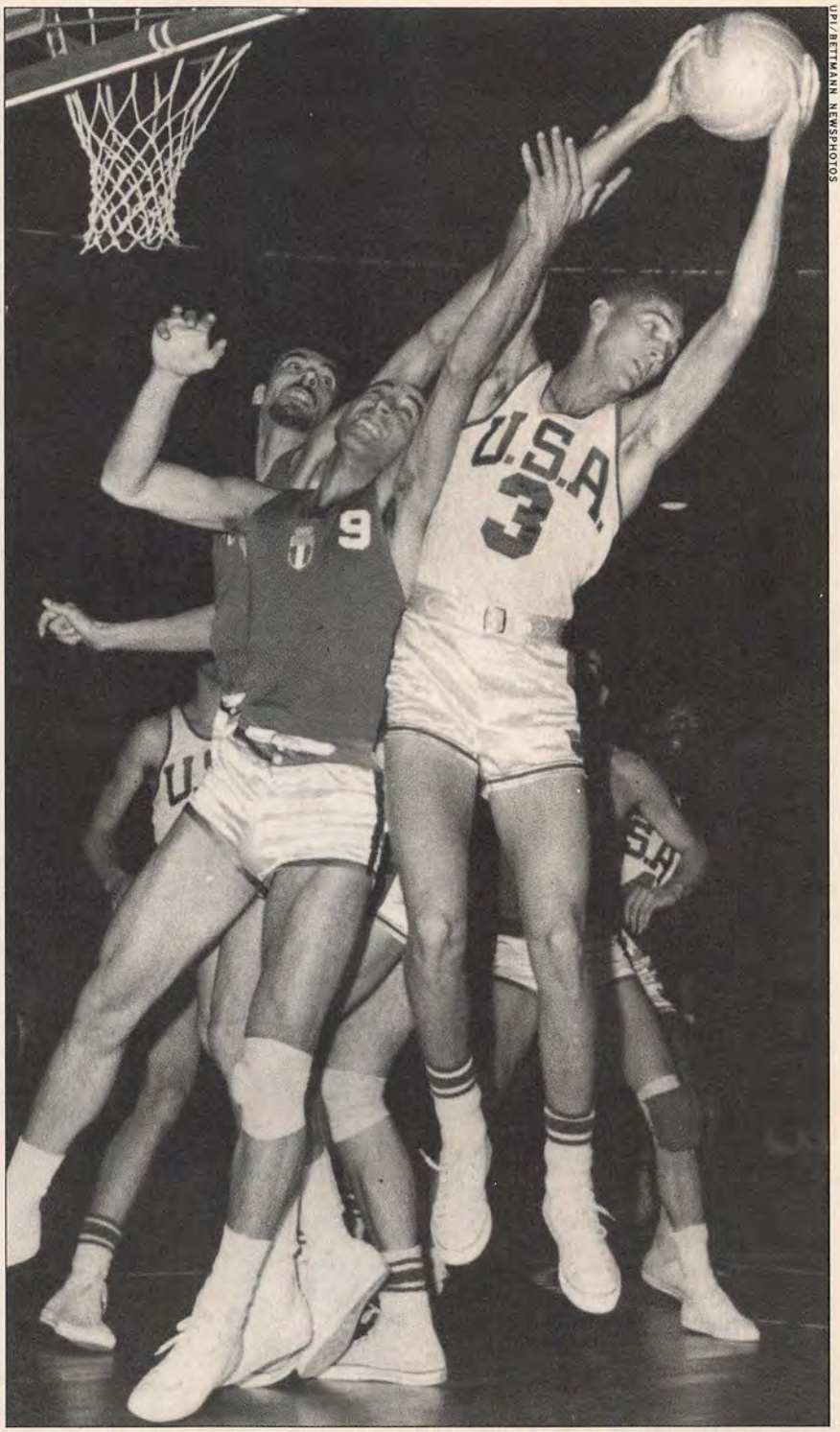
And, of course, Newell sounded the eternal pessimistic coaching note. Early on, scouting the Soviets against Mexico, he said: "Look at the three players they have up front. They're all 6′ 10″ [Lucas was the tallest U.S. starter at 6′ 8″]. The Hungarians all look like pass-catching ends in pro football, big and brawny. The French are good, and so is Brazil. We'll have trouble."

Newell was absolutely correct—for about 30 seconds of Game 1. The United States drew the home team, Italy, so it had the crowd to battle as well. Imagine the noise the 6,000 exuberant fans stirred up when Mario Alesini got the opening tip and drove straight in for a layup. Moments later he scored again, and Italy led 4–3. Stop the game.

Somebody should have. At halftime, the U.S. starting lineup of Lucas, Robertson, West, Smith and Dischinger had built a 42–17 lead and it was *arivederci*, Italy. Smith scored 17 points and Robertson 16 in the 88–54 victory. This set off a series of landslides, as Japan fell 125–66, Hungary 107–63, Yugoslavia 104–42 and Uruguay 108–50.

The final scores do not reflect just how one-sided the games were, because Newell usually removed West, Lucas and Robertson shortly after the start of the second half. The Yugoslavs went 10 minutes before scoring from the field, and when Nemanj Djuric made a set shot, he drew cheers from the crowd. His basket narrowed the gap to 32–3.

With a 5–0 record, the U.S. took the court for the big one against the Soviets, who also were unbeaten. The early moments presented a contrast of styles. The Soviets won the tip and worked the ball downcourt, into a corner, back out, into the other corner and back out again. Finally someone shot, missed and Robertson grabbed the rebound. He fired a long pass upcourt, and after two quick passes West made a layup. As one Soviet said later, "We run when we get the ball. The Americans run before they get it."



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

West and his teammates dominated Italy in the final round, winning 112–81.

The U.S. moved ahead 13–4 and seemed on the way to another landslide victory, but toward the end of the first half a flurry of Soviet baskets narrowed the margin to 35–28.

At halftime Newell made a wise decision. Rather than protect its lead, the U.S. team would come out attacking. "We felt we couldn't get into a close game with them. . . .," he said much later. "We couldn't rely on the officials . . . the Russians, the officials, everyone else. We decided to win the game in the first five minutes of the second half."

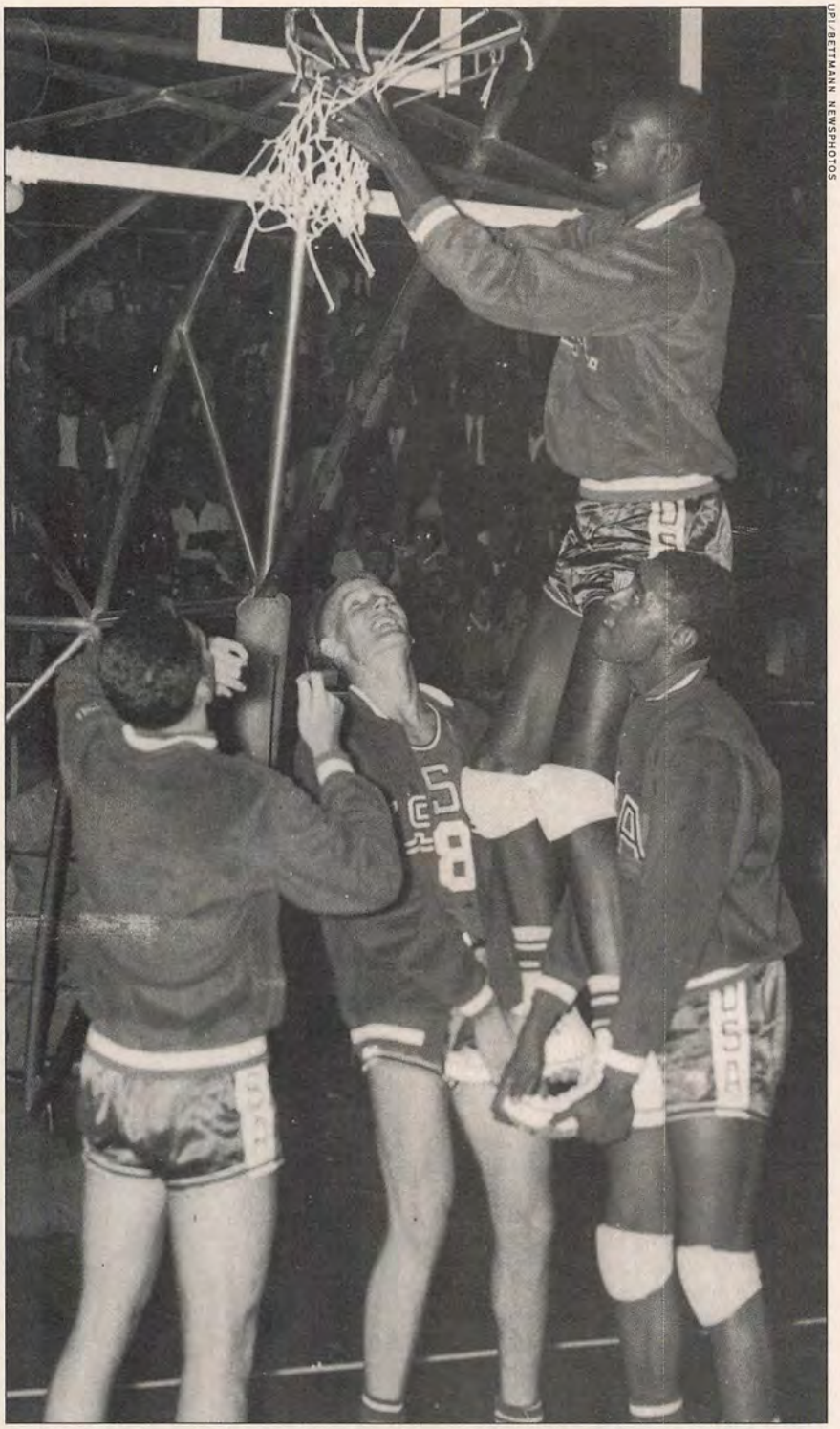
The Americans applied a fullcourt press that produced a slew of Soviet turnovers. While the press was on, the U.S. outscored its opponents 28–4, leaving nothing to do but run out the clock to the game's 81–57 conclusion. West was the leading scorer with 19 points, Lucas had 16 and Robertson 14.

Newell's final objective was the gold medal. In the final round, the U.S. beat Italy again, 112–81, while the USSR was handing Brazil its first loss, 64–62. According to Olympic rules too complicated to explain here, the U.S. faced the Brazilians in the championship game with the assurance that it would win the gold medal if it could somehow avoid losing by more than 200 points.

"Making one final joke of the competition," as *The New York Times* put it, the U.S. sailed to a 50–24 halftime lead and won 90–63. Never had a basketball gold medal come as easily.

Five years later, seven of those same American gold medalists would have a reunion of sorts in the the NBA All-Star Game in Chicago. If Nikolai Semashko had only known.

By then, he and Spandaryan had become unpersons in the Soviet basketball establishment. Within a few months after the game ended they lost their positions, and the Komsomolskaya Pravda vilified them. Semashko was charged with trying to obscure the facts of the loss to the U.S., and Spandaryan was accused of misleading the people about the relative strengths of the two teams. Even the Soviet players were criticized for lack of teamwork. Fortunately, no one was sent to Siberia. Every member of the American team, however, was inducted into the U.S. Olympic Hall of Fame. ■



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With one last bit of teamwork, Robertson netted a souvenir for the U.S.A.

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in the sixth round, was a bull's-eye. He made the 1979 Pro Bowl as a kick returner. The next year Beathard found two linebackers, Rich Milot and Monte Coleman, in the draft, and a third, Neal Olkewicz, in the free-agent market. All would become regulars. With the only draft choice the Skins had in the first six rounds that year they chose tight end Don Warren, who later started in the three Redskins Super Bowls. The trading that has become Beathard's signature produced an All-Pro cornerback, Lemar Parrish, and Coy Bacon, Washington's leading sacker from 1978 through '81. In 1978, Beathard gave the Cincinnati Bengals a No. 1 draft for the pair. The parade continued. The Skins' first No. 1 pick in 12 years, Art Monk, in 1980, became an All-Pro.

Youngsters were finding their way into the Washington lineup, but not fast enough for Beathard. The Redskins finished 8–8 in 1978, 10–6 in '79 and 6–10 in '80. They were an old team, with 15 members who were 30 or older, including 10 starters. Beathard and Pardee finally locked horns. Beathard felt that the coaching staff was taking the easy way out, going with veteran players and giving his young talent the short look. In 1980, Pardee kept a pair of ancient defensive tackles, Diron Talbert, 36 at the time, and Paul Smith, 35, and cut one of Beathard's free-agent rookie finds, Chris Godfrey, who became a starting guard for the Super Bowl Giants.

In December 1980, Beathard told Christine and the kids, "I can't stay with the Redskins under the present conditions. If Mr. Cooke decides to keep both Jack and me, I'm going to have to look for another job." Faced with the decision, Cooke went with his general manager, whose next move was to recommend that Cooke hire Gibbs.

Beathard's 1981 draft produced three future Pro Bowlers, guard Russ Grimm, Manley and wideout Charlie Brown. In the 12th round he got tight end Clint Didier, who's still a Redskins regular. That same year Beathard visited his old school, Cal Poly, and came back with a free-agent linebacker, Mel Kaufman, who has started for Washington since 1982.

Low-round draft picks, free agents—Beathard loves them. The '83 Super Bowl team had 26 free agents. Eleven more of those Super Bowl Skins were drafted in the fifth round or lower. Beathard reached into the USFL supplemental draft of 1984 and found Gary Clark, who became an All-Pro wideout. Two years ago he gave New England a third-round draft for the rights to USFL wide receiver Ricky Sanders, whose 193 receiving yards against the Denver Broncos set a Super Bowl record last January.

There have been misses, including a succession of dismal No. 2 picks. In 1985 he traded a No. 2 for Los Angeles Raider wideout Malcolm Barnwell, who turned out to be a bust. Says Young of the Giants, "Everyone knows we're in the guessing business. All you're trying to do is keep your percentages good, and Bobby's are excellent."

"He came to practice at our place last fall," says Utah offensive coordinator Jack Reilly. "He looked at one of our tight ends, Craig McEwen, and said, 'That kid can play for us right now.' We hadn't even given him a scholarship, but Bobby took him to camp as a free agent, and he caught seven passes in the strike game against Dallas."

BILL BALLENBERG

BOBBY IS STILL A CALIFORNIA BOY AT HEART

There's more to being a successful general manager than having a hot hand in the personnel game. There's the mesh, the coordination with owner and coach and with your own staff. Beathard is lucky in his owner. Cooke has never closed the purse. Witness the $6 million he spent last spring to acquire Chicago Bears linebacker Wilber Marshall. "All I ever ask Bobby," Cooke says, "is, 'Will the player help us win?' "

When he recommended Gibbs as coach in 1981, Beathard made sure he was a man he could work with. "We're in this together," Gibbs says. "If Bobby can't do it, we're going to sink. Likewise for me. The rules between us are these: I input who we draft, but the final say is his. He inputs who we keep, but the final say is mine. On trades, Bobby decides who we get, I decide who we let go. Sure, we argue sometimes, but it never goes out of the room."

Says Casserly, "We go out on the road together. A lot of clubs don't do this, but it gets us working with one another. Four scouts, minimum, look at any kid who's rated third round or higher. This is a motivation for the scouts, too. They know that they're always going to get a shot at quality players.

"Bobby never feels secure about anything, even now, coming off a Super Bowl win. He works the same way he did seven or eight years ago. He'll still go out on the road after a free agent. He's not afraid to get himself dirty."

"I've had personnel directors tell me," says Beathard, " 'Now that I have the job I don't have to go out anymore.' "

His stare is wide-eyed, disarming. "Isn't that terrible?" ■

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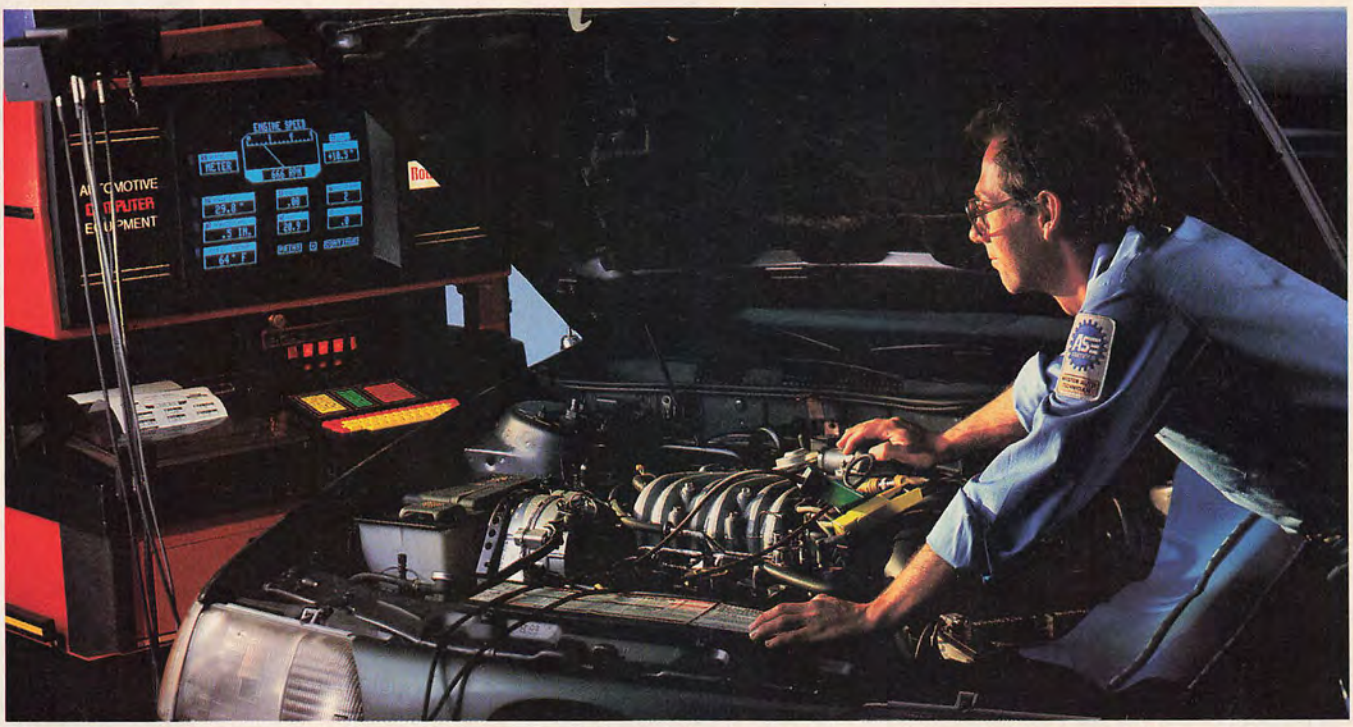

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BRAINY BROWN

BERNIE KOSAR'S BAD BODY AND SIDEARM DELIVERY MAKE COACHES WINCE, BUT HIS QUICK MIND HAS OPPONENTS OF THE BROWNS FEELING BLUE

BY RICK TELANDER

BUFFALO BILLS QUARTERBACK JIM Kelly hosts a charity golf outing each June in upstate New York, and the night before the golf game he throws an elaborate barbecue for a few special guests. The high rollers, naturally, demand entertainment, and tonight, for their viewing and betting enjoyment, there's the Celebrity Football Toss.

In a Buffalo millionaire's backyard, Kelly and some NFL buddies stand 20 yards from a whitewashed car tire that's suspended in front of a canvas tarp. One after the other the players attempt to throw a football through the center of the tire.

Kelly, nursing a sore elbow, misses by a mile. Boomer Esiason misses. So do Don Strock, Dan Marino, Frank Reich and Jay Schroeder, NFL quarterbacks all. Tommy Kramer of the Vikings misses badly.

"Bernie," somebody calls, tossing the ball to the gangly, curly-haired young man who has been gabbing away, not even following the football toss. The kid turns and whistles the ball through the rubber circle, touching nothing.

Somebody else misses, then the Colts' Jack Trudeau rattles the ball through the target. There will be a sudden-death playoff. Spectators have time to lay down bets on the two finalists. Trudeau steps up for his throw. He smacks the ball off the side of the tire.

Bernie Kosar, the Cleveland Browns' 24-year-old gawk of a quarterback, the kid with the accountant's body and altar boy's face, takes the football. He's wearing street clothes like the other contestants; unlike them, he didn't warm up. But his eyes have a look to them. He has already won the earlier contest from 15 yards. Touched nothing. The crowd grows silent.

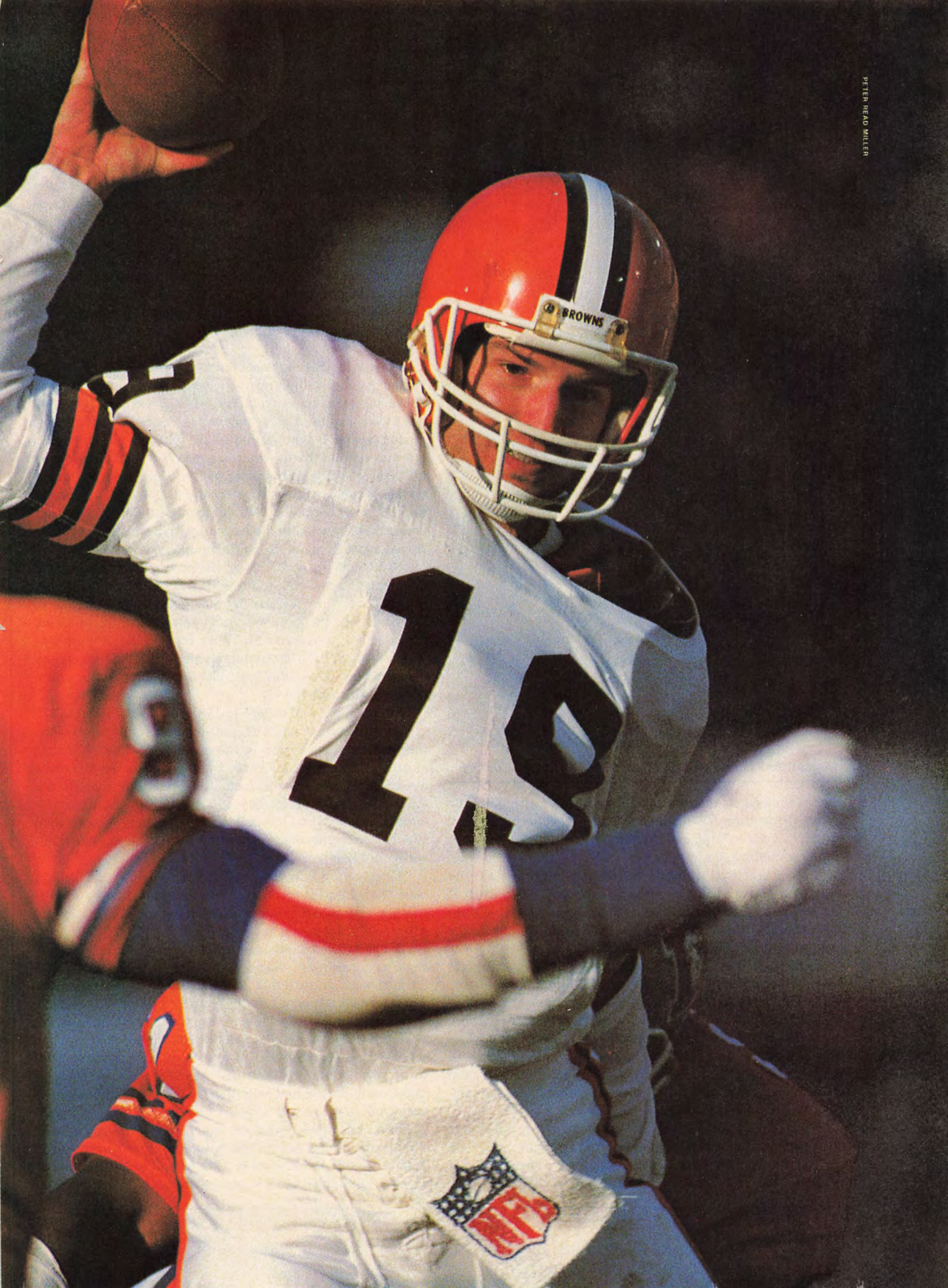
Kosar half smiles. A football is about seven inches in diameter; the center of this tire about 16 inches. Plenty of room. Kosar doesn't lob the ball. He doesn't aim it. He brings it. Sidearm.

Bull's-eye.

The next day at the golf course Marino laughs. "It's unbelievable," he says. "Three in a row, and the ball was never above his shoulder. It's sickening."

To the Browns' opponents it is more than sickening. It is maddening, disgusting and, well, just plain wrong. That this callow youth, already a three-year NFL veteran, could have led his team to three straight AFC Central titles and

THOUGH HIS FORM MAY LOOK FUNNY, KOSAR CAN THROW FROM ALMOST ANY POSITION



PETER READ MILLER

JOHN D. HANLON

KOSAR WAS EERILY ACCURATE AT A BACKYARD BARBECUE

earned the highest quarterback rating in the entire AFC last season (95.4 rating, 62% completion rate, 7.8 yards per passing attempt) while looking and throwing like a damned astronomer or something, it's just not fair.

"I have practiced trying to throw over the top," says the 6′ 5″, 215-pound Kosar almost apologetically. "But when it gets down to it, I always go back to what I'm comfortable with. I've probably thrown as many passes underhand in this league as I have straight overhand."

Underhand? Yes, he has thrown underhand passes. In fact he has thrown from almost every arm position there is—always with remarkable accuracy—as if his right arm were a minute hand on a precision Swiss clock that has every number on its face but high noon. "We worked and worked on it when he was a pitcher in Little League, trying to stretch that long body over the top," says Kosar's dad, Bernie Sr. "But he was so effective throwing the way he did, usually from three-quarters, that you just hated to tamper with anything."

"I'll pick out a part of the receiver's body to throw to," says Kosar, explaining why it wasn't hard for him to pierce the tire the way he did. "Very rarely will I aim for the chest. For two reasons. One, if the ball is high, it can be deflected. And two, you don't see guys extremely wide open in this league."

Seen from the perspective of a teammate or a fan, Kosar seems positively inspirational. He is the oldest of three children in a tightly knit, devoutly Catholic, middle-class family from Boardman, Ohio, 25 miles from Youngstown, 90 miles from Cleveland. He graduated from the University of Miami in just three years, then told anyone who would listen that he wanted to play for his beloved Browns, thereby insuring that Cleveland would make the trade it needed to get him in the 1985 supplemental draft. The astounding thing about the early move to the pro ranks was that, although Kosar appeared to be a fragile boy quarterback, he was actually a cunning, sturdy, mature leader who, at 21, had grown bored with the college game.

"College football was not challenging," he says. "With our passing system at Miami, which was head and shoulders above any other college's, after a while it was just too easy. I don't want that to sound wrong, but in games I'd see only one, maybe two coverages. It was so unsophisticated. For me to grow at so slow a pace—what was the point?" Indeed, in only his 12th collegiate game Kosar led the Hurricanes to the national championship with a stunning 31–30 win over No. 1–ranked Nebraska in the 1983 Orange Bowl. Before the game, people were worried that Kosar might have his spindly body ripped apart by the horrible Cornhuskers. After Kosar completed 19 of 35 passes for 300 yards and two touchdowns, most folks didn't know what to think. His father wasn't surprised. "I remember when he was in a championship Little League game when he was nine years old and all the other kids were 10, 11 or 12," says Bernie Sr. "They brought him in from second base to pitch the last inning, and he struck out the side and his team won. That same look of determination you see now, he had it way back then."

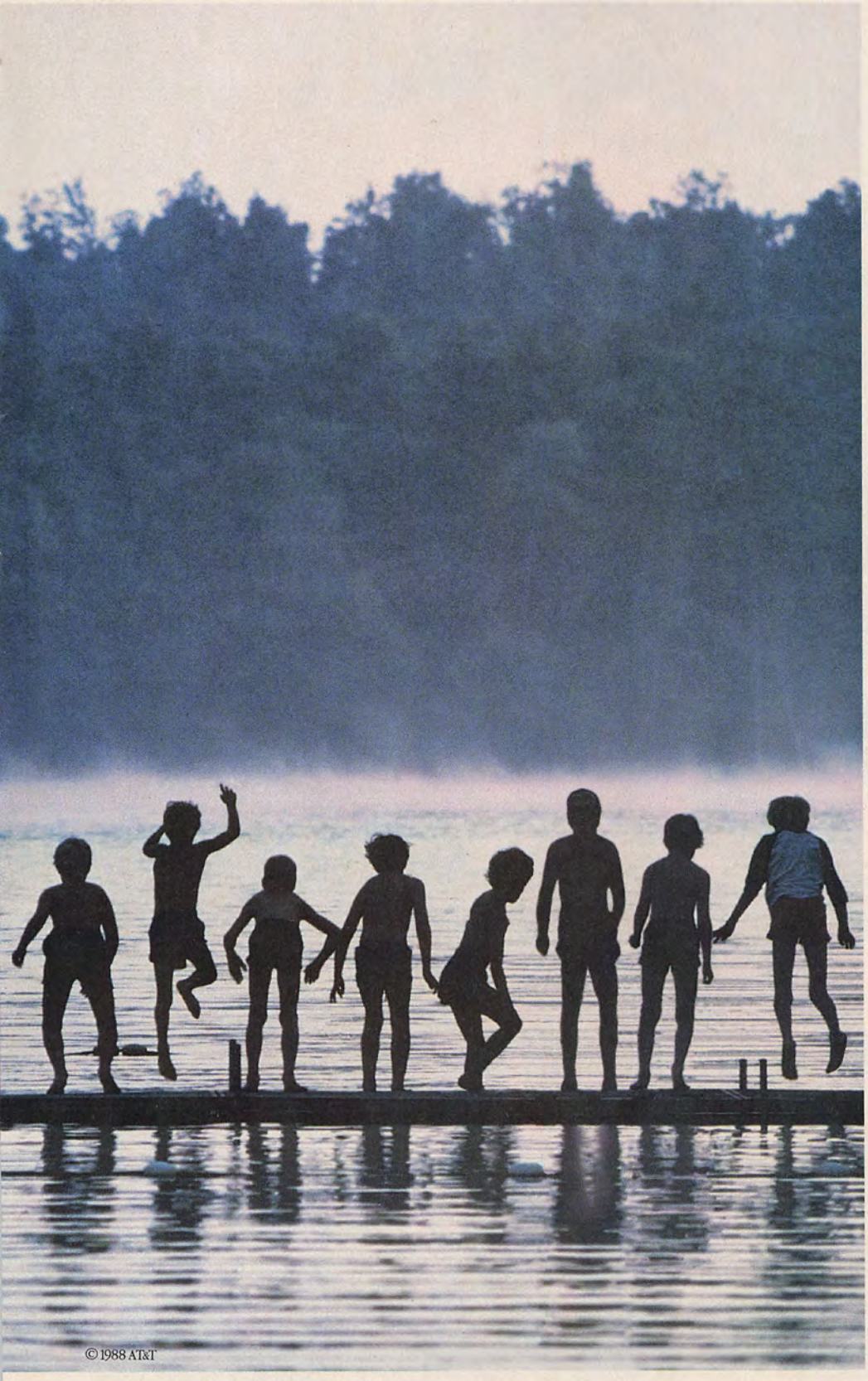
Kosar came out of college in 1985, having achieved a 3.27 grade point average and a degree in finance, and then became the youngest quarterback in Browns history. Though he has already thrown for 8,465 yards and 47 touchdowns and owns five team passing records, including lowest interception rate for a career and a season, he is still the youngest starting quarterback in the NFL. Incredibly, he is 12 days *younger* than Vinnie Testaverde, the player who succeeded him at the University of Miami.

"Time has just flown by," says Kosar. "Sometimes I feel I'm older than I am. It seems like just yesterday I was a fourth-string quarterback at Miami, thinking I might not play for my entire four years in college."

If he had stayed at Miami—he left with two years of NCAA eligibility remaining—Kosar figures he would have just about finished work on his Ph.D. in the extra time. Working hard and fast on education is a family trait. Sister Beth, 23, graduated from Hiram College one term early, and brother Brian, 20, a senior at Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio, is set to get his degree early as well. "If you have 10 seconds to run 100 yards, why not run 110 if you can?" says Bernie Sr., who has an engineering degree and sells Ingersoll-Rand compressors to heavy industry.

The accelerated Kosar clock was confusing, and apparently a bit vexing, to Hurricanes coach Jimmy Johnson. He retired Testaverde's jersey during the 1986 season, and when asked why he didn't also retire Kosar's, the coach reportedly said,

What do you do when you sent him away for a little peace and you can't stand the quiet?



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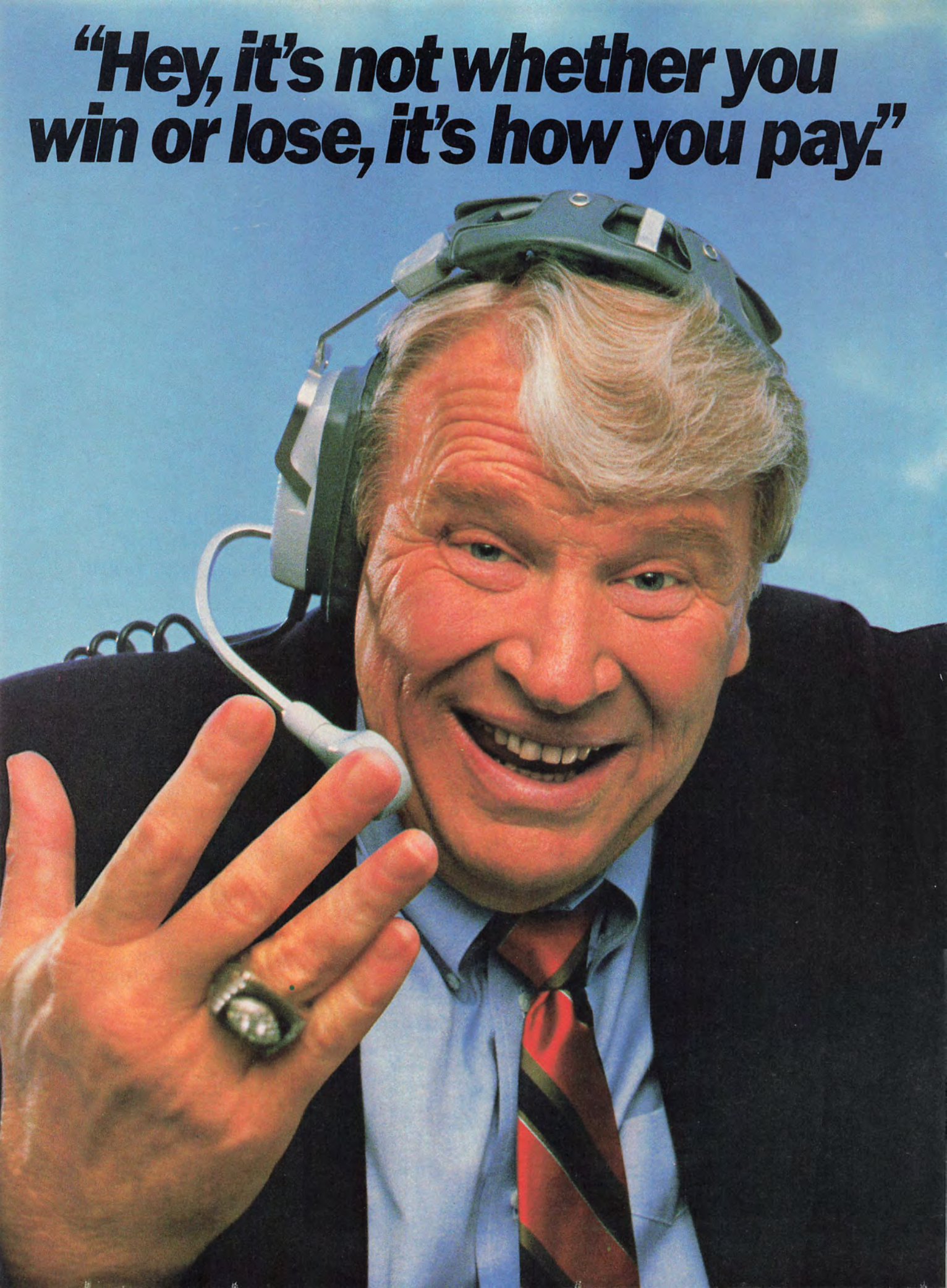


"Bernie didn't finish the program here." Kosar was wounded by the statement, particularly because Testaverde, no great scholar, left Miami well short of a degree. But since then he and Johnson have worked things out. "To be honest, whether my jersey is retired there or not—big deal," says Kosar. "You go to college to graduate. I graduated. That's the point."

The point for an NFL quarterback is to be accurate, and Kosar is the Einstein of accuracy. He throws an interception only once in every 45 passing attempts. During one stretch in 1986 he threw 171 passes without getting one picked off. And he doesn't just throw dinks and drop-offs to backs. "My philosophy is to let the coverage dictate what I'll do, rather than have to look here, then here, then here," he says. "I like to stretch the field vertically, not across its width. Go upfield. Somebody will be open. I know that. My height gives me an advantage."

Yes, but it also makes him look awkward. And that is what is so refreshing about Kosar. Here is a slow, humble, neighborhood kind of guy, with a bad body ("He makes me look in shape," says 36-year-old backup quarterback Gary Danielson), throwing incorrectly like some kid down the block. "That's what he is," says Browns offensive tackle and Kosar's close friend Paul Farren, "a normal kid from anybody's neighborhood."

Except that Kosar is very good. So good that in the AFC championship game against the Denver Broncos last season he completed 16 of 22 passes for 246 yards, three TDs and no interceptions, all in the second half. So good that his career quarterback rating of 84.6 makes him the fifth-highest-rated NFL quarterback of all time. So good that Browns owner Art Modell is ready to extend Kosar's current five-year $5.2 million contract in order to "keep him in Cleveland for life." How much money will that mean? "If they double my contract or cut it in half, it won't change my life-style," says Kosar with a shrug.

What Kosar likes most is being one of the guys, not the star who gets mobbed by hordes of screaming fans, who is supposed to take limos and be a cut above his teammates. "I'd rather blend in," he says. "It's impossible because I'm the quarterback, I know. But I'd like to."

"We go to Detroit to see hockey games and he says, 'I love going to Detroit, where I'm just another Joe Bag-a-doughnuts,' " says Danielson. "I don't know what that means, the 'Bag-a-doughnuts.' But he loves it."

What it means is that Kosar is not particularly taken with himself. "He has a great, easygoing attitude," says Farren. Kosar has a girlfriend of four years, 24-year-old Babette Ferre, who recently graduated from Florida International University in Miami. But she lives in Florida, and who knows where the romance will lead? For now, Kosar is happy grabbing a beer with his teammates, visiting sick children in the hospital and then heading back to the family home in Boardman, where his parents treat him like no big deal at all.

"We always wanted our kids to do whatever they enjoyed," says Geri Kosar, a warm, thoughtful mother whose dark eyes were passed on to all three of her children. "If it was sports, fine. We wanted them tired and out of trouble. We always knew where they were at 10 o'clock at night—in bed, asleep."

The Kosars are so democratic in their distribution of affection that Brian's college baseball games get the same attention as Bernie's NFL games. Last fall the two boys played on the same day. Dad went to Bernie's game. Mom attended Brian's, listened to the Browns on the radio and videotaped the baseball game so Dad could see it when he returned.

Kosar rents a skybox at Cleveland Stadium year-round so that his parents can watch Browns games in comfort and he can watch the Indians in tranquillity. He loves baseball. He was an outstanding third baseman at Boardman High School, as well as a very good basketball player. Now he sits in his box in left centerfield, some 450 feet from home plate, studying the Indians as they mount a drive against the Oakland Athletics.

Kosar will go to as many games as he can, coming late and leaving early to avoid the crowds, sometimes sitting alone, hardly moving, concentrating fiercely, losing himself for precious hours in the minutiae of the sport. For he dearly loves to observe, and to learn.

Tonight he is with his parents and Brian. When Brian asks who is up, Kosar says quickly, "Terry Francona."

Francona has just been called up from the minors. How can Kosar be sure that speck way out there is Francona?

"I can tell by his stance," says Kosar, still staring at the

JOHN D. HANLON

CAN THIS BE THE SWING OF AN NFL QUARTERBACK?

plate. Bernie Sr. looks at his son and smiles. "I'm impressed," he says after a time.

He should be, for it is Kosar's composure, awareness and concentration—his vision, if you will—that make him the great helmsman he is. Last season he completed passes to six or more receivers in 13 of 14 games because he knew where everybody was.

"He's got this ability to accept all surrounding stimuli and utilize it," says Danielson of Kosar and his computerlike mind. "I don't understand it, but he can focus on *everything* and not overload. I'm not just talking about blocking schemes and coverages. I mean things like how many people are in the stands, how many timeouts are left, where the stadium speakers are, why we have Gatorade and not Coke. He won't just know who the refs are, he'll know where they're from. He'll take all this stuff, feed it in and use it to find an angle, something to help him win."

Kosar, who acknowledges his debt to Danielson, offers this self-analysis: "I remember watching Marino playing with the Dolphins when I was in college. I learned from watching him on the field, but I learned more things from him and from other quarterbacks by watching them off the field—how they conducted themselves, how they dealt with fame, the press, people's attitudes. I like to be the third-person observer, to have that vantage point. That's how I learn.

"Like during last year's players' strike. I went to meetings and very quickly I realized this was a bad situation, useless, horrible. So I started just watching people, not saying anything, seeing what I could learn about unions and front offices and how groups of people are controlled, how people get others to do what they want. It was very interesting."

Kosar stayed out with most of his teammates for the three-game strike, even though he felt no allegiance to the union or its polemics. He realized he should bear no malice toward any Browns players, regardless of their points of view, when the strike ended. In fact many observers speculated that he and Danielson had a well-conceived strategy in mind when Danielson crossed the picket line and led Cleveland to a critical victory in its final "replacement" game. The win helped ensure the Browns of a playoff spot. Neither quarterback will talk about any agreement that may have been made, but as Kosar says, "I think our team held together real well after the strike."

Kosar's analytical skill is the kind that doesn't always get a fellow noticed. Ohio State, Penn State and Pitt all ignored Kosar in high school, though he would have liked to have stayed close to home. Despite his tenuous status as a freshman backup at Miami, his tenacity and field skills ultimately won out, and he put future Heisman Trophy winner Testaverde on the bench for two years. "Hey, Rod Carew wasn't pretty either," notes Browns wide receiver Brian Brennan.

Unfortunately Kosar has had some of his best work wiped out by opposing quarterbacks. Twice his Browns have lost heartbreaking playoff games to Denver and quarterback-magician John Elway. Back in college in 1984 Kosar was bushwhacked by Boston College's Doug Flutie and his 64-yard Heisman-winning "Hail Mary" pass on the last play, which beat Miami, 47–45. It matters little that until that point Kosar had passed for a school-record 447 yards.

"He hates to lose," says Brennan. "Even at golf. He's a 16 handicap, but I remember a real competitive game in Shaker Heights when he shot a 77. How? Pressure. Ever seen his golf swing? It's the ugliest thing in the world. But it's accurate."

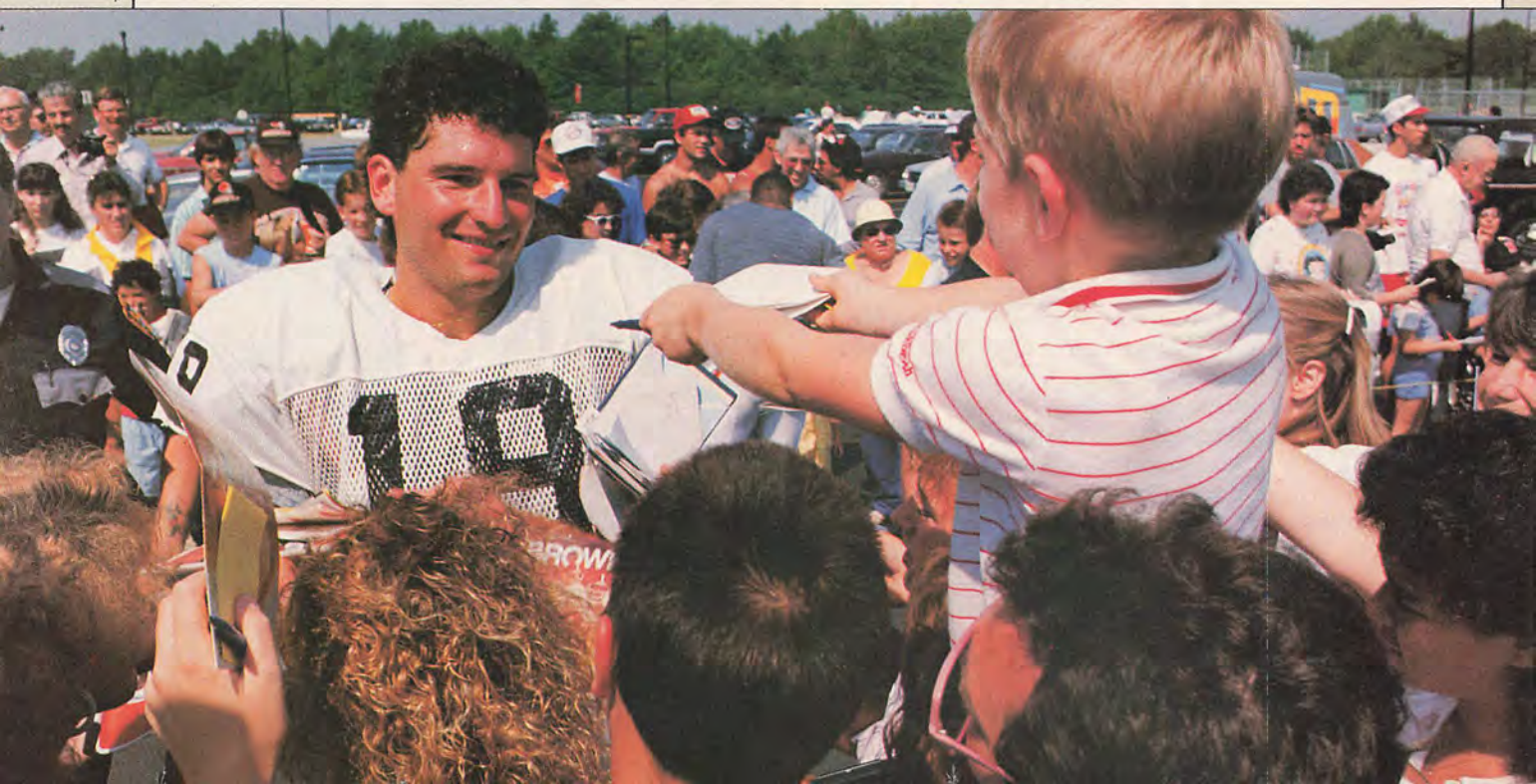
Kosar is aware of how he looks on the golf course and on the football field. He likes to tell the story about how, during a golf outing, a woman came up to him and tried to correct his hideous form. "I can help you," she said. "But you have to follow through just like you do on your overhand pass."

"Ma'am," Kosar replied politely, "you must not follow football very closely."

If she did, she would have known some broken things don't need fixing. ■

TONY TOMSIC

KOSAR IS GRACIOUS WITH FANS YOUNG AND OLD, BUT HE WOULD PREFER ANONYMITY



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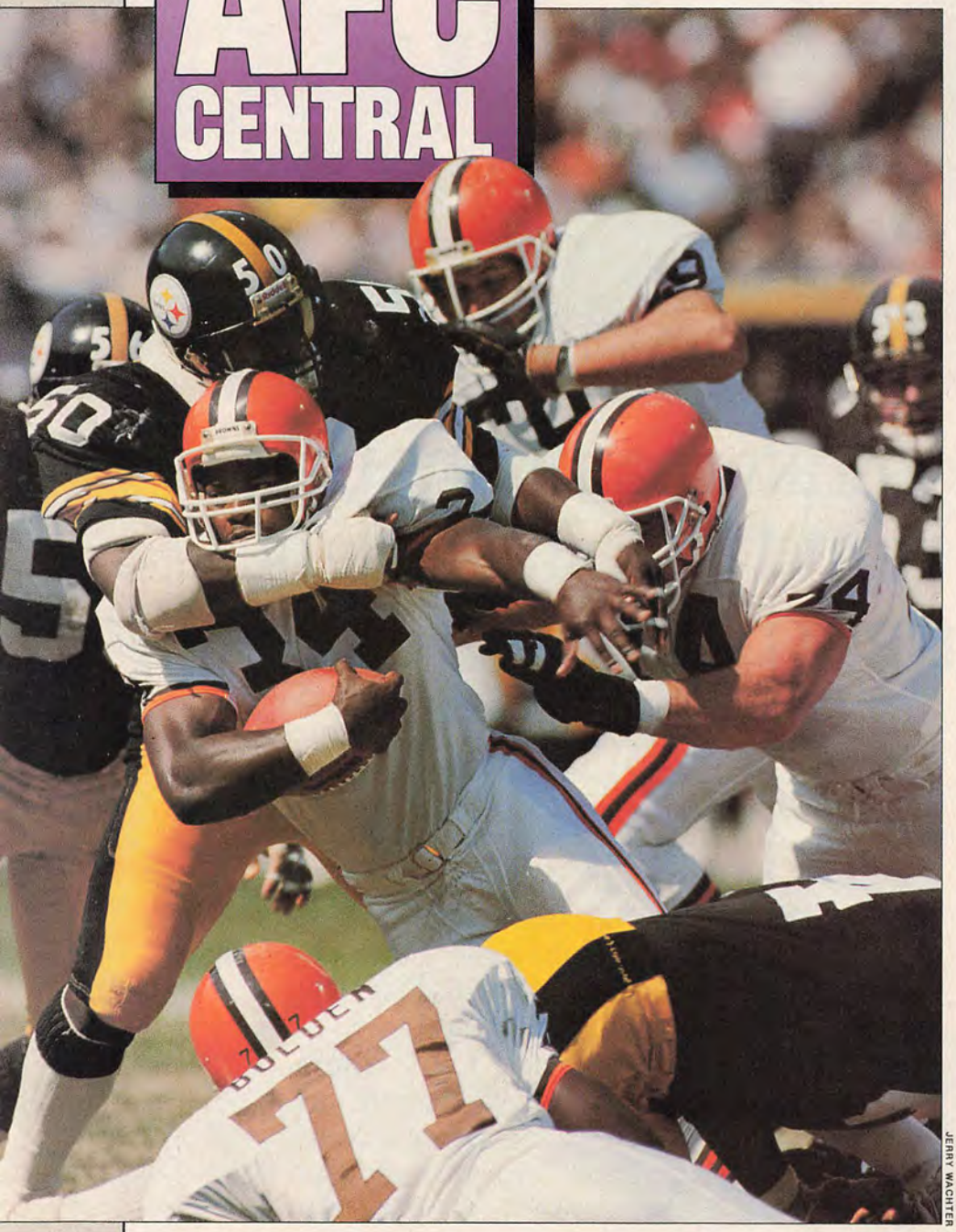


JERRY WACHTER

A MACK ATTACK PACES THE BROWNS

HERE'S WHY EVERYONE IS picking the **CLEVELAND BROWNS** to go to the Super Bowl: People are tired of Denver. They're tired of the same feature stories, tired of chasing John Elway around the press tent and setting up photo sessions with the Three Amigos. They want a fresh face, and what better face than the one the Broncos ground into the mud in two straight AFC Championships?

Yeah, I'm jumping on the bandwagon too. I'm picking the Browns to go to Super Bowl XXIII. You don't have to remind me of the negatives. I know both of them: an anemic pass rush and the loss of offensive coordinator Lindy Infante. Under Infante the Browns were the highest-scoring team in the AFC last year, but now Cleveland's offense will be handled by head coach Marty Schottenheimer, an old linebacker whose idea of a wide-open attack is Earnest Byner leading Kevin Mack on a power sweep. The last time Marty ran the offense was in 1985; Mack and Byner had over 1,000 yards rushing apiece and the Browns finished 8–8.

I'll let you in on a secret, though. I like that kind of offense, and the Browns are suited for it. Their big, Redskins-style hog linemen can wear you down, and if Mack and Byner stay healthy, the running attack will be an effective platform for Bernie Kosar and his off-balance zips, which come from the oddest places but always seem to find the right receiver. Cleveland has a fine pass-blocking line too, one that gave up only nine sacks in the last eight regular-season games. One more word about running teams: The better ones always seem to win the Super Bowl.

O.K., I know the Browns' pass rush has been a problem. But I have a hunch it will all come together this year. Big Daddy Hairston had a terrific season in '87. Bubba Baker should have a big one this time as a situation outside rusher, and rookie Michael Dean Perry is a fine addition. The regular nose man, Bob Golic, is the classic run-stopper. Most of all, I like the Browns for the intangible fact that they're on a mission this year: Beat Denver.

A wild-card berth and a one-game edge on Houston is what I see for the **PITTSBURGH STEELERS**. You laugh. Bubby Brister at quarterback, you remind me. Weegie Thompson trying to fill John Stallworth's shoes. The smallest offensive line around, in an era when those babies in the trenches must blot out the sun to be able to compete.

So what? The defense will carry them, just as it has ever since Terry Bradshaw retired. Pittsburgh drafted three defensive backs in the first four rounds last year, and while the top pick, Rod Woodson, was holding out, the other two guys, Delton Hall and Thomas Everett, were running around hitting anything that moved, bringing back memories of the Steeler units of old.

It's contagious. Pittsburgh has a terrific inside linebacker in Gregg Carr and a fine outside pair in Bryan Hinkle and Mike Merriweather, provided Merriweather's ongoing holdout doesn't cause him to lose interest. Up front? Well, nobody's perfect. But the Steelers

did use their first draft pick to get a highly regarded pass rusher, Aaron Jones of Eastern Kentucky, and there's a stringbean free-agent pass rusher named Al Williams who reminds Chuck Noll of a young L.C. Greenwood.

Granted, the offense doesn't excite anybody. But watch out for Warren Williams, the sixth-round pick, a nifty halfback from the University of Miami stud farm. Then there's second-year halfback Dwight Stone (4.25 in the 40, honest), who averaged 7.9 yards a carry last year. Put these guys behind that trap-blocking line, add an enthusiastic defense to give them field position and, well, the club's only one quarterback away from the big time.

I have in front of me the usual chart sent out by the **HOUSTON OILERS'** publicity department. A numbers chart. Draft choices. Look how many we have had in the last seven years and how few we had in the Bum Phillips era. My gosh, they're still trying to justify the firing of Bum, the only winning coach out of the last 10 the Oilers have had. Since they went to the trouble of compiling the numbers, I'll summarize them for you: Four No. 1's and 26 choices in the first five rounds from 1974 to '81 versus 10 No. 1's and 46 in the first five rounds in the last seven years.

The accompanying letter reminds us that the Oilers reached the playoffs last year as the youngest team in football. We get the message. Youthful draft choices abound, especially on the offensive line, where left guard Mike Munchak is a three-time Pro Bowler and right guard Bruce Matthews is getting there. The running backs are an embarrassment of No. 1 draft riches—Mike Rozier, Alonzo Highsmith and, now, Lorenzo White.

After reaching this plateau, Houston can go a step further and trade an occasional No. 1 for a reliable vet, e.g., the trade that brought them defensive end Sean Jones, a proven pass rusher, from the Raiders this year. Don't forget that one of the club's best trades ever was a No. 7 and a No. 4 for wideout Drew Hill, whose 3,270 reception yards since 1985 are second only to Jerry Rice's.

But everybody will be waiting for the 1988 Oilers; they sneaked up on people last year. Coach Jerry Glanville instilled a hard-hitting—some people called it late-hitting—attitude. Everyone remembers the famous postgame cameo of Noll grabbing Glanville in that I'm-not-gonna-let-go-until-you've-heard-what-I'm-gonna-say handshake and reading him his Miranda rights. Now Houston is going to be tested, and the results should be interesting.

Did you ever stop to think that no division in football has as many good offensive lines as the AFC Central? There isn't a bad one in the bunch, and the **CINCINNATI BENGALS** have one of the best. The trouble is, it has been lost in that flimflam, razzle-dazzle offense. But what if Cincy settles down to a more basic approach and decides to bang it out, set tailback James Brooks a yard farther back so he can get a better read, and use the heavy-duty stuff to set up the Boomer Esiason–Cris Collinsworth–Eddie Brown show?

O.K., I've been peeking. The report from Cincinnati says that's exactly what the Bengals will do. Not that coach Sam Wyche will abandon his "attack offense," the no-huddle approach he says scored twice as many touchdowns last year as the conventional one did. On defense, which has been a sticky subject for a number of years, the Bengals will go with something called the spinner, in which a lineman, usually right end Jason Buck, spins from place to place along the defensive front and often acts as a blitzing linebacker. Fine so far, but he had better keep out of the way of middle guard Tim Krumrie, one of the few defensive stars on the club and a very hard customer.

Wyche, fighting for his job, believes a 10–6 record is possible. He tried to remedy a lack of unity by assigning training-camp roommates, an offensive guy with a defensive one. Somehow Esiason ended up with running back Stanford Jennings, causing Jennings to comment, "They must be thinking of putting Boomer on defense."

Here's a weird stat from last year: Cincinnati outgained opponents by 45 yards a game and was still outscored 370–285. What does this mean? Probably that the special teams were lousy. The Bengals are working on that, along with everything else.

PETER READ MILLER

FOES WILL BE AFTER QUARTERBACK WARREN MOON AND THE UPSTART OILERS

HOW THEY'LL FINISH

	'88 FORECAST	'87 RECORD
1 CLEVELAND	11–5	10–5
2 PITTSBURGH	9–7	8–7
3 HOUSTON	8–8	9–6
4 CINCINNATI	7–9	4–11

AFC WEST

DR. Z'S SCOUTING REPORT

THE **DENVER BRONCOS** HAVE A tradition that was born in the mid-1970s, when an outstanding crop of defensive players came together. The showpiece players were linebacker Tom Jackson and end Lyle Alzado, who were wild, freewheeling types, and the rock was noseguard Rubin Carter. That defense set the tone for a decade.

Denver has come almost 180 degrees. The image of the team is now John Elway, brilliant and unpredictable—he runs, he passes, he punts, he catches passes, he leaps tall buildings. Trouble is, the Denver defense is now suspect.

People forget what the Broncos did during the season. The lingering memory is of the Redskins burying them under 602 yards in the Super Bowl. The Denver coaches put a heavy share of the blame for the Super Bowl defeat on inside linebacker Ricky Hunley, so he was shipped off to the Cardinals for a backup center. In 1984 the Broncos had traded a first-, third- and fifth-rounder to get Hunley. This year their first draft pick was Ted Gregory, a noseguard from Syracuse with a bad knee and a style based more on quickness than on muscle. Then the Broncos removed Pro Bowl end Rulon Jones from the base 3–4 defense, assigning him the role of situation pass rusher. And they put linebacker Karl Mecklenburg in Hunley's weak-side inside spot. Maybe this will stop the Redskins' countertrey, a play Denver will see plenty of this season.

Offensively, the Broncos gained one and lost three. Tony Dorsett brings his 34-year-old legs from Dallas. Denver hopes they have another 800 or so yards left in them. But last season's offensive coach, Mike Shanahan, has gone to Los Angeles to become head coach of the Raiders, and he took two assistants with him. Denver coach Dan Reeves has compensated with numbers. The Broncos have 16 assistants, an NFL high. With all their offensive talent, it will be a major surprise if the Broncos don't reach the playoffs. After that, things will get sticky.

The Boz watch has started. Eyes have turned toward the multimillion dollar, multiyear contract of **SEATTLE SEAHAWKS** linebacker Brian Bosworth, and the green-eyed monster is raising its head. Boz's running mate at inside linebacker, Fredd Young, who's coming off a Pro Bowl season, is locked into a contract that would pay him $350,000 this year. He stayed out of camp. No love is lost between the two linebackers. Bosworth was often confused as a rookie in '87; the cost of education is going up.

Quarterback Kelly Stouffer, who sat out a year as a St. Louis draftee, was signed by Seattle last April for a $1 million bonus and a $3.1 million, four-year package. He has a live arm.

Mike McCormack is a very able general manager, and the Nordstrom family could give the world a lesson in what ownership of an NFL team is all about. The Seahawks will pay for those players they think will help. But let's face it, those big numbers on contracts are

THE BOZ DOES SOME BRONCO BUSTIN'

JOHN BIEVER

bound to cause some unease unless Bosworth and Stouffer produce.

The **LOS ANGELES RAIDERS** are mystifying. For 25 years the Raiders' trademarks have been deep pass routes, straight-ahead, nontrap power blocking and bump-and-run, man-to-man cornerbacks. That was Al Davis football. So along comes the youngest coach in the NFL, the 36-year-old Shanahan, and he tells the boss, We're going to change all that, and Al smiles and says, Go to it, kid.

One of Davis's great talents has been identifying a weakness on the team and immediately correcting it. But now, with a lingering problem at the most crucial position of all, quarterback, Al does nothing. So the Raiders are starting the season with Steve Beuerlein backed up by Vince Evans—unless Davis has a trade up his sleeve. But what's he got to trade with? He used this year's No. 1 for wideout Tim Brown and next year's to get wide receiver Willie Gault. Who will get them the ball?

Here's another puzzler. Bo Jackson lays down his baseball glove, puts on a helmet and—*presto!*—instant fireworks. But figure this: The Raiders were 2–1 in nonstrike games before Bo suited up, 2–7 after he joined them.

Their defense, led by the best pair of safeties in football—Vann McElroy and Stacey Toran—will be good enough to keep them in most games, assuming the offense can score.

After a disastrous '87 season the **KANSAS CITY CHIEFS** replaced both its offensive and defensive uncoordinators, and now the staff is laced with Super Bowl experience. Rod Rust, the new defensive guy, ran the Patriots' 1986 Super Bowl defense. He will get the Chiefs out of the 4–3 that finished 27th in the NFL last fall and into a 3–4. George Sefcik was the Bengals backfield coach in the '82 Super Bowl. He will coach the Kansas City offense.

Bill Kenney is now the No. 1 quarterback, with no one looking over his shoulder. Steve DeBerg, who arrived by way of a trade with Tampa Bay, replaces Todd Blackledge, who was dealt to the Steelers, as the backup. Tom Bettis, who coached the Chiefs' defensive backs to both their Super Bowls (was it really 19 and 22 seasons ago?), is back in the same capacity.

Knowledgeable Chiefs watchers say that the team has plenty of talent, most notably the superlative secondary of Deron Cherry, Albert Lewis, Lloyd Burruss and Kevin Ross. It's just that, offensively and defensively, everyone was on the wrong page. The draft has produced lots of people who will make the squad, which is what happens when you finish 4–11. The seventh-round pick, linebacker Troy Stedman, is an interesting sleeper, but for the draft to be termed a success, the No. 1 pick, Neil Smith, must come through.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH

	'88 FORECAST	'87 RECORD
1 DENVER	11–5	10-4-1
2 SEATTLE	10–6	9–6
3 LOS ANGELES	7–9	5–10
4 KANSAS CITY	6–10	4–11
5 SAN DIEGO	3–13	8–7

The **SAN DIEGO CHARGERS** have a sorry quarterback situation: Mark Malone backed up by Babe Laufenberg, or maybe vice versa. But it is likely to last only one year. The Chargers should be in a position to draft the No. 1 collegian, UCLA's Troy Aikman. The team's best offensive lineman, tackle Jim Lachey, said he wanted to go home to the Midwest. So Owner Alex Spanos told his general manager, Steve Ortmayer, "You've got 48 hours to get him out of here." So Lachey was traded to that great heartland of America, Los Angeles; to the Raiders, same division, no less. In return, the Chargers got 320-pound John Clay, who immediately came down with a hip flexor injury.

Linebacker Chip Banks staged one of his usual training-camp holdouts. On Monday, Aug. 8, Spanos told him to report to camp by Thursday or Spanos would withdraw his contract offer. Thursday came and went. Banks was still a holdout. Stay tuned.

It's tough for anyone to operate effectively in such an atmosphere, and Ortmayer and Al Saunders know how to get things done. But sadly, the Chargers, who opened 8–1 last year and closed 0–6, have too many holes to fill now that Dan Fouts is gone. Defensive line, cornerback, offensive line—you name it. ■

RICHARD MACKSON

ON THIS OCCASION IT WAS NO GO, BO

AFC EAST

DR. Z'S SCOUTING REPORT

CORNELIUS BENNETT HAS THE potential to be the greatest outside linebacker ever. When he stepped into the **BUFFALO BILLS** lineup as a rookie, midway through last season, the defense became one of the division's best, reducing Buffalo's points-yielded average from 30 per game to 15 and nearly tripling its number of sacks. The 6′ 2″, 235-pound Bennett is a Lawrence Taylor–type impact blitzer and skilled pass defender. In the season's last game, against the Eagles, he was named AFC Defensive Player of the Week for his 17 tackles, including four sacks. Bennett's arrival allowed another talented rookie linebacker, Shane Conlan, to move inside, where he is more comfortable. Bruce Smith came on at right defensive end, allowing the linebacker behind him, Darryl Talley, to have his best year.

Offensively, Jim Kelly and his crew could always score points, but now he has a big league defense to give him field position. Bills owner Ralph Wilson and general manager Bill Polian showed they were committed to winning when they traded for Kansas City defensive end Art Still, who will man the left side and be a run stopper. This meant absorbing Still's $550,000 salary and $100,000 reporting bonus. "I've decided that at my age I can't wait 10 years for a championship," says the 69-year-old Wilson. He's getting there.

Coach Ron Meyer never changes. He ran the ball at SMU and at New England, and now he's running it with the **INDIANAPOLIS COLTS**. Three members of the offensive line, which is massive, as all Meyer lines are, went to the Pro Bowl last season. But one of them, right guard Ron Solt, irritated general manager Jimmy Irsay so much by holding out that Solt was "given permission to seek a trade," whatever that means. I thought general managers made trades, such as the one Irsay made for Eric Dickerson, which has made the Colts' running so effective.

The defense will be okay, especially if those old-pro imports, nosetackle Joe Klecko (formerly of the Jets) and pass rusher Ezra Johnson (Packers), can perform as they once did. Linebacker Duane Bickett is a star on the rise. Donnell Thompson and Jon Hand are solid ends in the base 3–4 defense.

When we get to the Colts' pass-catch game, things aren't so rosy. Meyer has named Gary Hogeboom as his starting quarterback over Jack Trudeau; in eight NFL seasons Hogeboom has done zilch. Once you get by Billy Brooks, the receiving corps doesn't excite anyone. Can a team that's unbalanced in run versus pass repeat as division champ? We'll find out.

One thing the first-place finish did was give the Colts a first-place schedule. They return to *Monday Night Football* (in Cleveland) for the first time since 1978. They play Denver in another Monday-nighter. Chicago and Minnesota are NFC additions. Last year Indy had Tampa Bay and St. Louis on its schedule, although the latter game was canceled by the strike. Fasten your chin straps, Colts. You'll be tested.

The **MIAMI DOLPHINS** drafted a defensive lineman, John Bosa, No. 1 last year, and they weren't disappointed. The Dolphins tried it again with Eric Kumerow, only they weren't sure if he would be a stand-up linebacker or a down lineman. Finally, they made Kumerow a nickel-defense pass rusher. Well, they're trying. The Dolphins must do something to keep their two-time Pro Bowl linebacker, John Offerdahl, from turning into a hollow-eyed, shell-shocked zombie by December.

Unfortunately, the character of the team has changed little over the past five years. The Dan Marino passing show is one of the NFL's best. It's well-conceived, brilliantly executed and sturdily protected by a line that allowed only 13 sacks last year, an NFL low. But the Dolphins' defense is still nowhere, and so is the running game. Even with the brilliance of rookie running back Troy Stradford last year, Miami finished next to last in rushing in the AFC. The addition of a big (6′ 6″, 248 pounds) rookie tight end, Ferrell Edmunds, should help, but the team will be without its great center, Dwight Stephenson, for at least half a season while he recovers from a knee injury. That could be a painful spell, because the Dolphins' first six weeks are brutal—at Chicago, at Buffalo, Green Bay at home, at Indy, Minnesota at home, and at the Raiders. What's more, the Raiders seem to have Miami's number (six straight wins). The Dolphins are capable of beating anybody and losing to anybody—not a situation that makes Don Shula happy.

Ask owner Billy Sullivan about the **NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS**, and he'll probably try to sell the team to you. The most recent bid comes from Victor Kiam, the white-haired chap you see doing Remington shaver commercials on TV, and Philadelphia businessman Fran Murray. Kiam reportedly loaned the debt-ridden Patriots $600,000 so they could meet their August payroll.

Amid this turmoil, two solid gentlemen, coach Ray Berry and director of player development Dick Steinberg, continue to operate efficiently. The Patriots offense shows some age, with 35-year-old quarterback Steve Grogan running the show while Tony Eason, 28, recuperates slowly from nerve damage in his throwing arm. Stanley Morgan, 33, is still the Pats' most feared receiver. The line has suffered injuries, but it has hung together. On defense there are four outstanding players—linebacker Andre Tippett, end Garin Veris and cornerbacks Ronnie Lippett and Raymond Clayborn—and a lot of linebacking worries, because two players retired and one was lost to a knee injury.

Steinberg's rookies will be tested. So far the top four picks—John Stephens, a power runner; Vincent Brown, a linebacker; Tom Rehder, a tackle; and Sammy Martin, a wideout—have passed muster. The Patriots are thin in spots. Injuries could be devastating. Rookies must come through—and so must an owner.

If you've got playoff-caliber people

HOW THEY'LL FINISH

	'88 FORECAST	'87 RECORD
1 BUFFALO	10–6	7–8
2 INDIANAPOLIS	8–8	9–6
3 MIAMI	8–8	8–7
4 NEW ENGLAND	7–9	8–7
5 NEW YORK	5–11	6–9

and they don't perform, you end up watching the playoffs on TV. This is what the **NEW YORK JETS**, who finished 6–9, did last year. Practically their entire Pro Bowl roster was missing in action: Joe Klecko, Lance Mehl, and Wesley Walker, injured; Joe Fields and Freeman McNeil, off-and-on injured; Mark Gastineau, ineffective. Only wideout Al Toon and quarterback Ken O'Brien were effective. Toon had a magnificent year. O'Brien? Well, in an unbelievable bit of front-office mismanagement, which shows that these people really don't understand football, he had bonus clauses inserted into his contract that were keyed to his rankings in completion percentage and quarterback-rating points. They took a down-the-field thrower and made a dinker out of him. But there's a darker side to the picture. Under coach Joe Walton, the Jets are 4–12 in December. When linebacker Bob Crable, one of New York's better players, suggested that the club hire a consultant to study why it suffers late-season collapses, he found himself in the doghouse. No consultant was hired. Instead, president Jim Kensil retired, a plus, but the Jets have yet to hire a football man to oversee their operation.

In December came the heavy bitching. Some players, under cover of anonymity, complained to the press that Walton couldn't communicate with his team. One newspaper identified the players as 1, 2, 3 and 4. Another called them A, B and C. Spy stuff. The writers were on the CIA beat. I ran into Player A in the off-season. "Tell me, A," I said, "if you wanted to sound off on something important, why didn't you use your name?"

"Are you kidding?" he said. "I'd be gone."

Such is the grim atmosphere surrounding the team. Still, a sprinkling of those ex–Pro Bowlers remains. The draft was heavy in defensive backs. Dave Cadigan, the Jets' No. 1 pick, was installed as the offensive left tackle, and the best thing about that is that the incumbent, Jim Sweeney, was moved to center, where he has looked terrific. But the Jets are a bubbling cauldron. Stay tuned. You will be reading a lot more about their problems. ■

JOHN BIEVER

DICKERSON: INDY'S GROUND HOG

GOODBYE

HOW DO TEAMS GET THEIR UNIFORMS BRIGHTER THAN BRIGHT? MEET THE NFL'S TOP CLOTHESLINE TACKLERS

BY PENNY WARD MOSER

I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE I COME FROM A LONG line of clorox wielding women (my grandmother always said a good wife hangs her best wash closest to the road) that I watch football with a slightly different eye. I mean there they are, Sunday after Sunday, 45 players, squeaky clean, lined up for the national anthem. By halftime they look as if they've wintered over at Valley Forge.

The blood. The mud. Atlanta's red clay, Cleveland's mildew, the red paint from the map of New Jersey on the Meadowlands' 50-yard line. One game when John Madden was doing an organic-fluids trip down a nosetackle's body—"You got your blood, your grass stain, a bunch of mud. . . ."—it occurred to me that they probably just pitch these uniforms after the game and start each week anew. Or do they? I mean, could someone be performing a weekly washday miracle even deter-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELWOOD SMITH

GRID GRIME

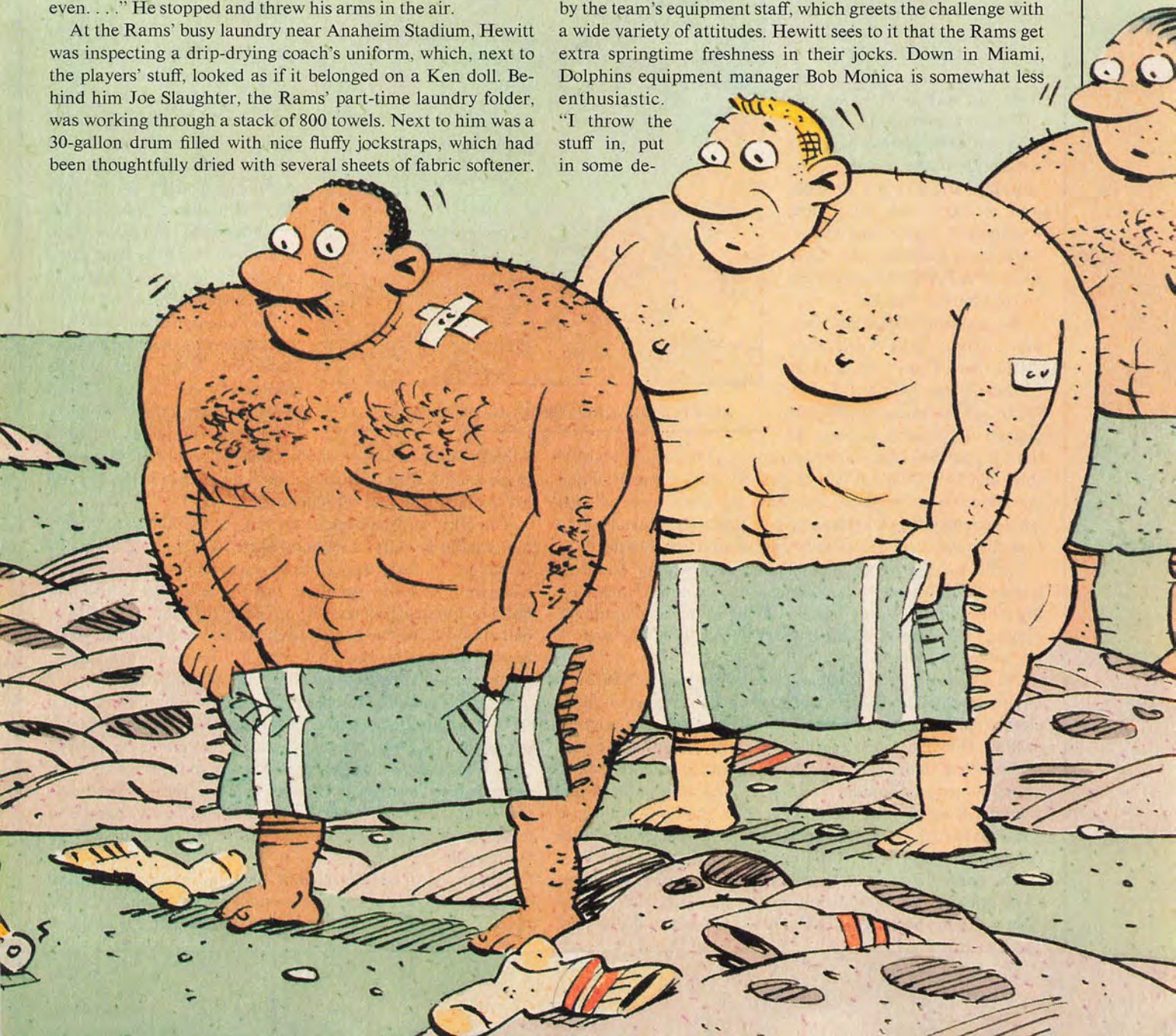
gent companies haven't thought of? Just who does the laundry for the NFL?

I called the NFL. A woman pondered the question and told me, "I think the players take it home and do it themselves."

"The *players*?" said Los Angeles Rams equipment manager and laundry chief Don Hewitt when I told him what the NFL lady had said. "The players couldn't even, they couldn't even. . . ." He stopped and threw his arms in the air.

At the Rams' busy laundry near Anaheim Stadium, Hewitt was inspecting a drip-drying coach's uniform, which, next to the players' stuff, looked as if it belonged on a Ken doll. Behind him Joe Slaughter, the Rams' part-time laundry folder, was working through a stack of 800 towels. Next to him was a 30-gallon drum filled with nice fluffy jockstraps, which had been thoughtfully dried with several sheets of fabric softener. Across town, another SWAT team was dealing with the Rams' game-day uniforms.

The players don't do their own laundry. It's done, rather, by a fraternity of football-laundry specialists that include a Coral Gables, Fla., bon vivant, an old yellow dog who was on death row and a nice young couple in Berea, Ohio. The laundry falls into two categories. Sweats, socks and jocks are usually done by the team's equipment staff, which greets the challenge with a wide variety of attitudes. Hewitt sees to it that the Rams get extra springtime freshness in their jocks. Down in Miami, Dolphins equipment manager Bob Monica is somewhat less enthusiastic. "I throw the stuff in, put in some de-



tergent and pull it out," says Monica. "I could give a —— what it looks like. It *smells* clean."

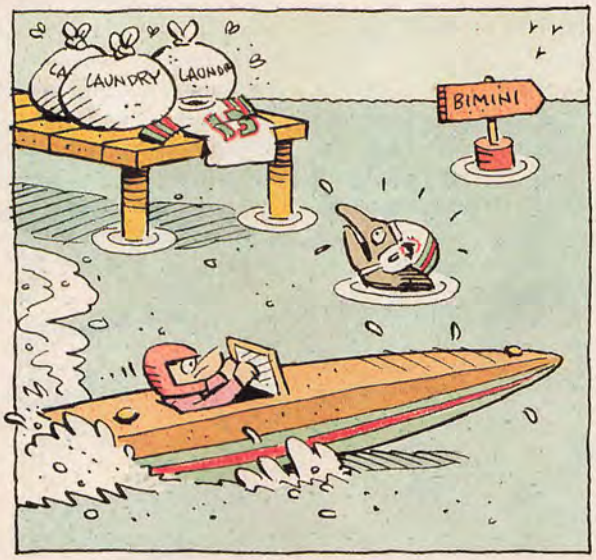
The laundry that really counts, however, the high-profile stuff, the game-day laundry, is where the contract specialists come in. Not that the players are all that fussy about their clothes. "I can think of maybe a couple of guys over the years who cared about how they looked," says Hewitt.

So who really does care whether a football team lines up perfectly scrubbed? "Television cares," says laundry magnate Dick Lancaster, who makes sure the Dolphins look as if they're headed for a *Miami Vice* casting call when they take the field. "With big-screen, color TV," says Lancaster, "a guy like myself puts himself on the line taking in this laundry. As a business decision, it's a risk."

What could be risky about the Dolphins' laundry? "Well, I'll explain it if you'll hang on," continues Lancaster. "I've got to pour myself a scotch and soda. I've just got a minute. I have to pick up my date for some fund-raiser for somebody named Dulahhh, er, Duklakis, I think."

I tell him my laundry questions can wait until tomorrow. "Tomorrow's no good," he says. "I've got 4,000 pounds of sheets coming into the plant in the morning, and I've got to shoot over to the islands for a tuna tournament in the afternoon—me and my Formula boat. God, I love it. A Formula boat can get you to Bimini for lunch."

But *how* is the Dolphins' laundry a risk? Says Lancaster, "Well, here I am with a plant [Coral Gables Laundry & Dry Cleaning] that does over 500,000 pounds of laundry a year. So there it was 1966 [the year Miami entered the league], and I'm thinking, This Dolphins laundry is dirty stuff. Say some day it doesn't come out so good, and some guy like Cosell tells the whole country, 'Look at those grubby uniforms. I wonder who does their laundry?' Everybody'd know, and you'd be dead."



THE DOLPHINS RELY ON A GO-GO FISHERMAN

Could we talk about your laundry secrets after Sunday's game? "Well," he says, "I'm going to the game and then having a little party. A lady friend is flying in from Colorado for dinner." Do you ever *do* the laundry, I ask. "Hey," he says, "I started out driving the truck."

No single secret of washday pride exists on the NFL suds circuit. Each of the 192 or so folks who scour these giant filthy clothes has his or her own ticket to whiter whites and brighter brights. They know one another. "Hey, if you talk to the guys in the 49ers' laundry," says Nick D'Amico, the Redskins' grand old man of laundry, "tell them Nick says hello. A few years back we painted the grass at RFK Stadium, and those guys had hardly gotten back to San Francisco before they were calling, 'What the hell is this green stuff we got all over us?' "

The painted grass was D'Amico's worst laundry challenge. "The grass in the stadium was lousy," he recalls. "We had a network game coming up. Nobody knew what to do, so they painted the field with *paint*—regular paint. Then the grass died, so they painted it again. To the viewer, it looks like these guys are getting grass stains, but to *me*. . . ."

Six years later D'Amico is still exasperated. "I had to take the paint to a lab in Maryland and have it analyzed," he says. "Turns out there's nothing we can use to get the paint out that won't dissolve the spandex in the pants. I hand scrubbed for hours, but I still lost 26 pants in one game. Jeez."

Finally, continues D'Amico, "the press caught on, and the field crew resodded the stadium. I still got the mud and sand to deal with, but at least it's not as bad as Atlanta. The Falcons' red clay outfield kills us every time."

While Atlanta's clay is known around the NFL as washday's worst-case scenario, every game, every team, presents its own set of laundry problems. "Cleveland has some sort of mildew on its field that makes a black mess," one laundry man told me. "Pittsburgh has soot residue on its [artificial] turf," another complained. And Jets equipment chief Bill Hampton confirmed that every slide across the Meadowlands' red-painted midfield map of New Jersey leaves a portion of the Garden State imbedded in the player's clothes. In fact, the consensus among NFL washerpeople is that the inorganic problems created by artificial turf are tougher on uniforms than those caused by good old enzyme-break-downable mud and grass.

They also agree that time is of the essence in their profession. "You can never, ever let the clothes sit," says Rams uniform sorter and prespotter Nick Perri, a uniform specialist at Hub's Athletic Service in Lynwood, Calif. "The minute I get the game stuff, I spread it out on the floor. Leave it bundled up overnight, and it starts growing stuff."

The NFL washerpeople seem to agree that the most important step in laundry is washing before you wash. Comments D'Amico, "A lot of people don't understand their detergent. Detergent works by grabbing the dirt from the fabric and holding it in suspension until you can drain it away. With football uniforms, you've got to watch out for redeposition of sediment. That means you've got to put it through one cycle to get enough dirt out to give the main cycle a fighting chance."

Probably nobody presoaks with more care than the Browns. At his home in Berea, Ohio, Dick Schaedler is mixing a magic potion in some old five-gallon plastic containers he nabbed from a restaurant supplier. Schaedler, a sporting-goods store owner who inherited the Browns' laundry from his predecessor, Jimmy East, two years ago, does the game-day pants and jerseys with the help of his wife, Sandy, and their 17-year-old Whirlpool.

"Looks bad," says Schaedler, pulling on a cigarette and cracking open a beer. On a scrub table set up in the family garage, Cleveland's once-white jerseys are laid out like so many

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muddy tablecloths. It was not a good day for the Browns, who lost an ugly game in the rain at home to the Oilers. It is not a good day for the Schaedlers. The Browns bled a lot. They slid through a lot of fresh-cut grass. Some toppled through the painted logo in the end zone. To make matters worse, in an effort to combat days of rain the ground crew had put down an organic substance not unlike Kitty Litter to dry the field. According to Schaedler, the uniforms looked as if they had absorbed most of the water and Kitty Litter, too.

"This could be a four-soaker," Dick tells Sandy, who is filling buckets with water. "Not too hot, not too cold, either." Into each bucket goes a cup of La France ("removes stains bleach can't," says Dick), a cup of Axion ("detergent booster") and a cup of Miracle White ("advanced formula"). These are called the nasty buckets, and even though their labels say turkey gravy prep and chicken bouillon, each will actually hold four "nasties"—the worst of the awful-looking jerseys.

"God, look at [nosetackle Bob] Golic's shirt," mutters Dick. "He really played today.... If the quarterback had stayed in the pocket, he'd a been cleaner.... The running backs got it bad on the shoulders again.... Of course, your defensive linemen are always the worst."

Doing the laundry for the Browns at home "has almost made me cry only twice," says Sandy, a pretty blonde who looks more like a cheerleader than a washerwoman. "Once was after a preseason game, when we suited up 95 players. The other time was a Steelers game. It was mean and muddy. My friends who'd seen the game told me, 'Sandy, we thought of you the whole time.' We had to hand scrub 27 of the uniforms. But Pittsburgh is our biggest rival, and we beat them. That helped."

RFK'S PAINT WAS A WASHDAY NIGHTMARE

While paint from turf and helmet hits presents tricky washday problems, the greatest laundry legends are mud related. First runner-up in laundry lore is the 1978 game between the Rams and Vikings, which was played in drenching rain in Los Angeles. "It's what we'll always call the Great Mud Bowl," recalls Hewitt. "After the game I told my son, Todd, here—he's still my assistant—'Strip to your shorts and haul that stuff into the showers and stand there with it until you can see the clothes again.' That's what we did to get the clothes to where you could wash them."

The worst game of all time, however, turned the St. Louis Cardinals into human rinse cycles. Recalls Atlanta's equipment man, Whitey Zimmerman, then with the Cardinals, "It was 1962. We were playing the Giants at home. I can honestly say there was a foot of water on the field, and under that was mud. When the players came in at halftime, we couldn't even tell who they were. We sent them into the showers, fully clothed. They came out a kind of gray color all over, but at least they could see each other in the second half."

One of the nice things about these tough guys who do other tough guys' laundry is that they ignore the long hours and they pay attention to details. Browns equipment assistant Bobby Glenn is usually in the door by 5 a.m. and doesn't leave until evening. Like most NFL teams, Cleveland goes through an average of 600 pounds of sweats, towels,* socks and jocks a day most of the year round. That number peaks at 1,500 pounds during training camp and falls to 300 in the off-season. Glenn, who's in his 30th year with the Browns, figures he has folded about a million towels in his life. And when he demonstrates his technique, he's crisp.

At the Rams' facility, Hewitt matches and folds the team's socks the way Mother would. "The little ones belong to the kicker," says Hewitt, as he prepares one of the 45 game bags. "These big 15's belong to [tackle Jackie] Slater. I memorize every guy's idiosyncrasies. This guy likes two wristbands [in his game bag], so I make sure he has them."

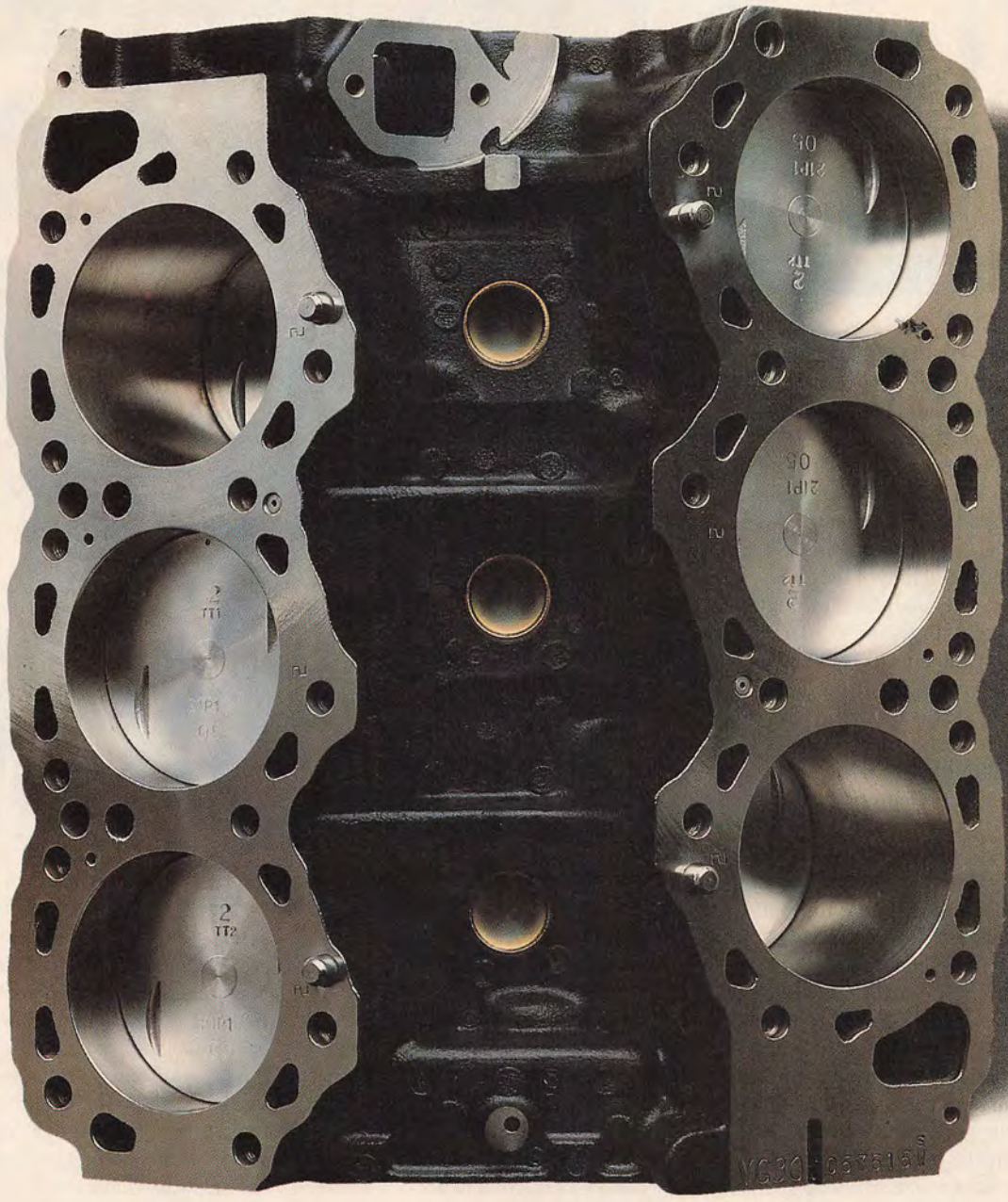
Behind him, O-fer, the laundry room dog, wags his tail. "I picked him up from the pound," says Hewitt. "They give the strays five days to find a home, then it's off to the gas chamber. He was on his fourth day—'O-fer-four.' So I took him, named him O-fer, and he's been here ever since."

Over at Hub's laundry, the boss, Hub Maikowski, a retired high school football coach, is sitting at his darning machine. Laundry worker Nancy Perri, Nick's wife, brings over Slater's jersey. "Hub, looks like somebody put his hand right through Slater," she says, pointing out five finger-shaped holes near the neck. "I can save it," says Hub, pointing to his special-order, Rams-gold thread perched on the darner. "You won't even see it when I'm done."

Maikowski says doing the laundry makes him feel as if he's still part of the game. "I have a sort of philosophy: sloppy laundry, sloppy attitude, sloppy play," says Hub. "I'm proud of what I do. I like to see the guys line up looking good."

D'Amico recalls a lot of history when he ponders the Skins' laundry. "I look at the numbers," he says. "You young people think of [the Redskins' center] Jeff Bostic when you see Number 53. I think of the great Harold McClinton. Dexter Manley wears Number 72 now, but I think Diron Talbert made that number famous. Maybe I've just been looking at uniforms too long, but somehow, when the guys come out on the field in Redskins uniforms, well, that makes them Redskins. The players change, the materials change, everything changes, but the uniforms, well, they've got their own spirit. They just sort of go on forever." ■

* *It is believed that the NFL towel-use record was set on Aug. 16, 1987, by the Dolphins and the Bears, who, in a preseason matchup in Miami during a heat wave, went through 1,800 towels.*



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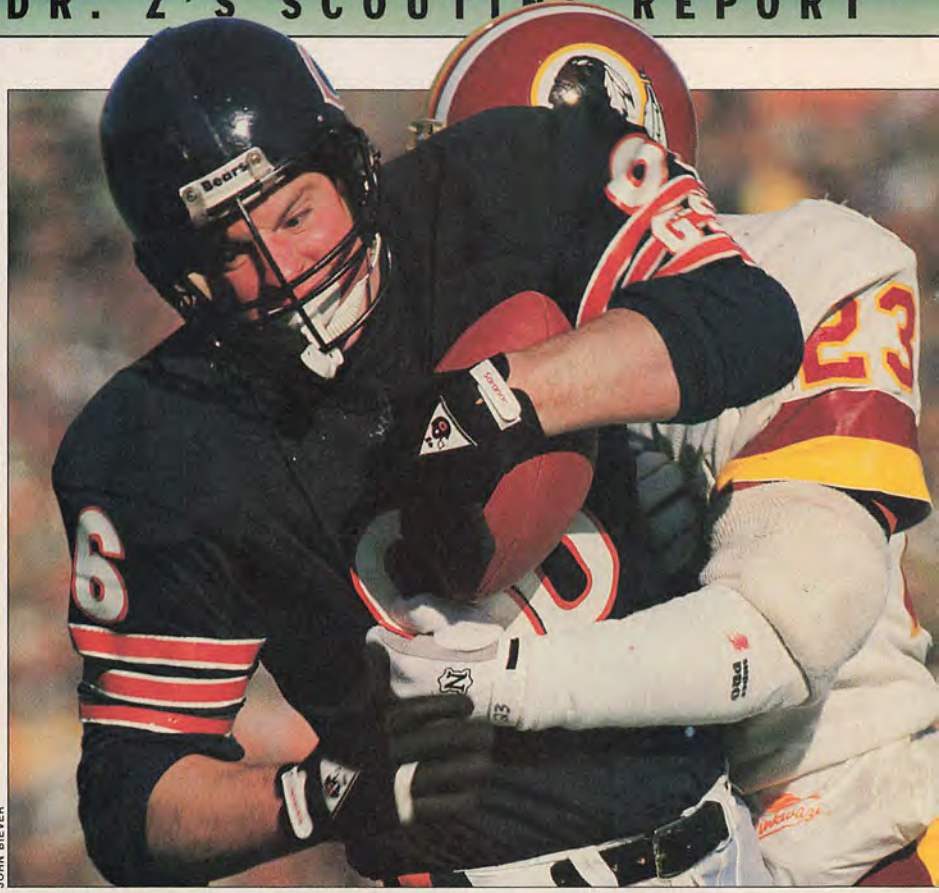


JOHN BIEVER

TIGHT END CAP BOSO IS ONE OF MANY QUESTION MARKS FOR THE IFFY BEARS

THE **MINNESOTA VIKINGS** WERE on the six-yard line, trying for the touchdown that could have tied Washington at the end of last year's NFC Championship game. They came up short. It was a sad end to a fine season. In the playoffs the Vikings had beaten New Orleans and San Francisco on the road. In the second half of the Skins game Minnesota had held Washington to three straight three-and-out series. Wade Wilson had quarterbacked the Vikes magnificently in the postseason. And now practically everyone likes them to make the Super Bowl. But I'm not so sure. I think they'll lose to the 49ers for the NFC Championship in a close one.

Minnesota's salary structure remains inordinately low for a contending team. Owners around the league admire the way Viking general manager Mike Lynn has kept paychecks low, but there's a time to loosen up the purse strings and let people know you're serious. Halfback Darrin Nelson, defensive end Doug Martin, offensive tackle Gary Zimmerman and center Kirk Lowdermilk were lengthy camp holdouts. The last two hurt the most because the Vikings must have a settled offensive line. In addition to that final failure against the Redskins, they had first-and-goal on the Washington three earlier in the fourth quarter and settled for a field goal. They just didn't have that oomph.

All of their first five draft picks should get some playing time. Arizona State guards Randall McDaniel (first round) and Todd Kalis (fourth) will vie for the right guard spot. Two safeties, Brad Edwards (second) and Darrell Fullington (fifth), have performed well, and defensive end Al Noga, a third-rounder, has been starting in place of Martin. Who said low-drafting teams don't help themselves?

The pluses are Wilson, the weakside pass rush of right end Chris Doleman, right tackle and emerging star Keith Millard, wideout Anthony Carter and weakside linebacker Jesse Solomon. But you've got to pay 'em, Mike.

The **CHICAGO BEARS** had two No. 1 picks in this year's draft and will have three more next year. That's the future. Wilber Marshall is in Washington and Willie Gault is a Raider. That's the present. What tense do you want to live in when you're a contender?

What the Bears have lost is speed and instant striking power both offensively and defensively. What they've gained is a guarantee that the talent will continue. Player personnel director Bill Tobin is one of the best drafters around, Chicago's unsung hero. He should have gotten Executive of the Year when the Bears won Super Bowl XX.

Chicago still has plenty of talent. Both No. 1 draft choices will see a lot of action. Fullback Brad Muster runs hard and catches passes, though he's not in Matt Suhey's class as a blocker. Wide receiver Wendell Davis has looked fine. So what's the problem? The little things: the firing of general manager Jerry Vainisi, with no football man hired to replace him; the fact that Mike Ditka still projects that image of firmness but messes around forever with William Perry's weighty battle; the failure to land much-needed San Diego tackle Jim Lachey when he was trade bait. One good pop and quarterback Jim McMahon's left shoulder is out again, and that will mean curtains for the year, says the doc. The Bears are a solid team with too many ifs to go all the way.

This division has turned into a two-tiered society. Minnesota and Chicago are the elite; the **DETROIT LIONS**, Green Bay and Tampa Bay are the dregs. It has been five seasons since a member of this threesome had a winning record. You can pick them in any order you want and have a good chance of being right.

The Lions are a maybe club. Maybe coach Darryl Rogers can save his job

HOW THEY'LL FINISH

	'88 FORECAST	'87 RECORD
1 MINNESOTA	12–4	8–7
2 CHICAGO	12–4	11–4
3 DETROIT	4–12	4–11
4 GREEN BAY	4–12	5-9-1
5 TAMPA BAY	3–13	4–11

with some motivating. His top priority: last year's No. 1 draft pick, defensive end Reggie Rogers, whose total contribution was six tackles. Maybe a superior pass-blocking line—Chuck Long was sacked only 17 times in '87 while throwing 416 passes, the second-best ratio in the NFL—can shift gears and block for the run. The ground game is in shock. The leading ballcarrier, fullback James Jones, ranked 45th in the league, with a career low of 342 yards and no TDs.

From our scout in Green Bay comes this stat: Since 1970, of the 84 coaches who have taken over losing teams at the start of a season and finished the year, only nine were over .500. I wish Lindy Infante of the **GREEN BAY PACKERS** good luck, but let's face it, he's bucking odds longer than 8–1.

He's bucking lots of other things, too, as he tries to establish the kind of offense that worked so well for him in Cincinnati and Cleveland. The line has been damaged by holdouts and injuries. In training camp Infante looked at a slew of quarterbacks. Former Raider Marc Wilson has emerged on top, but he doesn't keep the ball low and avoid interceptions, which is the style Infante likes. Infante also favors running backs who can catch, but neither Kenneth Davis nor Brent Fullwood is an especially gifted receiver.

The defense was better than the offense last year. It has some talented players, including linebackers Brian Noble, John Anderson, Johnny Holland, Tim Harris and cornerback Mark Lee, but bear in mind a second depressing stat: Since 1980 just four Packers have made the Pro Bowl, none of them on defense.

One more statistic and we'll give it a rest: The Packers made $3 million last year, the second-highest profit in their history. And that was during a strike season. So who needs to be great?

On April 24, 1987, four days before the draft, the **TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS** traded Steve Young to San Francisco for second- and fourth-round draft choices. No one questioned the move at the time. Everyone knew Tampa Bay was going to get Vinny Testaverde, and the formula of a young star plus an old vet (Steve DeBerg) to show him the ropes is the correct one.

Now the second-guessers are being heard from, as Young continues to wow them on the coast and Testaverde struggles. Vinny made his first start against New Orleans on Dec. 6. The kid had butterflies. He fumbled twice, which led to two Saints touchdowns. Then he settled down. New Orleans won 44–34, but the 34 points scored against the Saints was the most they gave up all season. Testaverde broke the NFL's rookie single-game passing record with 369 yards and two touchdowns. But he ended the season with a 43% completion rate and a lot to learn.

What does the future hold for Testaverde and the Bucs? We're not about to second-guess coach Ray Perkins on his handling of quarterbacks. He played with Johnny Unitas; he scouted and broke in Phil Simms. His first two 1988 draft choices were offensive players, including the country's best college lineman, tackle Paul Gruber, in the first round. He traded DeBerg and brought in an even older pro, Joe Ferguson, to help baby-sit his young quarterback. Alas for Vinny, my prediction is that the Bucs stop here. ■

RICHARD MACKSON

WILSON AND THE VIKES ARE TOP-TIER

NFC WEST

DR. Z'S SCOUTING REPORT

TRY THIS IDEA: JOE MONtana starts at quarterback for the **SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS**. He works the game in his usual precise way, moving the sticks and putting points on the board. The other team's defense tires a bit, say, late in the first half. The edge is off the pass rush. Then wham! Niner coach Bill Walsh hits them with QB No. 2, Steve Young, who scrambles, sprints downfield, goes deep, buys yardage off busted plays. The defensive guys go into the locker room scratching their heads. They don't know what or who they'll see in the second half—or when.

Two high-level signal callers, each used to provide maximum production. Why not? Start with the curveball and slider pitcher, and then come in with heat. The Giants did it on their 1956 NFL championship team with Don Heinrick and Charlie Conerly. The Rams did it with Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin in the early '50s. Both made the Pro Bowl two straight years. We're not talking about switching quarterbacks out of weakness or indecision. Use them as weapons.

"Joe Montana's my quarterback," said Walsh when the Bay Area clamor for Young reached a crescendo. "But Young's running ability has to be a factor in our offense. I've got to find a way to accommodate both of them. It's an intriguing concept that needs work."

Montana was brilliant last year, but everybody is down on him because he couldn't escape the Vikings' rush in the NFC divisional playoff game. "Trade him," the fans said. Walsh didn't exactly discourage the rumors for a while. He had troubles of his own. Owner Eddie DeBartolo, who was delighted with the Niners' 13–2 regular season, went into a pout after the Minnesota loss. We had the best record. Why didn't we win? He stripped Walsh of the team presidency. The two men hardly communicated.

But I still like San Francisco to go to the Super Bowl, where I give Cleveland a slight edge. Call it 27–24, Browns. The 49ers were rebuilding last year, and they still had an outstanding season. They haven't grown old. How many starters remain from their 1981 Super Bowl team? The offensive and defensive lines have been overhauled and so has the secondary, where Jeff Fuller has emerged as a major force. The team stars, Jerry Rice, Roger Craig, Michael Carter, are all young. And there's the QB named Young.

The **NEW ORLEANS SAINTS** amazed people last year because the team finally had the look of a major league franchise, with a let's-get-it-done coach, Jim Mora; a general manager, Jim Finks, who actually knew something about football; and an owner, Tom Benson, who danced on the sidelines but didn't mess up the operation. What a relief. The result was a terrific season. The reason the transition came so dramatically was that Mora dipped heavily into the USFL talent pool and filled a lot of holes in a hurry.

Mora and Finks's approach to the game is very traditional: build through the draft, outwork the others, and on the field put up a strong defense and make sure your offense commits a minimum of mistakes. The New Orleans defense should be similar to the one that finished fourth in the NFL in '87. The offense, which was weighted toward the run—no one rushed the ball more often than the Saints did—lacked one ingredient: a pass catcher who could go deep consistently. New Orleans might have solved that problem by drafting Brett Perriman, its fastest receiver since Wes Chandler, in the second round.

Worried about running back Rueben Mayes's return from knee surgery, the Saints selected heavy-duty back Craig (Ironhead) Heyward in the first round. Well, they got the heavy part right. In the early exhibitions he looked like Earl Campbell on his last legs. When they replaced Heyward with '87 backup Barry Word, the Saints had a runner who looked like a runner. Unless lightning strikes, Ironhead will not be a major factor in 1988.

The schedule is two-tiered. The first half of the season features Atlanta, Detroit, Tampa Bay and San Diego, plus Dallas and the Raiders at home. The Saints will be 6–2, and everyone will have them in the Super Bowl. Then come the biggies—49ers, Rams (twice), Broncos and Giants. Maybe Mayes will be back by then.

Charles White, plugged into the **LOS ANGELES RAMS** system that yielded all those yards for Eric Dickerson, led the NFL in rushing last year. That says something about White, the comeback story of 1987, and also about coach John Robinson's offense, which could produce serious rushing yardage for Moe, Larry and Curly. But what about the Ernie Zampese pass-offense look in '87? And Jim Everett, the young quarterback who was supposed to blossom? And the 6–9 record? And a defense that sank from fifth to 21st?

"We lost our love of football," says Robinson. "We had things to overcome, and we just didn't overcome 'em. You used to put a film of the Rams on, and at least you saw guys playing hard. Last year we didn't play hard."

Everett should have a much better year in '88. Look who he'll be throwing to: Henry Ellard and two nifty rookies, Flipper Anderson and Aaron Cox, instead of Ellard and Ron Brown; tight end Damone Johnson, a pass catcher, instead of David Hill, a 270-pound blocker; and in the backfield, an eye-catching fifth-round rookie, Robert Delpino, who some say was the steal of the draft. He runs, blocks and catches.

The defense will have a new look. Fritz Shurmer, the coordinator, has always been an old-fashioned type who believed in a carefully controlled system. But now his eyes light up as he describes his attack formula, the Eagle, which calls for only two down linemen and five linebackers, some—and occasionally all—of them crashing in from crazy angles. Which could be another way of saying the Rams don't have enough defensive linemen. But why knock them? They're trying.

Lost in the forests of the night could

HOW THEY'LL FINISH

	'88 FORECAST	'87 RECORD
1 SAN FRANCISCO	12–4	13-2
2 NEW ORLEANS	11–5	12–3
3 LOS ANGELES	9–7	6–9
4 ATLANTA	4–12	3–12

RICHARD MACKSON

A TWO-QUARTERBACK STRATEGY WILL HAVE THE 49ERS FLYING AND THEIR OPPONENTS LOOKING FOR COVER

be a major talent, Chris Miller, who as a rookie quarterback for the **ATLANTA FALCONS** last year brought a lot of NFL people straight up in their chairs. Miller saw action in the last three games, in which he completed only 42% of his passes, but he showed a real love of the deep. The problem is building a team around him.

In '87 Atlanta might have set a league mark for worsts: worst record, worst offense, worst defense, worst rushing offense and defense, worst time of possession. The reason the team's passing game wasn't the worst is that when you can't run the ball you put it up a lot. Even so, the completion percentage was second worst.

On draft day, though, coach Marion Campbell, an old defensive coach, looked at the '87 worst that bothered him the most—an anemic sack total of 17. So he went for a pair of fleet-footed, pass-rushing linebackers in the first two rounds—Aundray Bruce, the first player chosen, and Marcus Cotton in the second round. Then Campbell devoted four of his next five choices to helping the offense, or rather Ken Herock did. Herock, the veteran personnel director whose drafts built Tampa Bay into a contender in the 1970s, was hired after the '87 draft. That was a sensible move for an organization that no longer seemed able to compete on a professional level. Herock's first draft was a dandy, with at least nine players given a chance to make the team. Bruce, although he had knee problems in the preseason, and Cotton should provide immediate impact. The rest of the show is wait and hope. ■

NFC EAST

DR. Z'S SCOUTING REPORT

WHAT WORRIES THE **WASHINGTON REDSKINS** most? The Giants' easy schedule, based on last season's fifth-place finish. What can the Skins do about it? Try to beat New York twice and let the chips fall where they may.

The best thing about Washington is its consistency. The Redskins are the only team in the 1980s to win a playoff game in the year following a Super Bowl victory. Both their championships came in strike years, and there's a reason. While other teams were in turmoil, the Redskins hung together.

On another club, linebacker Wilber Marshall's $6 million contract as a newcomer might have raised all sorts of hell. On the Skins, Dexter Manley was the only public complainer, and he had to do most of his bellyaching from home because he was suspended for a month for a reported "minor" drug infraction. When a superteam arises—the Giants in '86, the Bears in '85, the Niners in '84—Washington loses. When the rest of the league is having problems, the Redskins step in and take it all. That's their history. They're consistent.

Here and there you can find nagging little questions. If 33-year-old Doug Williams's left knee doesn't hold up (he has had surgery five times), will Jay Schroeder, provided he isn't traded, be ready to take over again at quarterback? Is wideout Gary Clark's pulled hamstring a chronic injury? Is Timmy Smith (204 yards rushing in the '88 Super Bowl) the tailback of the future—or a guy who can't stay in shape? And why has Kelvin Bryant turned into such a wimp in the backfield?

But the pluses far outweigh the problems. Washington has big league offensive and defensive linemen, wide receivers and linebackers. Its secondary is the best in the NFC. General manager Bobby Beathard was reluctant to stand pat; George Rogers, Vernon Dean and Rich Milot are all gone. The coaching staff remains intact. One other thing. No books were written. No videos.

The draft? Well, free agent Marshall was a draft choice of sorts, but keep your eye on a trio of exciting little runners: Jamie Morris, Mike Oliphant and Willard Reaves, a 29-year-old refugee from the CFL. They're Beathard types all the way.

Here's what will happen to the **NEW YORK GIANTS** in 1988. In the first six games, the tough part of their schedule, they'll go 3–3. It will take them that long to get their legs back after Bill Parcells' merciless training camp. Everyone will write about another Giant slide.

But just one of their final 10 games (New Orleans) is against an '87 playoff team. The run begins with Detroit, Atlanta and Detroit again and ends at home with Phoenix, Kansas City and the Jets. How can the Giants fail to make the playoffs?

One way: if the offensive tackles break down. It happened last year. Brad Benson got old in a hurry on the left side. William Roberts, filling in for Karl Nelson on the right, had a miserable season. Parcells said he didn't coach very well, either. I know what he means.

Remember? Giants at Dallas in a Monday-nighter last November. Roberts is getting overrun by Too Tall Jones. On the sidelines Parcells is standing with his arms folded. No help is in sight for Roberts, either from the tight end or the blocking fullback. No rest for a series. Too Tall crashes in again, quarterback Phil Simms goes down with a knee injury, and the season is over.

HOW THEY'LL FINISH

	'88 FORECAST	'87 RECORD
1 WASHINGTON	12–4	11–4
2 NEW YORK	12–4	6–9
3 PHILADELPHIA	9–7	7–8
4 DALLAS	6–10	7–8
5 PHOENIX	4–12	7–8

Actually, it was over before that. In 1986 the strength of the offense, in addition to Simms's miraculous work, was the power toss right—Joe Morris running behind tight end Mark Bavaro, Nelson, and right guard Chris Godfrey, with left guard Billy Ard pulling and leading, along with fullback Maurice Carthon. For much of '87 Nelson and Godfrey were sidelined, Bavaro was playing on one leg, and Carthon was benched for George Adams, a nonblocker. Who got all the blame? Why, Morris, naturally.

So the Giants selected tackles with their first two draft choices. No. 1 pick Eric Moore isn't challenging Roberts, who is on the left side now but has yet to prove he can play in the NFL. Nelson, a terrific drive blocker, is back on the right side after battling Hodgkin's disease last year.

The defense should improve, thanks to added depth. Lawrence Taylor had his usual good exhibition season. If the Giants can block people, they'll go far. It's as simple as that.

Coach Buddy Ryan of the **PHILADELPHIA EAGLES** says his defensive front four is better than anything he had at Chicago. Well, let's see: Left end Reggie White has a big edge over Dan Hampton; left tackle Mike Pitts loses to Steve McMichael; right tackle Jerome Brown gets the nod over William Perry; and right end Clyde Simmons is not the impact player Richard Dent was. Final score, 2–2. At least it's close. Buddy knows that the front is the best place to start building a great defense.

Todd Bell, who was cut as a strong safety by Chicago, is the weakside linebacker at 212 pounds. No one knows how he'll hold up over 16 games. But both cornerbacks, Roynell Young and rookie Eric Allen, looked fine in the preseason, and Pro Bowl free safety Wes Hopkins is hitting people with authority again. Yep, the defense is there.

The offensive line is still not top grade. That's less of a problem for the Eagles than for other teams, because Randall Cunningham has the zippiest legs of any NFL quarterback. But still, it's a worry. Call the offense a maybe.

The real reason pickers like the Eagles is that, after all those nasty things Ryan said about the scab team during the strike last year, the players will do anything for him. So call the Eagles' season a test of dedication.

Let's talk about Michael Irvin, No. 1 draft pick of the **DALLAS COWBOYS**, from Miami. The Cowboys struck it rich here, because Irvin is a wideout who can burn you deep or make the possession

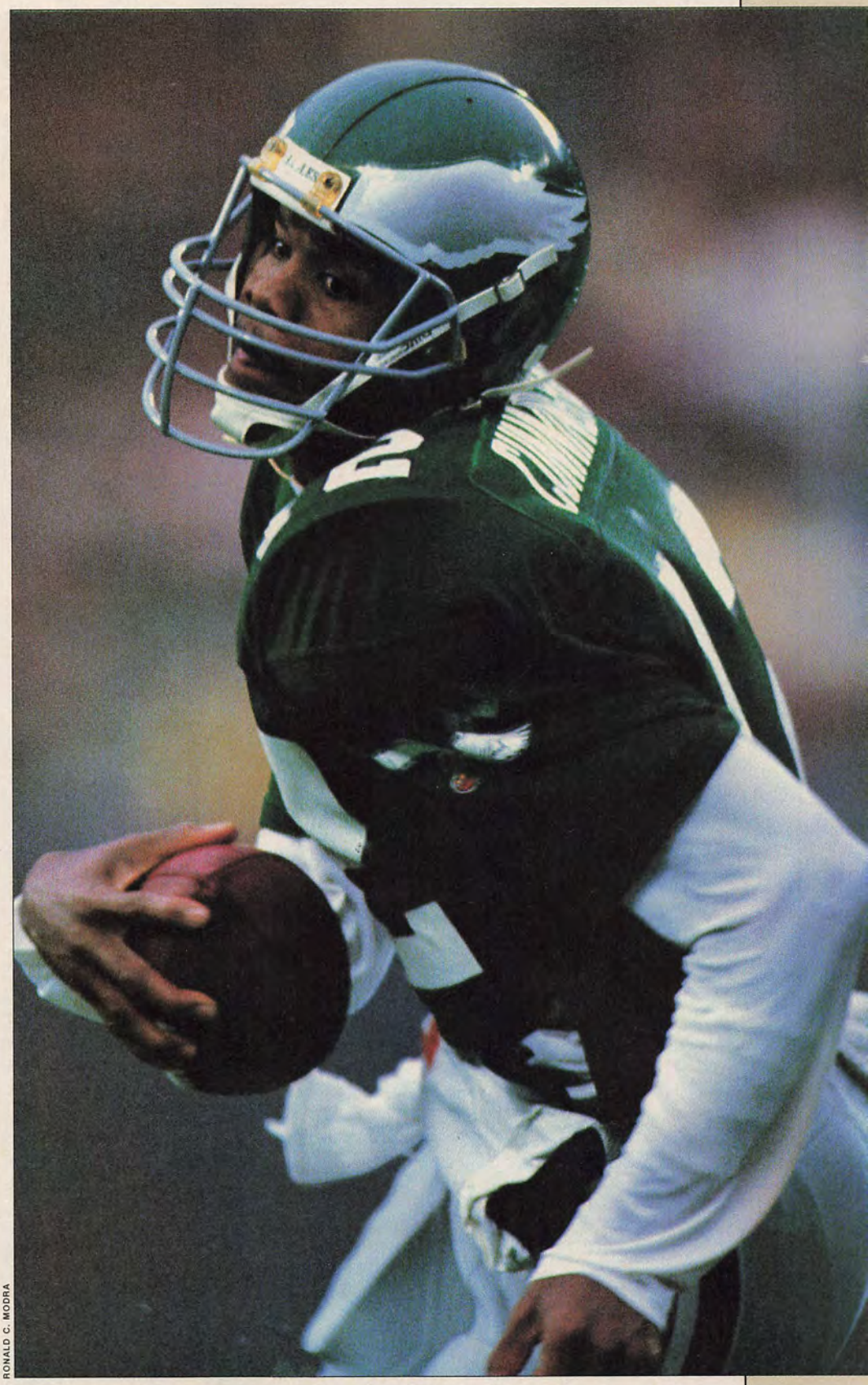
reception. Plus he has a nasty streak—several scuffles in a scrimmage with the Raiders and a fight with San Diego cornerback Elvis Patterson that carried across the running track and into the parking lot. He'll catch 60 to 80 passes this year if he stays healthy.

The offensive concept is to use the hammer—Herschel Walker behind a mammoth zone-blocking line—to set up passes from Steve Pelluer, or Danny White if Pelluer falters. The defense is in trouble. The outside linebacking corps got wiped out by injury in the preseason. The whole picture looks like another sub-.500 season, with Walker, Irvin and maybe a nifty little rookie halfback named Mark Higgs supplying enough excitement to attract some fans to Texas Stadium. Last year the strike games had a higher average attendance than the real ones did. The overall season average of 49,201 was the worst in the stadium's 17-year history. Dallas has always been a front-runner's town.

The stories about how **PHOENIX CARDINALS** fans have been getting ripped off are well documented. The club has added premiums to the season-ticket package, driving up the cost to as much as $2,000. In any other business someone would go to jail. In Phoenix they're complaining because there aren't enough prime-location tickets to go around. Only in the NFL, right?

What are these fans getting for their two grand? A team hurt by a series of erratic drafts, the result of a system in which the coaches are told to keep hands off. Coach Gene Stallings has complained about the problem ever since he joined the club, but no one listens. Player personnel director George Boone's '88 draft has produced one impact player, fifth-rounder Tony Jordan, an O.J. Anderson clone who runs with power and speed. Typically, the running back drafted three rounds ahead of him, Tony Jeffrey, has been a bust.

Quarterback Neil Lomax is a good story. He looked burned out after getting sacked a total of 113 times during the 1985 and '86 seasons. He was trade bait. He responded with a Pro Bowl season in '87, passing for more yards than anyone else in the NFL. He has a good line in front of him and decent receivers, but the Cards are a defense away from making any kind of serious move. ■



RONALD C. MODRA

CUNNINGHAM WILL NEED ALL HIS SPEED BEHIND A FLEDGLING EAGLE LINE

JAMES DRAKE

COOL UNDER FIRE

WHEN THE KKK SHOWED UP IN HIS HOMETOWN, JEROME BROWN OF THE EAGLES PLAYED EXCELLENT DEFENSE

BY DAVE SCHEIBER

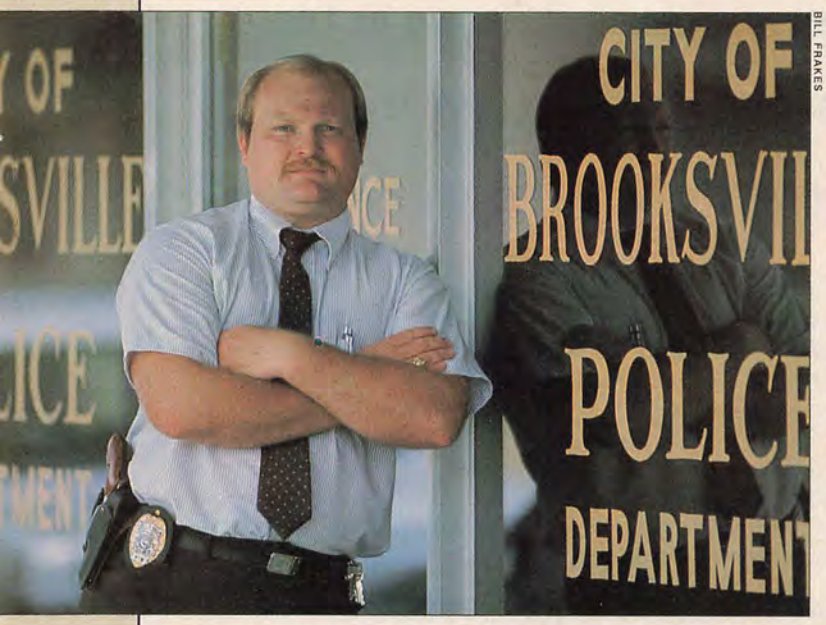
THE KU KLUX KLAN WAS JUST SETTLING DOWN TO BUSINESS on a steamy Saturday afternoon this past June in the quiet town of Brooksville, Fla. At the base of the Hernando County Courthouse, a few yards from a monument of a Confederate soldier, bearing the message LOVE MAKES MEMORY ETERNAL, six men cloaked in white hoods and robes were trying to stir up hate. "Hello, Brooksville!" the grand dragon bellowed into his microphone. "I don't see no South Africa disrupting in the middle of the street here. I don't see no African dances. I don't see no watermelons gettin' busted. Looks like there might be a few white people here today."

Tension filled the courtyard at the corner of Broad and Main. Some 150

BROWN HAD TO FACE A DIFFERENT KIND OF HEAT DURING CAMP

ROBERT ROGERS/ST. PETERSBURG TIMES

BILL FRAKES



BILL FRAKES

BROWN (WITH SIGN) SAYS HE'S NO HERO, BUT CHAPMAN (ABOVE), WHO WANTED TO AVOID VIOLENCE, DISAGREES

anti-Klan onlookers—black and white—jeered the speaker and his 50 or so applauding supporters in the crowd. Two dozen police officers braced for the first hint of violence. The scene in this limestone-mining community, 45 miles north of Tampa in the backwoods of west-central Florida, was getting ugly.

Suddenly, however, the racial slurs were drowned out by the sound of a thundering dance-funk beat. Heads turned. Pulling up to the scene was a jet-black Bronco pickup blaring 1,000 watts' worth of music from its 12-speaker stereo system.

Calmly, out stepped the driver, a brawny, 6′ 3″, 290-pound young man dressed in baggy Bermuda shorts, sneakers and a T-shirt. Cheers began to pierce the pounding rhythm. Jerome Brown—No. 1 draft pick of the Philadelphia Eagles in 1987, controversial former star for the Miami Hurricanes and black resident of Brooksville—had come to play a little defense for his old hometown. The 23-year-old Brown walked toward the circle of six Klansmen. He said nothing. He simply smiled as he carried a sign that had GO AWAY KKK written across it in Magic Marker letters.

The Klansmen seemed stunned as Brown approached them. "One of them looked like an ant compared to Jerome; he was totally dismayed," says Brooksville policeman Terry Chapman. "You could see them all scratching their heads, standing around not knowing what to do next."

Brown moved through the crowd, urging many younger blacks to stay cool. His stereo did the rest, drowning out the Klan's attempts to resume its harangue. Frustrated, the Klansmen drove off, sacked by a man whose small-town roots remain firmly planted even after his ascent into the big time.

"We've been getting along in this town for as long as I can remember, and we don't need those kind of problems," says Brown. "Just because I play football in Philly now doesn't mean I don't care about what happens back here. Brooksville is always going to be part of me."

Indeed, he may own a swank, three-story condo in Cherry Hill, N.J., a four-year, $1.9 million contract with the Eagles and the starting right tackle job in Philadelphia coach Buddy Ryan's rugged 46 defense, but on almost any day that he's in Brooksville (pop. 7,500), he can hardly walk a block without some friend or relative honking at him from a passing car to say hi. He loves filling up on his mother, Annie's, barbecued ribs and sweet potato pie and helping his father, Willie, a mechanic for the town, tinker with car engines in the shade of the family's small frame house. Pretty soon Jerome and his folks will have new homes. He recently purchased 10 acres on the outskirts of town, where he's having a three-bedroom house built for himself next to a four-bedroom place for his parents.

But Brown's most important investment in Brooksville isn't in real estate. In early June he agreed to invest his time when police approached him to ask for a favor. "We knew the Klan was going to have a rally here, and we also knew that Jerome hadn't left for Philadelphia yet," recalls Chapman. "A lot of young people in the black community really look up to him. So we asked if he would help us keep things under control."

Brown didn't hesitate. A few days before the rally was scheduled he recruited a handful of former Hernando High football teammates, both black and white, to help him keep the peace. Then, unbeknownst to his buddies, who were preparing for a silent protest, Brown decided to launch a not-so-silent weapon: the stereo assault. "I just wanted to play some-

thing we could all dance to—and make it so loud nobody could hear what the KKK was calling us," says Brown. "If people could have heard what they were saying, I think there would have been some fighting."

Brown got an earful of insults anyway. "One guy was calling me a bunch of names, and saying my mom was on welfare," he says. "But I just kept walking. As long as they didn't touch me, I didn't care."

The musical mediator clearly struck a chord with the crowd, especially when trouble momentarily flared with some pushing, shoving and torn signs. "Jerome just walked through and said, 'Hey everybody, chill down,' and people listened," says Chapman. "He took what could have been a potentially violent situation and kept it mellow. He was great."

Brown downplays his role. "I'm no hero," he says. "I'm the same big old kid I always was. I'm just Jerome."

But just being Jerome has always meant moving to a bold beat. Here's a guy who drank beer on a dare in front of his high school teachers; got a soda bottle smashed on his shoulder in March while pushing a female cousin out of the way of a barroom fight in Brooksville; has a formidable firearms collection, including a .44 Magnum and an Uzi semiautomatic; keeps four pet piranhas in a 55-gallon tank back in Jersey; and constantly tinkers with his $17,000 Grand National dragster, speeding around the two-lane roads of Brooksville and nearby race tracks during the off-season.

But Brown is best known for his tempestuous career at Miami. While anchoring the Hurricanes' intimidating defense, he always seemed to be at the center of a storm of controversy. Brown was the one who led the Hurricanes' infamous walkout at a Fiesta Bowl dinner with Penn State players before the Nittany Lions beat Miami 14–10 for the '86 national championship. When Miami president Tad Foote expressed his disappointment with the way the Hurricanes had behaved in Phoenix, Brown said, "Ask Tad Foote what Yale's record is. They wear suits and tuxedos to every game and they end up 0–10. That sure brings the school a lot of money."

In the second semester of his junior year Brown was forced to live off campus after a child found a Luger belonging to him under a stairwell in the football dorm. Not long after that he totaled a Corvette on the Florida turnpike. Then, at the start of his senior year, he was investigated and cleared in an NCAA car-lease investigation at Miami.

"It seemed like every week the press was trying to find something to bring up about Miami or about me," he says. "But we stood strong. My attitude was that I didn't care what outsiders said. They weren't my parents. They weren't my teammates. And they weren't my coaches."

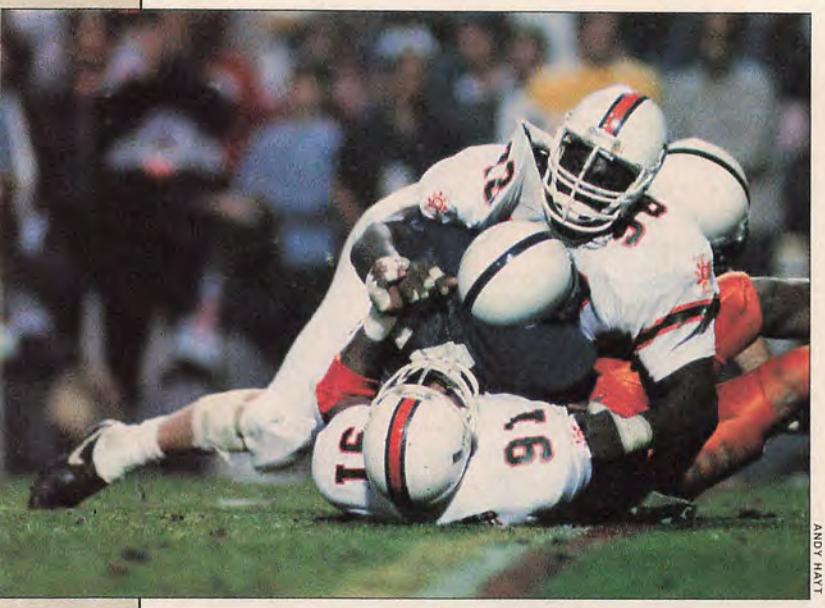
Still, Brown bristles over the incidents that made him a center of attention off the field. Mention the Fiesta Bowl walkout—which he punctuated with the declaration, "Did the Japanese sit down and eat with Pearl Harbor before they bombed them" —and Brown stands firm. "Penn State started getting personal," he says. "They said some things about our coach [Jimmy Johnson] and made some racial jokes. It was better to walk out than start fighting." In fact, the walkout was not spontaneous but well planned by the Hurricanes, who had donned battle fatigues under street clothes for the dinner.

The gun episode irks him even more. The Luger was unloaded and registered, but having a gun on campus was against university rules. "The whole thing was blown way out of proportion," he says. "I'd brought it to school to show to another player. It didn't even have the clip in it. Anyway, I saw some guys wrestling in the parking lot, and I laid it down. And in all the commotion, I forgot about it. Next morning, the police came. I showed them the papers, but the press never let it go."

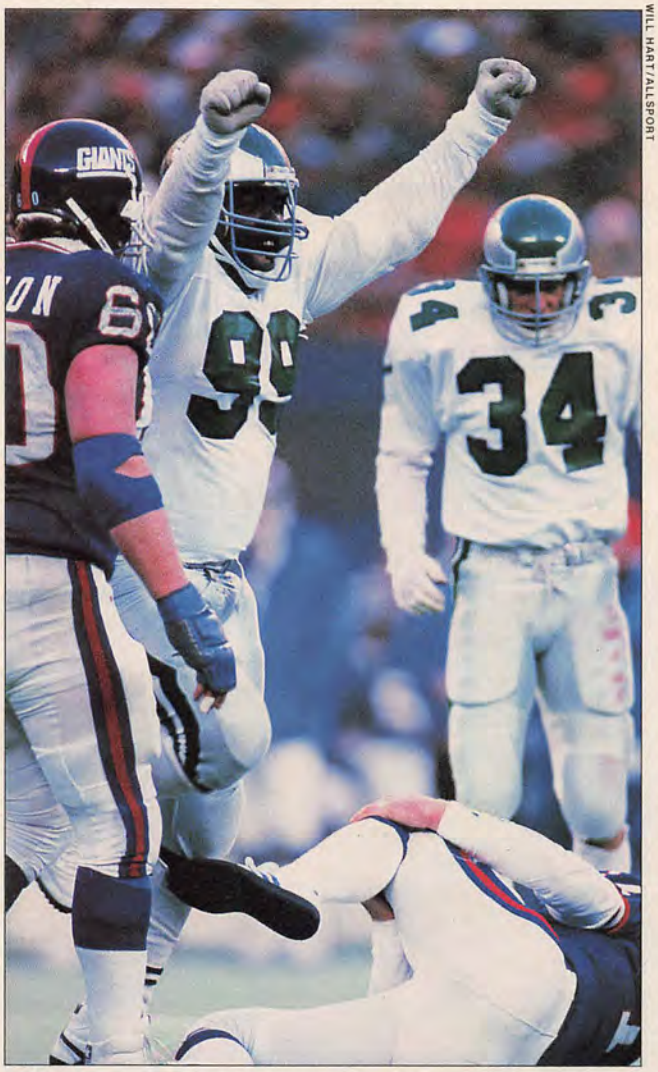
Then there was the car caper. The NCAA investigated Brown and three teammates—linebacker Winston Moss and

WILLIE WAS A DRIVING FORCE BEHIND JEROME'S BECOMING THE FIRST OF HIS 10 CHILDREN TO ATTEND COLLEGE

BILL FRAKES



ANDY HAYT



WILL HART/ALLSPORT

AS A ROOKIE LAST YEAR IN PHILLY, BROWN (99) PICKED UP WHERE HE HAD LEFT OFF AT MIAMI (TOP, NO. 98)

running backs Alonzo Highsmith and Cleveland Gary—for having cars leased from companies managed by a professional sports agent. Brown, Highsmith and Gary were cleared after they produced documents showing that relatives had paid for the cars, but Moss was declared ineligible for one game because the car he was driving had been leased by an agent.

At times it is hard to imagine Brown causing so much fuss. He has gentle eyes and a boyish face, and his rather round belly makes him look like the "big old kid" he calls himself. He was always active in his Brooksville church as a choir member and drummer, and he often refers to God when he speaks of his good fortune in life. Although he has never been married, Brown has two sons, ages five and three, whom he supports and visits whenever he can.

Friends admire his outgoing personality, the way he can get teammates laughing before practice and his leadership on the field. Moss, who roomed off-campus with Brown and who is now with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, says, "A lot of people think he's outrageous. But Jerome is a guy who says whatever he feels and just wants to have fun. And I'll tell you, if you ever had a problem, he'd always help you out."

Former Hurricane quarterback Vinny Testaverde, who's also with the Bucs, remembers Brown for his off-field playfulness, but mostly for his on-field play. "He was awesome," says Testaverde. "I remember one time in our junior year when we beat Oklahoma, Jerome got knocked down, but he kept crawling and crawling and he finally sacked the quarterback. That was typical Jerome." Brown finished that game with 16 tackles, one sack, a forced fumble and a blocked field goal. The next season he was named UPI's college lineman of the year.

Before the '87 draft Ryan visited Brown in Miami. The Eagles would have the ninth choice, but they feared that the St. Louis Cardinals or Detroit Lions, who had the sixth and seventh picks, respectively, would take Brown. When Brown was still available, Ryan needed only 68 seconds of his alloted 15 minutes to make up his mind. Ryan didn't waste any time making Brown a starter, either. The job was his on draft day.

Not everything else went smoothly, however. During three weeks of voluntary workouts before training camp officially opened, Brown had to contend with taunts from some players about his tough-guy image. "I talked to Buddy about it," says Brown, "and he just told me, 'Jerome, you're not here to make friends; you do what you have to do.' I think I got in fights for the next six practices." Ryan says, "Yeah, he whupped half the offensive line."

Then came a contract holdout that kept Brown out of camp until late August, a hyperextended elbow in the season opener, which hampered him throughout the season, and the four-week players' strike. Still, Brown made an impact, finishing the year with 50 tackles, four sacks and two interceptions. "I think he had a heck of a season, especially considering everything he went through," says Ryan.

Brown's speed, generated from his tree-trunk-sized legs, is integral to his success. He has run a 4.78 40, a feat that caught the attention of Philadelphia's All-Pro defensive end, Reggie White. "Jerome's a little chubby, but he can really run," says White. "We raced each other, and I did a 4.69, and he was right behind me. That's moving for a guy that big."

Brown spends most of his free time during the season in his condo, where he likes to watch cop shows, entertain team-

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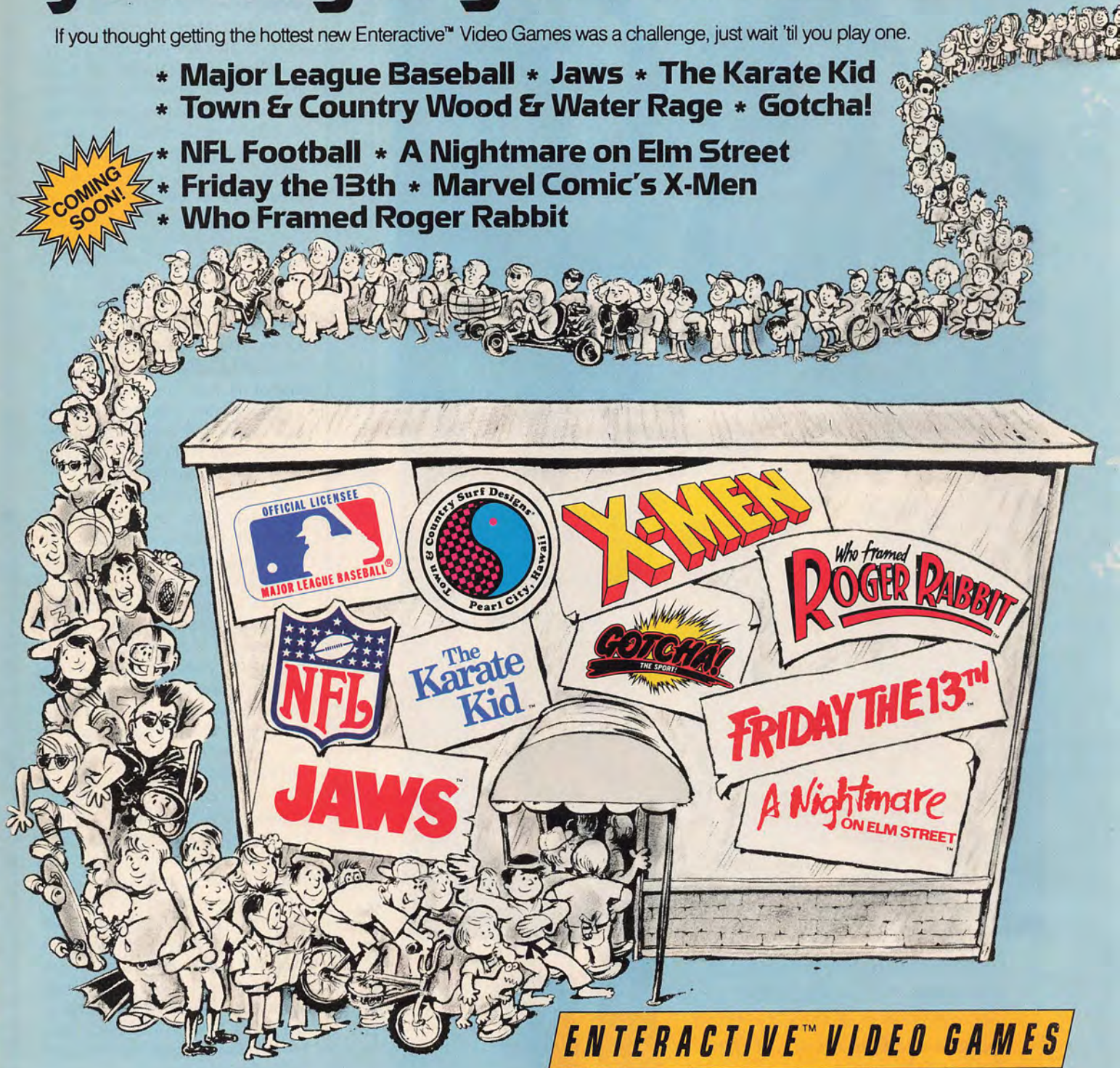

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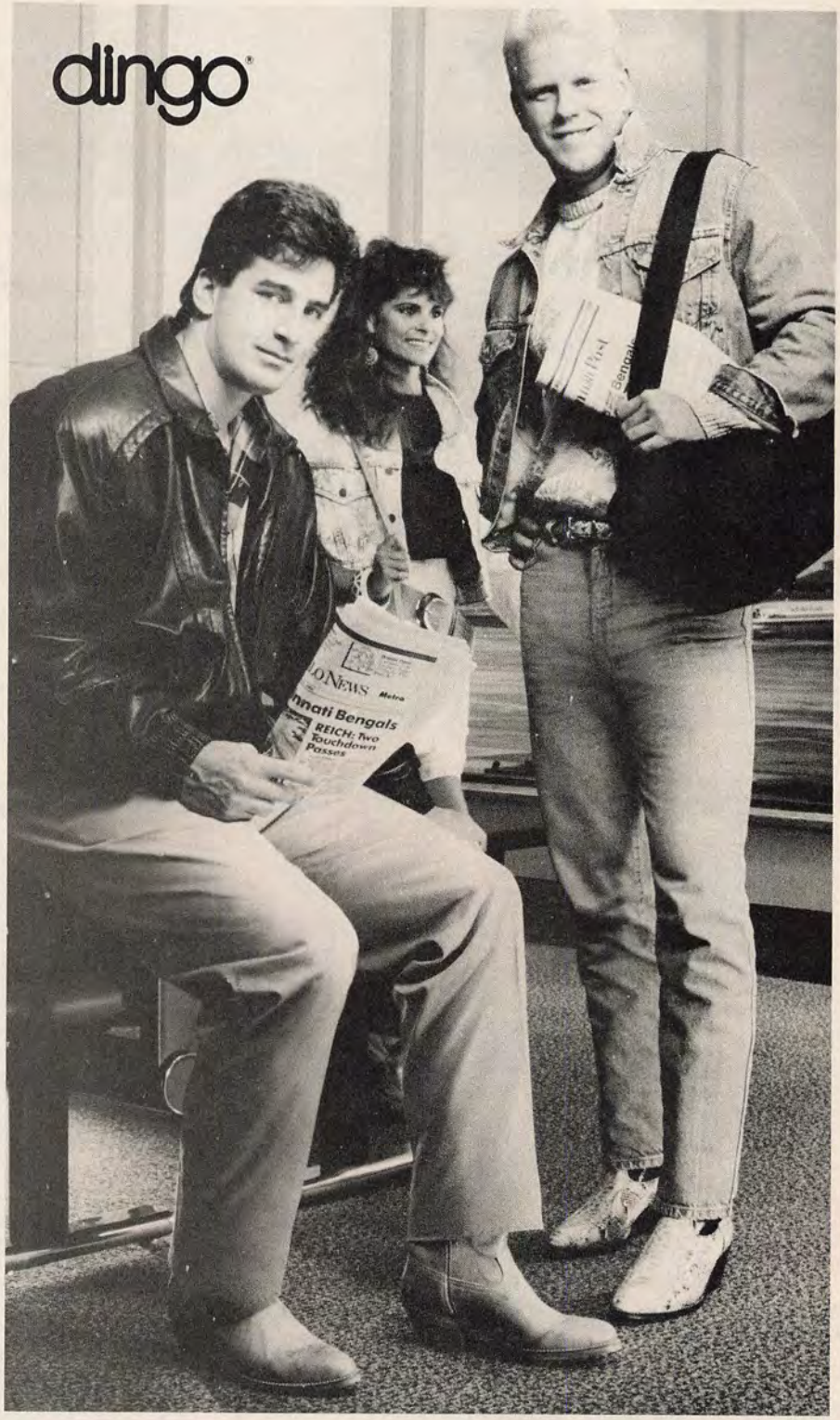

Opponents on the playing fields of autumn, NFL quarterbacks Boomer Esiason of the Cincinnati Bengals and Frank Reich of the Buffalo Bills are of one mind about comfortable, good-looking Dingo Boots. When the cleats come off, the Dingos go on.

AMERICA MOVES IN DINGO

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mates and feed his piranhas. But as far as Brown is concerned, Cherry Hill and Philadelphia can't compete with Brooksville, where it seems almost everyone has a Jerome story. Melvin Johnson, owner of a local trucking company, remembers hiring Brown to make pickups and deliveries in nearby towns. He worked for two years before Johnson learned that Brown wasn't old enough to have a driver's license. "He was so big, I just figured he was at least 16," says Johnson with a laugh. "Didn't find out until Jerome asked for a day off so he could go get his license. Shoot, he could already drive great."

Willie urged his son to work at his studies as hard as he did at sports. He wanted Jerome, the ninth of 10 children, to become the first of his kids to go to college. "I gave him $50 or $100 for every time he'd make the honor roll," says Willie. "And I told him I'd buy him a car if he made it to college."

So Brown made the grades at Hernando High—as well as the *Parade* All-America team as a senior—and headed for Miami in his own Capri. Six years later, he was back in town with his rally-busting Bronco. "Things have been good in this town for a long time," says Willie, "but 35 years ago I wasn't even allowed to park my car where Jerome parked his truck at that rally. Someone told me to park back in the woods—or go to jail. Times have certainly changed."

Two Decembers ago Willie and Annie received a phone call. Their presence was requested immediately at the local steak joint. "We didn't know what was up," says Willie. "But when we walked in the door, there were all these folks from town—white and black—my boss from the city, the bank president, all kinds of people. Well, they'd gotten us an all-expenses-paid trip to the Fiesta Bowl to see Jerome play his last football game in college. I had to shed some tears."

It was Brooksville's way of showing support for its famous football-playing citizen. And on the day the KKK came to town, Brown was there for Brooksville. ■

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BEWARE THE RED BOWTIE.

JERRY COOKE

In a furious finish, McCarron (in gold) held on to beat Day.

NINER, YOU WERE FINER

Forty Niner nipped Seeking the Gold in the Travers

BY WILLIAM NACK

Cast the scene in bronze: Two horses, battling side by side, necks stretched, ears pinned, their jockeys with whips raised high in the air. This was the moment caught in the flash of a photo finish in Saturday's 119th running of the Travers Stakes at Saratoga Race Course, where both colts had run so powerfully that there was a moment when each rider, Chris McCarron on Forty Niner and Pat Day on Seeking the Gold, sensed victory was certain, that no one could beat him now.

Forty Niner reached the eighth pole two lengths in front. "He was flyin'! " McCarron said later. "I could feel him under me. It was like his feet were off the ground." The race was his, McCarron thought, all he had to do was stay aboard.

Day thought nothing could stop his mount from the 16th pole home, not even a horse as game as Forty Niner. Seeking the Gold had swung outside coming off the final turn and now he was cutting into Forty Niner's lead inside the eighth pole. McCarron didn't know he was there. Forty Niner *was* flying—blazing the last quarter mile of the 1¼-mile race in 23⅗ seconds—but Seeking the Gold was galloping even faster. "I was running to him so fast," Day said afterward, "that I thought I was going to run right by him. We were hummin'! "

Lulled by how easy the race had been to that point, McCarron was paying no attention to what was going on behind him. As he was nearing the final 16th, Forty Niner seemed as if he were about to slow down, and McCarron reached back with his stick and slashed the colt righthanded. As he did, he glanced under his right arm and saw the head of Seeking the Gold next to him.

"I was shocked," McCarron said. As the margin closed to a neck, McCarron started beating on Forty Niner's left flank. The crowd of 45,504, the third largest in history for a Travers, was roaring, especially as a third horse, betting favorite Brian's Time, now drew close on the outside, threatening to make it a three-horse blanket finish.

This was precisely the race many had foreseen. In their last meeting, on July 30, Forty Niner and Seeking the Gold had gone nose and nose most of the way in the 1⅛-mile Haskell Invitational at Monmouth Park. That day the two were racing to determine the heir apparent to Risen Star, the top colt among the 3-year-olds, who had recently been retired because of a chronic leg injury after his sensational victories in the Preakness and the Belmont. At the end of a long, head-bobbing battle in the Haskell, Forty Niner had nipped Seeking the Gold by a nose, starting what has become the hottest rivalry in racing.

Nevertheless, the Travers was supposed to mark the rise of Brian's Time to the top of the 3-year-old division. While Forty Niner and Seeking the Gold were acknowledged to be two of the most gifted and consistent horses of their generation, their stamina was suspect. Both are sons of Mr. Prospector—at 18, one of America's preeminent stallions—a brilliantly fast racehorse in his day who has tended to infuse far more speed than stamina into his offspring. As a son of Roberto, a classic stayer, Brian's Time bears a pedigree that reads like a license to run on and on. On Aug. 7, his last start, he won Saratoga's nine-furlong Jim Dandy by 5½ lengths, and that performance suggested that he was ready to blow away these two middle-distance horses over 10 furlongs at the Spa.

But the problem for Brian's Time was a clear

Woody bagged his first Travers.

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

need for a lively pace to soften the leaders for his late kick. And neither Woody Stephens, the trainer of Forty Niner, nor Shug McGaughey, the trainer of Seeking the Gold, seemed at all disposed to make it so easy for Brian's Time. McGaughey said before the race, "Forty Niner and my colt won't be very far apart at any time. They're the logical speed horses, but no one will be in a hurry the first part of it. It will be a lazy pace."

McCarron and Day would ultimately make sure of that. For his part, McCarron was delighted simply to be in the Travers. Laffit Pincay, who was scheduled to ride the colt, had been injured in a riding accident on Aug. 1, and Stephens and Forty Niner's owner, Seth Hancock, asked McCarron to replace him. Arriving early in the paddock, he stood for a while in Forty Niner's saddling area and admired the horse. He had seen him finish second to Winning Colors in the Kentucky Derby, beaten by a neck, and had heard the stories of his gameness. The colt stood quietly, as if nearly asleep, his golden coat blown dry in the summer breeze.

"Try to settle him down, Woody," McCarron joked to Stephens. "He looks awful shook up."

Stephens laughed. "That's as shook up as he gets," the trainer said.

Late in the race, it was McCarron who was shaken. After a very slow early pace diminished the chances for Brian's Time, Seeking the Gold made his big move. But Forty Niner, as is his way, fought back. "I got to him, but couldn't get by him," Day said.

Forty Niner won by a nose, with Brian's Time three quarters of a length back in third. In the winner's circle, a jubilant McCarron looked over at Stephens, who has won more classics than any living trainer, and said, "I can't believe this is your first Travers win."

During his long career the 74-year-old Stephens has started six horses in America's oldest major stakes race, but this was his first victory. Moreover, Forty Niner's win propelled the colt into contention for the 3-year-old championship and, with an autumn of racing yet to come, into the Horse of the Year picture as well. "Forty Niner's as game as they come," Stephens said. "And you ain't seen the last of him yet." ■

If you like to fish as much as we do, drop us a line. We'd like to hear from you.

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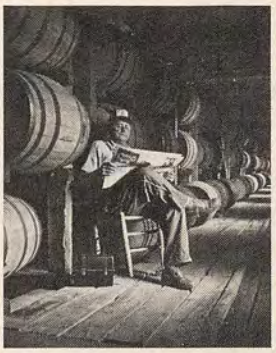

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INSIDE BASEBALL

BY PETER GAMMONS

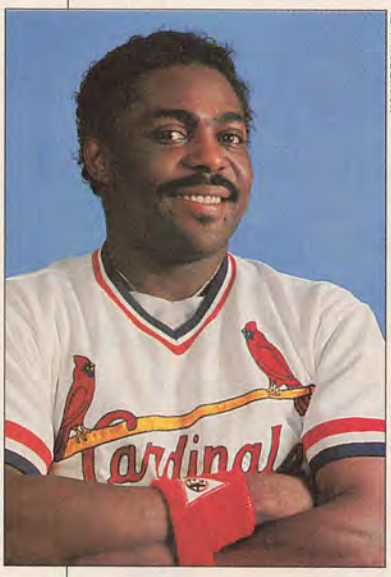
A PUZZLING TRADE

It is not difficult to understand why the Dodgers were interested in trading first baseman Pedro Guerrero for Cardinals pitching ace John Tudor last week. The Dodgers badly needed a lefthanded starter to replace the injured Fernando Valenzuela, and Tudor, who is 50–15 since May 29, 1985, and is leading the National League with a 2.22 ERA, is one of the two or three best lefties in the majors. What is baffling about the deal is what the Cardinals get out of it. Why would they trade their best pitcher for a player who, despite his .310 lifetime average going into this season, has been dogged by injuries for years? Guerrero has been sidelined a good part of the season with a pinched nerve, and though he is only 32, one Dodger official says he has "a 40-year-old body." Before one of his first games as a Cardinal, Guerrero shook hands with oft-injured Astro pitcher Joaquin Andujar, and Houston bullpen assistant Strech Suba said, "That's a trainer's nightmare right there."

The Dodgers couldn't believe it when the Cardinals proposed the trade. They had already decided to get rid of Guerrero—in part because they were 29–30 with him in the lineup and 38–21 without him—and had worked out a deal with Detroit involving minor league lefty Steve Searcy. And though the Tigers need power hitting badly, they had no intention of offering Guerrero a multiyear contract to keep him from becoming a free agent at the end of the season.

Clearly this was a panic move on the part of the Cardinals. They needed a solid hitter to make up for the mistakes of letting first baseman Jack Clark go to the Yankees in the off-season and then trying to fill his spot with injury-plagued Bob Horner. The Cardinals were hoping to sign Expo outfielder Tim Raines, who may be granted free-agent status later this year by arbitrator George Nicolau. But when Raines indicated that he planned to sign a reported three-year, $6.8 million extension of his contract rather than test the free-agent market, the Cardinals turned their sights on Guerrero. As a result, rather than giving Clark the two-year, $3 million contract he requested, the Cardinals will be paying Guerrero $6.2 million for three years and Horner $950,000 this season. Together, Guerrero and Horner probably won't provide as much offensive clout as Clark did alone.

As might be expected, the deal was not popular with the Dodgers' rivals in the National League West race. "The Dodgers got a top-quality pitcher for a minus," said Astro pitcher Bob Knepper, summing up his team's reaction. The Giants were equally unamused, particularly because they had also made a bid for Tudor. They offered infielder Tony Perezchica and pitcher Trevor Wilson to St. Louis, but they backed



JEFF ROBERSON

ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN

L.A. dealt the Cards and got Tudor (left of Kirk Gibson) for Guerrero.

BETWEEN THE LINES

WHEN IN NEW ENGLAND . . .

When the Maine Phillies, a Triple A team in the International League, decided to give away batting helmets as a promotion for an Aug. 18 game against the Pawtucket Red Sox, which helmets do you think they chose? That's right, Boston Red Sox helmets.

WILLIE AND THE BABE

The Yankees celebrated the 40th anniversary of Babe Ruth's death on Aug. 16 by hitting five home runs in a game against the Angels at Yankee Stadium. But California pitcher Willie Fraser stole the show by making a sliding catch of a pop foul that carried him into the Yankee dugout and by tagging out Yankee speedster Rickey Henderson after realizing that Henderson had missed the plate. Fraser pitched 6⅓ innings, despite giving up the five dingers, and the Angels won 15–6. When reporters asked Angel pitching coach Marcel Lachemann why Fraser wasn't pulled out earlier, Lachemann said, "I'd go to the wall for Willie. Sometimes I even have to go over the wall."

WHY THEY'RE CALLED THE O'S

Anyone who thinks the Orioles are on the rebound should consider their 10–4 loss to the Athletics on Aug. 17. Not only did the O's pitchers give up Ruthian homers to A's sluggers Jose Canseco and Mark McGwire, but they also is-

sued the same number of walks (10) as Baltimore hitters had picked up in their previous six games. Oriole manager Frank Robinson wasn't surprised by the length of the fiasco. "When you parade 10 batters down to first, and there are 15 hits and 5,000 errors, it's going to take about 3:35," he said. "Then there were their moon shots. It takes time to clear the atmosphere."

NO ESCAPE FOR THE SCAPEGOAT

Royals rookie catcher Mike Macfarlane's luck has gone from bad to worse since he was optioned to Omaha in July. On Aug. 15 he broke his thumb trying to tag out a runner in the second inning of a game against the Indianapolis Indians and will be out for the season.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

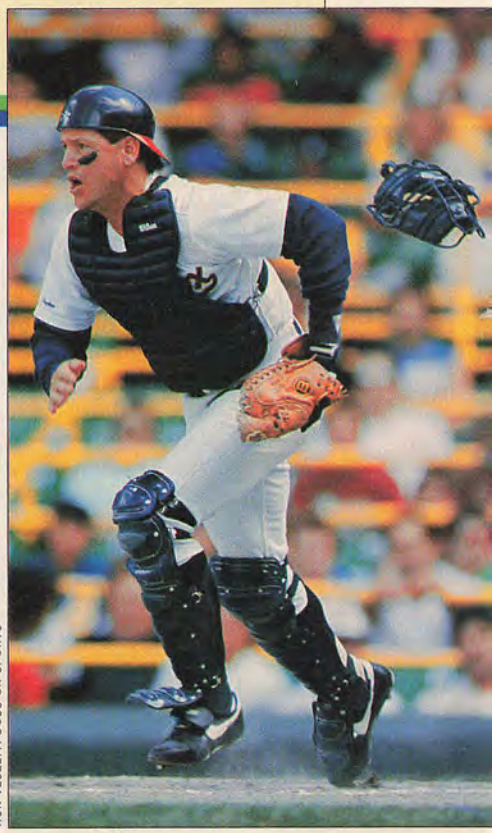
Former Angel manager Gene Mauch, on what he misses about the game: "I miss innings one through nine, but not Cleveland or Detroit."

THIS IS "PRO" BASEBALL!?!

On Aug. 17 the New Britain Red Sox and the Pittsfield Cubs were locked in a 1–1 stalemate in the top of the ninth, with one out and runners on first and third. Pittsfield's Bob Bafia tried a suicide squeeze but popped the ball up to New Britain pitcher Odie Abril, who caught it and threw to first for a double play and the end of the inning. Or so Abril thought. The problem was, the Cubs' Jackie Davidson took off from third as soon as the pitch was made and crossed the plate before Abril's throw reached first. Because New Britain failed to appeal the fact that Davidson had left too early, the run counted, and Pittsfield won 2–1.

MISCELLANEOUS

- In his first 18 starts this season, Seattle's Scott Bankhead faced 95 batters with runners in scoring position and allowed 19 hits. In his Aug. 16 shutout of the Red Sox, Bankhead faced 15 batters with runners in scoring position and retired them all.
- For the first time in their history, the Pirates have sold more than two million tickets in a season. Through Aug. 14 fans had purchased 2,031,697 tickets.
- The Padres were the first National League team with four 10-game winners—Eric Show, Dennis Rasmussen, Andy Hawkins and Ed Whitson. The Padres are 12–1 in games Rasmussen has started since he was acquired on June 8 from Cincinnati for minor leaguer Candy Sierra.
- Kansas City prospect Tom Gordon, now in Triple A, has 243 strikeouts, the best in the pros, and is 13–5 while pitching for Appleton, Memphis and Omaha.
- Dodger pitcher Tim Leary picked up game-winning RBIs in two consecutive games, on Aug. 12 and Aug. 13. In the second game, which was against the Giants, Leary got a pinch-hit single in the 11th inning after .167-hitting shortstop Alfredo Griffin was intentionally walked. At the time, Leary was hitting .306.
- The only catcher who has been able to throw out Montreal's Otis Nixon (33 steals this season) is San Diego's Benito Santiago.



RON VESELY/FOCUS ON SPORTS

Fisk's fortitude behind the plate should earn him a place in the Hall.

down when the Cardinals asked them to throw in third baseman Matt Williams.

With the addition of Tudor, the Dodgers have suddenly put together one of the best rotations in their division. They have an ace in Orel Hershiser (17–7, 2.92 ERA) and a resurgent Tim Leary (14–8, 2.41 ERA), and three days before Tudor's arrival on Aug. 16, rookie righthander Ramon Martinez made the first of two brilliant starts. By the end of the second game, Martinez had given up only two runs in 14.2 innings, and the Dodgers were convinced they had discovered another Mario Soto. The 20-year-old, who has a fastball clocked in the 90's and a superb changeup, has arms so long that teammates claim he can tie his shoes without bending over. Soon L.A. fans may even forgive general manager Fred Claire for his gravest sin so far: trading pitcher Bob Welch to the Athletics.

A GENTLEMEN'S GAME?

The days of making a deal by putting a player on waivers and having the other team pick him up may be nearing an end. Earlier this month, the Athletics, knowing that Minnesota was in the market for a pitcher, claimed Seattle's Mike Moore and Montreal's Bryn Smith, forcing those teams to remove the players' names from the waiver list and killing any trade possibilities. Last week, when Minnesota put second baseman Tommy Herr's name on the list with the intention of trading him to Philadelphia for outfielder Phil Bradley, the A's blocked that deal, too. "The gentlemen's agreement [among the owners] to let everyone go through waivers is bunk," says one American League general manager. "Why shouldn't [A's general manager Sandy] Alderson try to block the Twins? They did it to him last year when he was trying to make a deal with

the White Sox for [pitcher] Richard Dotson. [Chicago general manager Larry] Himes sent a memo to all the clubs complaining about the Dotson thing, but this is a competitive business."

COOPERSTOWN BOUND

When White Sox catcher Carlton Fisk broke Rick Ferrell's American League record Aug. 19 by catching his 1,807th game, it was no small feat. In 1974 Fisk's left knee was shattered in a home plate collision with Cleveland's Leron Lee. Since then he has broken his right arm, blown out his right elbow, suffered a serious abdominal injury and a broken hand and played a good part of the 1986 season in leftfield. "Now here he is at 40, and he's still the best catcher in the league—by far," says White Sox manager Jim Fregosi. "That he could set this record with all he's been through is a testament to his incredible work ethic and the fact that he's as tough a man as anyone who has ever played. There's no question about his going into the Hall of Fame." The next mark Fisk will go after is Johnny Bench's career home run record for catchers (327). As of Sunday, Fisk was only nine homers behind Yogi Berra, who is second on the list, with 306.

WHAT'S AILING DOC

Things had always come naturally for Mets ace Dwight Gooden, who refers to himself as "the laziest man in the world." He says, "I've never done anything, no exercises ever. I never even did jumping jacks." Then last week he beat the Giants 13–6 for his 14th win and admitted that he was worried about his shoulder. "I'm scared. I've never had anything like this before," he said. "I can't believe it's happening to me." According to Mets head trainer Steve Garland, Gooden has "weakness and pain in the muscles of the rotator cuff," but the cuff itself is not damaged, and Gooden should be able to cure the problem with—believe it or not—some exercises.

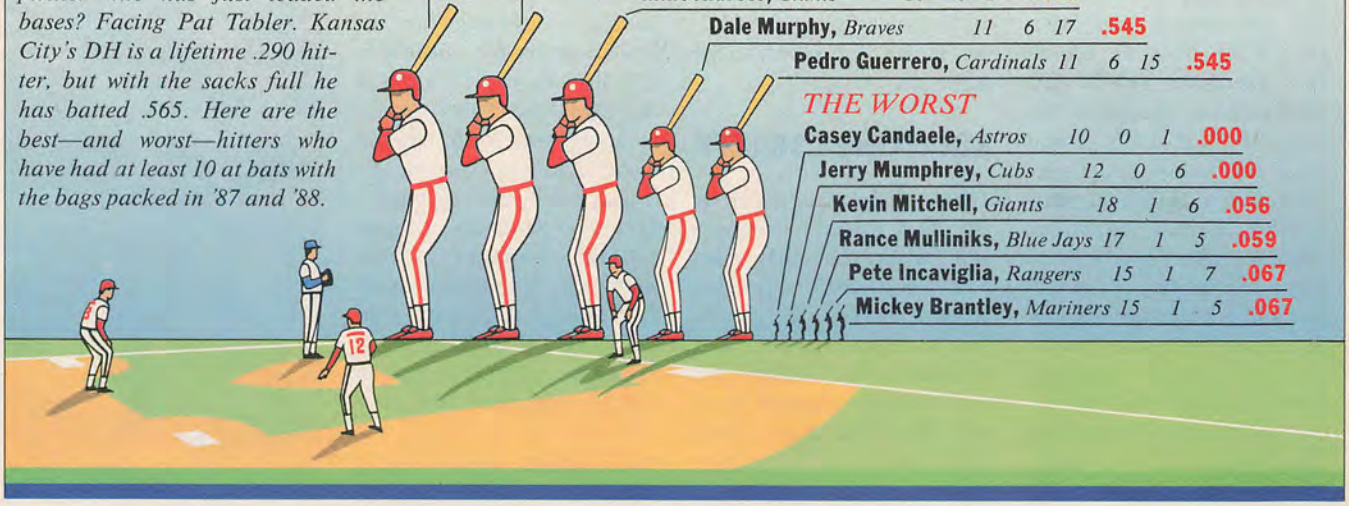
A happy 60th to the singing slinger.

PITCH OF THE DECADE

"People talk about the pitch of the '80s being the split-finger fastball/forkball," says Toronto catcher Sal Butera, "but it's really the circle changeup." Butera, who has caught two of the best changeup artists—Minnesota's Frank Viola and Cincinnati's John Franco—appreciates what this deceptive pitch, which allows a pitcher to change the speed of the ball without altering his motion, has done for the Twins' 24-year-old lefty, Allan Anderson. Anderson's nickname is Frankie Jr., because he imitates Viola's style. He was 4–8 in Triple A last season, but this year he is 11–7 and has the league's third-best ERA (2.66). . . . Two-time batting champ Tony Gwynn of the Padres has climbed back into contention for the National League crown after hitting as low as .237 on June 13, but he's still not satisfied. "If I win the batting title," he says, "I'll put the silver bat right up there with the other two. But I won't be as proud of this one because I stunk the first three months." . . . Most of 60 bases stolen last season by Mariners second baseman Harold Reynolds involved headfirst slides. But he ended the season so banged up he decided to go feetfirst this year. The result? Reynolds is 27 for 50. Last year, in contrast, he was caught stealing only 20 times. . . . The Cubs would

BASES FULL

What's the worst scenario for a pitcher who has just loaded the bases? Facing Pat Tabler, Kansas City's DH is a lifetime .290 hitter, but with the sacks full he has batted .565. Here are the best—and worst—hitters who have had at least 10 at bats with the bags packed in '87 and '88.


THE BEST
AB HITS RBI AVG.
Pat Tabler, Royals 16 11 28 .688
Alan Trammell, Tigers 18 12 31 .667
Mike Aldrete, Giants 10 6 14 .600
Dale Murphy, Braves 11 6 17 .545
Pedro Guerrero, Cardinals 11 6 15 .545
THE WORST
Casey Candaele, Astros 10 0 1 .000
Jerry Mumphrey, Cubs 12 0 6 .000
Kevin Mitchell, Giants 18 1 6 .056
Rance Mulliniks, Blue Jays 17 1 5 .059
Pete Incaviglia, Rangers 15 1 7 .067
Mickey Brantley, Mariners 15 1 5 .067
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like their two hitting phenoms, first baseman Mark Grace and outfielder Rafael Palmeiro, to try to pull the ball occasionally for more power. "We've talked about [Yankee first baseman] Don Mattingly and how he'll use counts and situations and try to drive the ball," says Chicago general manager Jim Frey. "It's a matter of experience." . . . Why does Yankee owner George Steinbrenner want to dump power-hitting third baseman Mike Pagliarulo? The Boss was willing to trade Pags to the Mariners last month for third baseman Jim Presley as part of the Jay Buhner–Ken Phelps deal or to the White Sox for infielder Steve Lyons—until manager Lou Piniella talked him out of it. . . . Last week Dave Stieb added his name to the Toronto Bellyaching Society and asked to be traded. Said Jays pitcher Mike Flanagan, "We've had so many people paint themselves into corners that our clubhouse is shaped like the Pentagon." ■

AN IDENTITY CRISIS

JEFF ROBINSON IS MAKING A NAME FOR HIS SELVES THIS season. He won his first games on April 17, beating the Cubs 12–7 and the Royals 8–6, and he hasn't looked back since. With his California cool and his right arms firing split-fingered fastballs, Jeff Robinson is 22–8 with a 2.91 ERA and eight saves. He has been in the thick of races in both leagues, so he may reach the World Series this fall, and there do battle against . . . Jeff Robinson.

Jeffrey Daniel Robinson, 27, is 9–2 with eight saves as a reliever for the second-place Pirates, while Jeffrey Mark Robinson, 26, is 13–6 with a 2.84 ERA as a starter for the first-place Tigers. Together, they are having the best season on the mound since Seattle Bill James of the Boston Braves and Big Bill James of the St. Louis Browns went 41–21 with a 2.38 ERA in 1914. (For hitting, no two players can top the George Burnses, who batted .293 and averaged 148 runs a year for seven teams between 1914 and '25.)

©THE TOPPS COMPANY, INC.
Even on baseball cards (not these) the confusing Jeffs have been mixed up.

The Robinsons share more than a name. Pittsburgh Jeff, who's 6′ 4″ and 200 pounds, was born in Santa Ana, Calif., on Dec. 13, 1960; his Detroit counterpart, who's 6′ 6″ and 210 pounds, came into the world only 100 miles away in Ventura, Calif., on Dec. 14, 1961. "We're both blond, both tall, both skinny," says Jeff the Pirate, though Jeff the Tiger might balk at such a comparison. "They tell me he looks like Max Headroom," he says.

The similarity between the two has confounded the baseball card industry. Pittsburgh Jeff owns a handful of cards with his stats on the back and his namesake's face on the front. And in spring '87 the Major League Players Association mistakenly sent a royalty check to Detroit Jeff, thinking it was he who was pictured on the other Jeff's card. "It was a good sum of money, about $4,000," the Tiger recalls. "But I turned it back in. So you can tell him he owes me."

The Jeffs have never met, but they did pitch against one another in 1983. Pittsburgh Jeff was the starter for powerhouse Cal State–Fullerton in a game against little Azusa Pacific. He threw just one scoreless inning in a driving rain, while the other Jeff surrendered five unearned runs in four innings as Azusa lost 6–5.

Both were selected in the June '83 draft, but the senior Robinson has always seemed a year ahead. He broke into the majors for good as a Giants reliever in 1986 and learned the split-finger from manager Roger Craig. The Pirates thought enough of him to part with ace Rick Reuschel last season in a deal that also involved pitcher Scott Medvin. Between the two clubs, Robinson saved 14 games and won eight, and with Pittsburgh on Sept. 7 he became the first National League pitcher in a decade to strike out the side on nine pitches.

The younger Robinson believes his progress was slowed because his team at Christian High in El Cajon, Calif., had a no-star system, thus curbing his aggressiveness. After a so-so minor league career, he broke in with Detroit last season and was 9–6 with a 5.37 ERA. But this year he has learned to change speeds more effectively, and his split-finger has been dazzling. Robinson has been the Tigers' most fearsome starter, yielding only 5.2 hits and averaging 7.4 innings per start.

These are not the only Robinsons pitching well this season: San Francisco's Don has a 2.72 ERA and has recently become a regular starter. But, try as he might, there is no way he can match the two Jeffs. Says Pittsburgh Jeff proudly, "People tell me, 'Hey, you started today and pitched in relief tonight. You're having a great year.' " —HANK HERSCH

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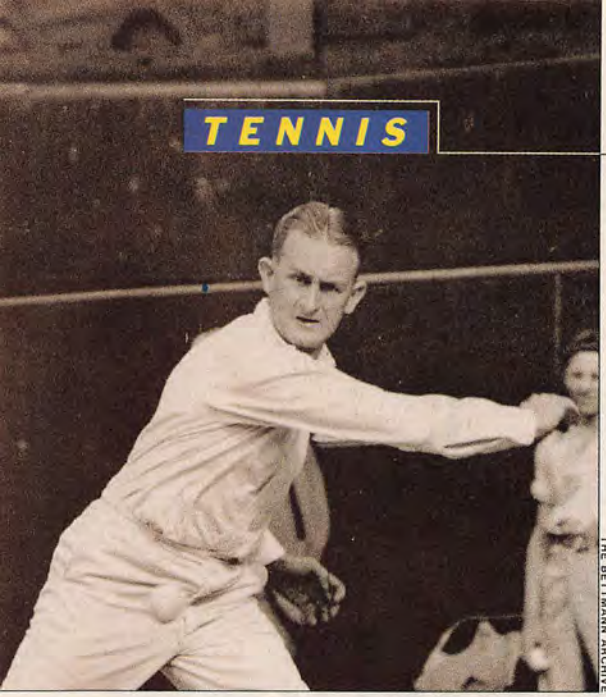


THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Whether felled by nerves, fatigue or sour mash, Crawford missed his shot at the Slam.

A GRAND TRY FOR THE SLAM

If Steffi Graf is victorious at the U.S. Open, she will join her sport's most elite group

BY FRANK DEFORD

On a warm, windy day 55 Septembers ago, Jack Crawford took the court against Fred Perry in the finals of the U.S. Nationals at Forest Hills. Before the match *New York Times* columnist John Kieran wrote, "If Crawford wins, that would be something like scoring a grand slam on the courts, doubled and vulnerable." Earlier in the year Crawford had won Wimbledon and the championships of Australia and France and thus stood on the verge of winning the titles of the only four nations—the U.S., Britain, Australia and France—ever to have won the Davis Cup.

Crawford had hardly set out to win the four tournaments. That would have been madness. Few players bothered to ply the oceans often enough in a single year to compete in all four championships. Even now, more than half a century later, with airplanes and agents whisking players everywhere about the globe, only four men and seven women have won all four major championships in their *careers*, let alone in a single calendar year.

However, in '33, Crawford led Perry two sets to one and stood but a set from winning the Grand Slam, even if he didn't know that was what he was trying to do. A reclusive sort from the Australian inland town of Albury, New South Wales, Crawford was an asthmatic who frequently took brandy mixed with sugar to help his breathing during matches. On this muggy afternoon in New York, Crawford downed two or three doses of the stuff. That is one story. Another is that Vinnie Richards, an old friend and top American player, slipped a "nerve tonic"—straight Kentucky bourbon—into Crawford's ice tea to help reduce his tension. Whatever, brandy or bourbon, tipsy or tired, Crawford fell to pieces, losing the last two sets 6–0, 6–1, and Kieran's passing reference to a Grand Slam of tennis seemed to float away, forgotten.

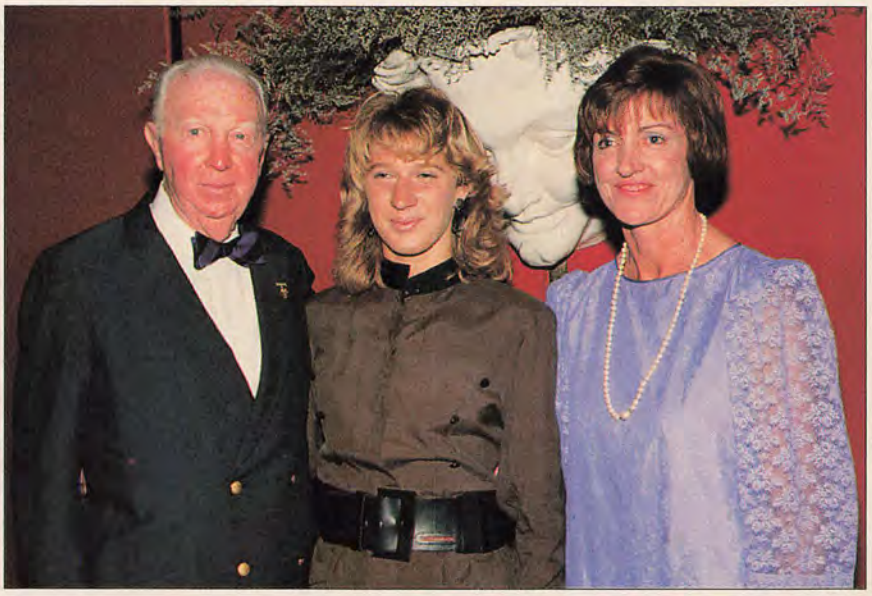
As Kieran suggested, the term Grand Slam is taken from bridge, and it refers to the winning of all 13 tricks by one set of partners. The term moved into baseball to mean a home run with men on all the bases, and then golfer Bobby Jones appropriated it in 1930, when he won the open and amateur championships of both the U.S. and Britain. Jones's feat was very much in Don Budge's mind in 1937, when he decided to remain an amateur for another year to help the U.S. retain the Davis Cup.

To keep up his interest until August, when the Davis Cup Challenge Round would be played in Philadelphia, Budge decided to go after the four major titles. He told no one about this scheme save his doubles partner, Gene Mako. As it turned out, Mako was the last man to stand between Budge and the Slam, but beyond that, the fabled hurricane of '38 postponed their Forest Hills final for a week. At last, on Sept. 24, Budge whipped Mako in four sets, and in the fourth paragraph of his story for *The New York Times*, Allison Danzig wrote that Budge's achievement was "a grand slam that invites comparison with . . . Bobby Jones in golf." This time the term stuck.

While winning golf's modern professional Slam—the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA—is beyond all tolerable limits of likelihood, someone has attained tennis's Grand Slam on the average of every decade or so (and every five years, if you include doubles). Since Budge bequeathed tennis the Slam 50 years ago, Rod Laver has won it twice, in 1962 and '69, and Maureen Connolly and Margaret Court have each won it once, in 1953 and 1970, respectively. This year Steffi Graf has won three legs

At this year's Wimbledon soiree Graf posed with a pair of Slammers, Budge and Court.

RUSS ADAMS



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of the Slam and is an odds-on favorite to go grand two weeks hence at the U.S. Open.

Martina Navratilova won six on the trot, as the British say, as did Budge and Connolly. But Navratilova hasn't won four in the same calendar year. She won the last three majors of '83 and the first three of '84 before Helena Sukova upset her at the Australian Open. However, because Navratilova was the holder of all four titles at the same time—even though they had been won in two different years—some people, herself included, insist that Martina's achievement is no less a Grand Slam than Budge's, Connolly's, Laver's or Court's. These people are in the minority. A Grand Slam is a fine wine the vintner must make with all the same year's grapes.

After a hurricane postponed the '38 Forest Hills finals for a week, Budge blew by Mako.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Some other awfully good players have just missed as well, though Crawford remains the closest no-cigar. Lew Hoad won the first three majors in '56 and got to the finals of Forest Hills against his old roommate Ken Rosewall. Hoad won the first set, and then saw little Muscles chop him and lob him right out of posterity. Jimmy Connors ran rampant through tennis in '74, winning the Australian Open and then losing a total of eight games in the finals at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. But he was barred from the French Open in an internal tennis dispute because he had played team tennis for an outfit known as the Baltimore Banners. Tony Trabert's only defeat for months in '55 was at the Australian championship, right after he had led the U.S. to victory in the Davis Cup and before he went on to sweep the other three majors. The French was the only Grand Slam title that eluded Perry in '34 and Roy Emerson in '64. Both, however, won at Roland Garros on other occasions and thus join Laver and Budge as the only men to have won all four titles in their careers.

Among the ladies, Navratilova has twice won three legs of the Slam. In 1928 and '29, Helen Wills won all but the Australian, which she didn't bother to enter. Besides Connolly, Court and Navratilova, four other women have won all the majors during their careers. Three of them—Doris Hart, Billie Jean King and Chris Evert—are easy to guess. The fourth, Shirley Fry, won exactly four Grand Slam singles tournaments, from 1951 to '57.

Should Graf win at Flushing Meadow as neatly as she did in Australia, France and England—dropping only one set, to Navratilova in the Wimbledon finals—she would sweep the Slam with the same broom Budge used. In fact, when asked years ago to recount his Slam year, Budge prefaced the rather quotidian details by saying, "Well, really, not a whole lot happened that year."

His dearest memory of that time is of the night he was invited to the Paris apartment of Pablo Casals. Budge had met the cellist during the French championships. After dinner Budge and the other guests assembled in the living room, sitting on great cushions as Casals took up his cello. "This concert is for my good friend Don Budge," was all that Casals said, and then he began to play.

The horror of the late '30s stood in stark contrast to the quaintness of the sportsmen athletes of the time. When the hurricane postponed the Forest Hills finals, Budge and Mako made a gentlemen's agreement to stay out with their respective girlfriends to a mutually acceptable hour—midnight, one, two, whatever—assured that the other wouldn't cheat and take an early night's rest. Only a few days after Budge won the Grand Slam, Chamberlain went to Munich and cut the ill-advised deal that provided Hitler with a major stepping-stone, Czechoslovakia, in his quest to conquer Europe.

Nineteen thirty-eight was also the year Laver was born, so that he turns half a century as the Slam does. In 1962, Budge, ever the gentleman, cheered enthusiastically for Laver to become the first male to match his feat. He even took Laver out to the country just before Forest Hills began so that the Rocket could escape all the fuss, and the two redheads played a couple of easy sets. Budge then greeted Laver at Forest Hills when he won the Slam. The torch was passed. It's a pity there isn't a Budge Cup or some such thing he could present to Graf should she become the fifth singles Slammer.

Budge's lasting regret is that his path was eased because the Nazis had locked up the great German player Baron Gottfried von Cramm, a critic of the Fatherland, in the spring of '38. Without von Cramm to contend with, Budge so outclassed the rest of the field that when Mako won one set from him in the U.S. finals, it was widely assumed that Budge had tossed a bone to his buddy. Budge vigorously denies the allegation.

Connolly, the youngest Slammer—

when she won in '53, she was three months younger than Graf will be in September—was even more dominant than Budge, losing only one set in the four tournaments. Court dropped three sets. Curiously, although Laver is the only player to have won a singles Slam twice—first as a 24-year-old amateur and then as a doddering 31-year-old pro in the second year of open tennis—he is the only Slammer to have struggled.

Indeed, in '62 on the French clay, the surface most inhospitable to Laver, he faced the only match point any Slammer has been obliged to endure. In the quarterfinals, Laver trailed Marty Mulligan two sets to one and 5–4, 40–30. He came to the net behind a second serve—on clay, remember—guessed that Mulligan would return down the line and volleyed a backhand winner. In the semis, Laver won after Neale Fraser had served for the match in the fifth set. In the finals, Emerson led the Rocket two sets to none and then 3–0 in the fourth set.

GERRY CRANHAM

Laver had to come from behind to defeat Newcombe in the Wimbledon final of 1969.

In '69, Laver won despite 16 losses on the year, five alone to Tony Roche, whom he whipped 7–9, 6–1, 6–2, 6–2 in the finals at Forest Hills. Generally, Grand Slams start in pitiless Australian heat and end in New York rain. That year Laver was down two sets to love twice—to Dick Crealy and Premjit Lall; titans walked the earth then—won sets at 22–20, 18–16, 14–12, 13–11 and had to play brilliantly to come from behind to defeat John Newcombe in the Wimbledon finals. Moreover, Laver's only child, conceived shortly before the Australian Open, was born shortly after he won Forest Hills.

Nonetheless, the single most memorable Grand Slam winner's match was Court's 14–12, 11–9 victory over King in the '70 Wimbledon finals. The 46 games lasted nearly 2½ hours, and for Court, who was often criticized for wilting un-

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UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Connolly won the Slam in '53 at 18, but her amazing career sadly ended the next year.

der pressure, it was her grandest triumph. She had torn ligaments in her left ankle in the quarterfinals and was shot full of painkiller. King had a Swiss-cheese knee that would go under the surgeon's knife right after Wimbledon—and keep her from challenging Court at Forest Hills.

Court's doctor warned her husband, Barry, that she risked permanent damage if she tested the ligaments at Forest Hills, but Barry kept this counsel to himself, and his wife won the Slam. Court thus finally brought a Grand Slam to Albury. She had come from the same town as Crawford.

Connolly is perhaps the least well known of this select group. But had her career not ended less than a year after she won the Slam, she might well be the standard against which all female players are measured. Graf so reminds many of Connolly—in her style and dispatch as well as her precocity—that whatever Graf accomplishes will reflect glory upon Connolly.

Little Mo won her first Grand Slam title, the '51 U.S. Nationals, at 16, and was still a teenager when she won her last major, Wimbledon, in '54. All told she won nine Grand Slam tournaments, including six in a row. Connolly could be absolutely merciless with opponents—she gave up only 11 games in the entire Australian championship of '53—forcing herself to despise the poor woman across the net. "This was no passing dislike," Connolly wrote, "but a blazing, virulent, powerful and consuming hate."

Little Mo's mother, who had always wanted to be a pianist but couldn't because she had such small hands, dreamed her child would grow up to be a musician. Maureen grew up thinking her father was dead, only to have him suddenly surface one day when she was an adult. She loathed her stepfather. Perhaps all this made it easier for her to fall under the thrall of the fabled Teach Tennant, a tennis Svengali who had also tutored Alice Marble and Bobby Riggs and who honed Connolly's killer instinct. "Maureen just had the ability of total concentration on the court," says Norman Brinker, her widower.

Away from the chalked rectangle, she was a frisky, well-rounded teenager, a superb equestrienne, a tap and ballet dancer, modest and becoming, and a devout Catholic who was given a special papal dispensation to eat meat on Fridays before big matches. All during her glitter years she was in love with Brinker, a young Navy officer and horseman who saw Connolly play tennis only once, briefly, in a minor tournament. Little Mo's hometown, San Diego, was so proud of her when she first won Wimbledon and Forest Hills, in 1952, that the chamber of commerce gave her a big roan named Colonel Merryboy. It was generally thought that only her love for that horse could distract her from winning the Slam in '53. It did not.

Little Mo eschewed the long trip to Australia in 1954, but she successfully defended her French and Wimbledon crowns with ease. Back in San Diego she and some friends went out riding on July 20. A cement mixer drove by and spooked Colonel Merryboy. He reared and crashed into the truck. Connolly broke her right leg, severing all the muscles in her calf. Little Mo was not yet 20, and she was finished. Fifteen years later, at age 34, as Laver began play at Wimbledon in pursuit of his second Slam, she died of cancer. Even her beloved Colonel Merryboy outlived her.

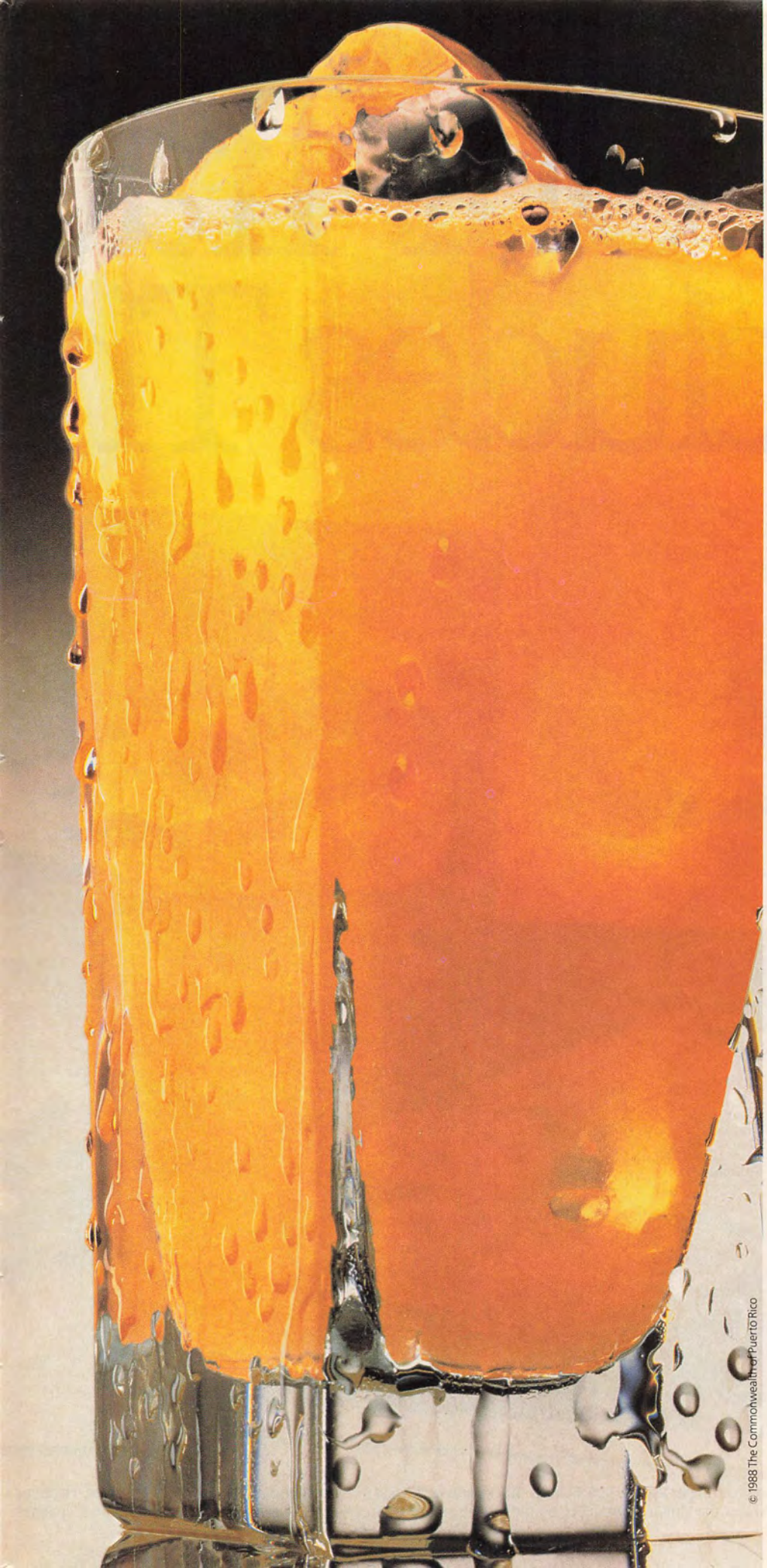
Four years ago, when Navratilova beat Sukova 6–1 in the first set of the semifinals of the Australian Open, which was the last leg of the Slam that year, Court, who had been watching on TV at home in Perth, turned off the set and went shopping. She was satisfied that Martina would soon join her as the only living female Slammer. But by the time Court returned, Sukova had won the last two sets 6–3, 7–5.

This July, at home in Dallas, Brinker flipped on the Wimbledon women's final. Graf fell behind a set and 2–0, but he didn't turn off the set. He watched as she won the third leg of the Slam. "It's funny," Brinker says. "You know, I never really saw Maureen play, but just watching Steffi for a few minutes, just a few minutes, and you know what I said to myself? I said, There is Maureen."

Graf was born June 14, 1969, the Saturday before Little Mo died. Evidently, the torch is to be passed. ■

Many see similarities between Little Mo and Graf, who has romped through three majors.

STEVE POWELL/ALLSPORT



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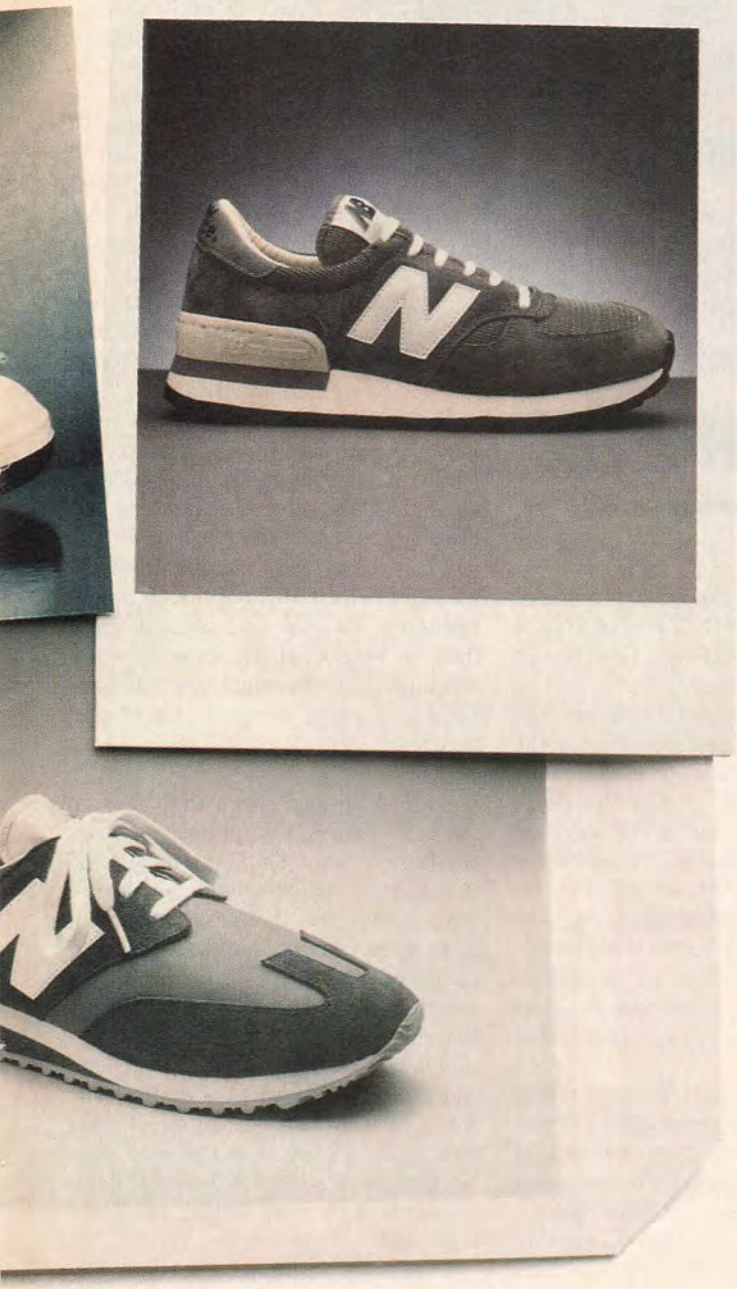

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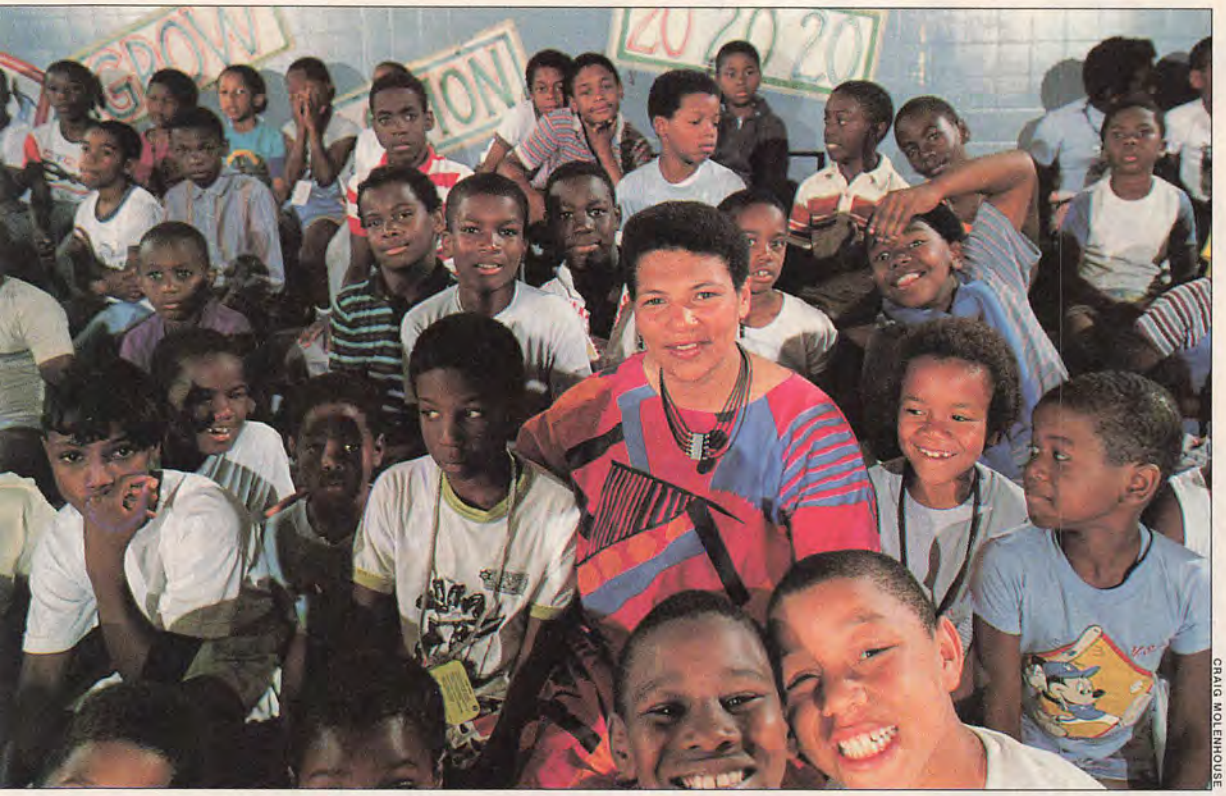

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

DeFrantz, a children's lawyer, is in demand at youth clubs.

AN ADVOCATE FOR ATHLETES

Anita DeFrantz is an unlikely member of the powerful IOC

BY KENNY MOORE

On October 18, 1977, I was one of four athletes who, with quaking knees, made their way to the witness table in Room 5110 of the Dirksen Senate Office Building. There, skater/cyclist Sheila Young, water polo player Carl Thomas, rower Anita DeFrantz and marathoner Moore gazed up at hot lights and an elevated panel of senators and staff. We had been summoned to testify to the need for what eventually became the Amateur Sports Act of 1978, which restructured Olympic sports governance in the U.S.

We had drawn straws to decide our order of appearance; I had to go first. Runners, I said, had been made pawns in a turf war between the NCAA and the AAU. Athletic directors, I said, should be consultants, not dictators. Furthermore, athletes' freedom to compete where physically qualified should be recognized in federal law.

I didn't think I'd done too badly. Then Senator John C. Culver of Iowa, a boulder of a man, hunched forward and began to mash my case.

"You are saying they [coaches and athletes] ought to talk it over, but the athlete ought to be the one to ultimately decide. Be free to go. No coach, college or parent should stand in the way," he rumbled. "What if one parent wants him to go and the other parent doesn't want him to go and the young athlete wants to go? How would you resolve it legally?"

I didn't know. I hadn't even *thought* of the age problem. Panic rose. I opened my mouth without a clue as to what would come out.

Then, from my near left, rose a steady contralto. "I'm an attorney and I represent children exclusively, so I would say that the child has the right to make that decision," the voice said. "But beyond that, I think that we often forget that sports is an activity which involves decision making." It was DeFrantz, rescuing me, returning the debate to the question of whether responsible athletes might be free to compete where they chose.

The NCAA would eventually lobby to remove separate guarantees of athletes' rights from this bill—it would be left to the U.S. Olympic Committee to safeguard them. But as we rose from the table and I felt myself nearly blushing in gratitude, DeFrantz began to lament the difficulty of getting people to do what they know is right. It was clear that Olympic athletes had found a forceful new advocate.

In October 1986, nine eventful years later, 34-year-old Anita DeFrantz was named a member of the International Olympic Committee. Because she has been appointed to the position for life (actually, as a voting member until age 75, after which the position becomes honorary), DeFrantz is looking at more than 40 years in sport's most powerful institution, during which she can give voice to a single theme, to the idea of athletes' rights.

In 1976, DeFrantz was a fresh face on the U.S. Olympic Committee's Athletes Advisory Council. She was a member of the bronze medal–winning women's eight in Montreal that year. It soon became apparent that hers was the art of the penetrating question, and in this she was right for the times. The President's Commission on Olympic Sports was studying the failings of the U.S. system, and restructuring was inevitable. The AAC, which had been formed only three years earlier, was the only body representing athletes from all the Olympic sports, so it was pitched into every argument.

"You came in knowing *a* sport," re-

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UPDATE

calls DeFrantz, "and you ended up knowing *sport*. There were feuds and mismanagement everywhere. It was a crash course."

She had grown up in Indianapolis, where her father, the late Robert DeFrantz, had run an organization called Community Action Against Poverty. Her mother, also Anita, was a teacher and is now a professor of education at the University of San Francisco. So the tendency toward community service was in her genes.

Her proclivity for sport, however, took a while to surface. It wasn't until DeFrantz was a student at Connecticut College that rowing coach Bart Gulong took a look at her rangy 5′ 11″ frame and first got her into a shell. When Gulong eventually said she was talented enough to consider the Olympics, she was startled. "I didn't even know rowing was *in* the Olympics."

In point of fact it wasn't, but Gulong was aware that women's rowing would become an Olympic sport for the first time at Montreal. By then DeFrantz was at the University of Pennsylvania Law School and rowing for the Vesper Boat Club. In Montreal, the East Germans and Soviets held her U.S. crew to third, but DeFrantz figured she would have another chance in four years at Moscow. She went home, became a lawyer, bailed this poor misspoken marathoner out of a jam before the Senate committee, and soon was elected by the athletes to the Executive Board of the USOC.

That was all prologue. Now life turned contrary. One evening in January 1980, at a friend's birthday party, she caught a glimpse on TV of President Jimmy Carter announcing that because of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, "I would not favor the sending of an American Olympic team to Moscow."

DeFrantz was astounded. "I said, 'Huh? He must not understand.' The only people who could decide to surrender all they had worked for were the athletes themselves."

And DeFrantz, for one, wasn't about to surrender. For her, this was exactly the kind of political circumstance that the Olympic ideal was meant to transcend. "The boycott trivialized the Games," she says. "It brought them down to the level of trade embargoes."

DeFrantz knew the USOC could enter a team in Moscow over the objections of the Carter Administration (Great Britain's Olympic Association eventually did this, defying the Thatcher government). She and a group of AAC athletes set out to convince the USOC to act against the directives of Carter.

DeFrantz, who became known as the voice and face of the opposition, learned what happens when you ask people to rise against the patriotic tide. "I was getting hate mail. I got visits from people I'm positive were FBI agents wanting to 'sympathize' with me." Meanwhile, she plowed her anxiety into her training and again made the Olympic team.

Yet she was becoming so persuasive that Carter sent Vice-President Walter Mondale to the April meeting of the USOC House of Delegates, where the final decision would be voted. "History holds its breath," said Mondale, and he asserted that a boycott was crucial to the nation's security. Behind the scenes, the Administration let it be known that it would dismember the USOC's funding if the organization didn't toe the line.

After her boycott protests, DeFrantz received the Olympic Order from Samaranch.

CAPITAL CITIES/ABC

De Varona was an IOC nominee.

Former Treasury Secretary William Simon, then USOC treasurer and later its president, spoke eloquently on the need to support Carter.

Then DeFrantz, in a memorable speech, said that the Olympic family surely sensed what was right. It simply needed the courage to do it. "We define our liberty by testing it," she said. "This is such a test." The 300 delegates cheered her, and then voted by 2 to 1 to bow to the boycott.

DeFrantz fought on, becoming the plaintiff in an unsuccessful lawsuit aimed at forcing the USOC to live up to its constitution and send a team to Moscow. "Anita was very unpopular with the USOC in those years," says then-AAC president Ed Williams.

But in other quarters DeFrantz, now that her competence had been revealed, was much sought after. She already was a USOC representative on the board of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee. In 1981, Peter Ueberroth brought her onto the management team. She spent the months leading up to the Summer Games as the LAOOC's liaison with African nations, and was charged with the responsibility of heading off any black boycott. During the Games, she served as chief administrator of the Olympic Village at USC.

AP

The next year, after Ueberroth's cost containments had produced a $230 million profit—$93 million of which was earmarked for sports in Southern California—the Amateur Athletic Foundation of Los Angeles was established. In June 1987, DeFrantz became its president. She continues to administer $22 million in grants and programs the foundation has established.

DeFrantz had been an administrator in amateur sports for nearly a decade when, in 1986, the IOC was looking to fill a vacancy created by the death of Julian K. Roosevelt, one of its two U.S. representatives. In the IOC's lordly scheme of things, the USOC doesn't elect its own representatives; it submits names from which, it hopes, the IOC might select. The USOC's list consisted of Ueberroth, former swimmer and TV broadcaster Donna de Varona, USOC vice-presidents Evie Dennis and William Tutt, the late swimming official Harold Henning and DeFrantz.

Ueberroth had support, but he was probably rejected because of the tone of his autobiography, *Made in America*, in which he detailed his battles with IOC officials. De Varona, who won two golds in the 1964 Olympics, has labored a lifetime in the trenches of sports politics. "But her profession was the stumbling block," says DeFrantz, implying that few seats of power will welcome a reporter into their secret councils. DeFrantz, however, had been given the Olympic Order award by the IOC after her campaign against the Carter boycott. She was clearly a woman who would be an envoy *from* the Olympic empyrean *to* the U.S. chapter. She was in.

There are 92 members of the IOC. "There are captains of industry, royalty, government officials and people connected with their predecessors," DeFrantz says. "They aren't generally peo-

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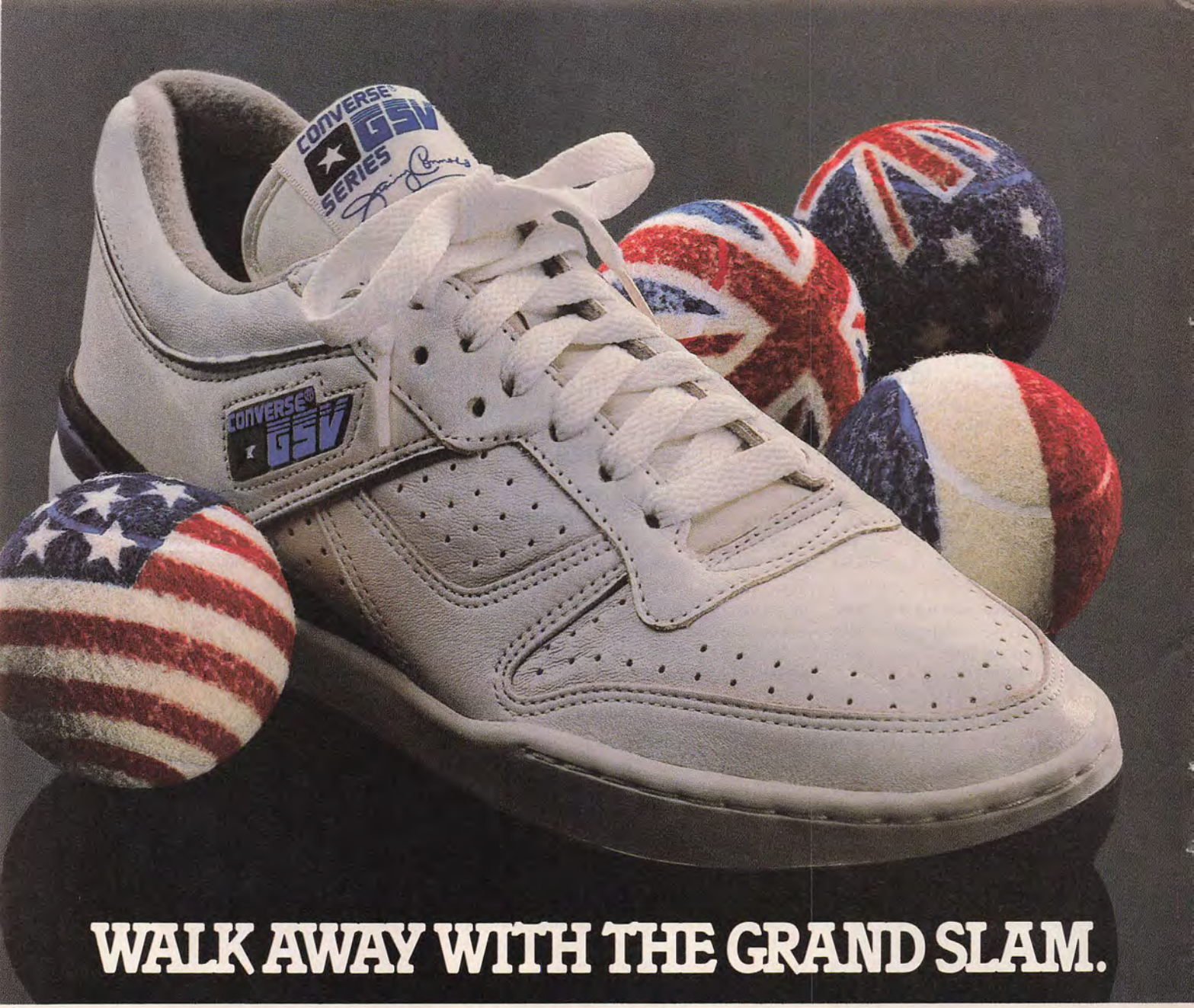

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ple with an intimate knowledge of sport. They come with different portfolios, but their mission becomes the same, to see that the Games survive and flourish."

One naturally wonders whether an impatient athletes' rights activist can fit in. "The IOC moves very slowly," she says, "by design. You have to put in time to earn the confidence of the members if you're going to have lasting influence. And I think that is . . ."—her expression acknowledges that 10 years ago she might not have said this—". . . as it should be. This is an institution that is, if you will, eternal."

DeFrantz's office at the Amateur Athletic Foundation is in a red-brick, Corinthian-pillared mansion near downtown Los Angeles. It is a place of sufficient weight for even the most traditional IOC member. But follow DeFrantz home to her gray-and-white cottage in Santa Monica. Help her paint the tool shed; do not step on her newly planted lawn. Here, she seems far removed from that aristocracy she has somehow crashed. "Life is good," she says. "I love what I'm doing. It's rare at my age to know I'll be in this for so long."

Besides her position as president of the Amateur Athletic Foundation, DeFrantz retains her USOC posts. Much of that $230 million war chest left from the L.A. Olympics is administered by the U.S. Olympic Foundation. DeFrantz is on its board. "Right now," she says, "the USOC writes checks to the national governing bodies [of individual sports]. And those national governing bodies spend the money without a great deal of accountability."

DeFrantz has helped urge four-year plans on the NGBs. "It was hard for many of them to think about development involving more than just getting the team to the Games. Our *most* desperate need in this nation is to have some coaching standards. *Anyone* can coach here. We have nothing like other nations' schools for training and certifying coaches."

DeFrantz argues for an American blend of school, community, corporate, foundation and Olympic Committee effort. "The problem we've often had in sports is that everyone wants it run *his* way," she says. "We need a more pluralistic society in sport."

Her conviction is never more absolute than on the question of South Africa. DeFrantz has moved repeatedly that the U.S. Olympic Foundation rid itself of investments in companies doing business in that country. "I believe that apartheid is so horrible a blight that we are, each one of us, forced to be a part of the problem or a part of the solution," she says. "You either accept and cooperate with a government that has this evil contempt for its own citizens, or you say, 'No, you must be isolated.' "

She has been opposed on this issue, just as she was eight years earlier on the boycott, by Simon. The past president of the USOC, noting that the organization took a $20 million bath when the stock market crashed last October, has stressed that the matter of any embargo on South Africa is one of financial responsibility. "Bill is being a forceful proponent of what he holds true," says DeFrantz. "But it's *not* a financial question. You can do as well in a restricted portfolio as in one including South African investments. Never has a board member been sued for divestment."

Looking ahead, DeFrantz sees the Seoul Games being freer of boycott than any Olympics since 1972. At present, the nonentrants are North Korea, Cuba, Ethiopia, Albania, Nicaragua and the Seychelles. Why have they opted out?

"I wish I knew," says DeFrantz, truly vexed. "They say they're showing solidarity with North Korea's demands to host a chunk of the Games. The strange thing is that Castro was deeply involved in those negotiations with North Korea. He let the North Koreans know that [IOC president Juan Antonio] Samaranch was sincere. So Cuba was a real surprise. I've got three books on Castro in the house to try to puzzle it out."

DeFrantz is still game to bring these lost sheep in. "It's the same old story," she says. "People in power using the dreams of others. It's despicable. I find myself wondering how to encourage people to do what we know is right." She looks over. "Or have you heard me go on about that somewhere before?" ■

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

DeFrantz, a bronze medalist in Montreal, now rows at Marina del Rey.

FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week Aug. 15–21 • Compiled by Demmie Stathoplos

BASEBALL—Everett, Wash., defeated Midlothian, Ill., 14–11 in 12 innings to win the 54th National Baseball Congress World Series, in Wichita, Kans.

BASKETBALL—Women's coach Kay Yow named the 12-player Olympic team that will compete at Seoul: CINDY BROWN, forward, Long Beach State; VICKY BULLETT, forward, Maryland; CYNTHIA COOPER, guard, Southern California; ANNE DONOVAN, center, Old Dominion; TERESA EDWARDS, guard, Georgia; KAMIE ETHRIDGE, guard, Texas; JENNIFER GILLOM, center, Mississippi; BRIDGETTE GORDON, forward, Tennessee; ANDREA LLOYD, forward, Texas; KATRINA McCLAIN, forward-center, Georgia; SUZIE McCONNELL, guard, Penn State; and TERESA WEATHERSPOON, guard, Louisiana Tech.

CYCLING—At the Olympic trials in Houston, the following made the track team: Kilometer—BOBBY LIVINGSTON, 23, Riverdale, Ga. Men's match sprint—KEN CARPENTER, 23, La Mesa, Calif. Women's match sprint—CONNIE YOUNG, 27, Indianapolis. Individual pursuit—DAVID BRINTON, 21, North Hollywood, Calif. Points race—FRANKIE ANDREU, 21, Dearborn, Mich. Also, named to the road team: JIM COPELAND, 26, Cary, N.C.; TONY PALMER, 22, Boulder, Colo.; NORM ALVIS, 25, Sacramento; and ANDY PAULIN, 29, East Palo Alto, Calif.

DIVING—At the Olympic trials in Indianapolis, the two highest scorers in each event qualified for Seoul. Women: Springboard—KELLY McCORMICK, Columbus, Ohio, and WENDY LUCERO, Denver; Platform—MICHELE MITCHELL, Boca Raton, Fla., and WENDY LIAN WILLIAMS, Bridgeton, Mo. Men: Springboard—GREG LOUGANIS, Boca Raton, and MARK BRADSHAW, Columbus; Platform—LOUGANIS and PATRICK JEFFREY, Madison, N.J. *(page 28).*

HARNESS RACING—MACK LOBELL ($2.40), driven by John Campbell, won the International Trot at Yonkers. The 4-year-old colt covered the 1¼ miles in a track-record 2:30⅘ and earned $100,000.

HORSE RACING—FORTY NINER ($6.40), ridden by Chris McCarron, held off a late charge by Seeking the Gold and Brian's Time to win the $1,088,500 Travers Stakes at Saratoga, by a nose. The 3-year-old colt raced the 1¼ miles in 2:01⅖ and earned $653,100 *(page 116).*

MILL NATIVE ($83.20 Canadian), Cash Asmussen up, won the Arlington Million at Woodbine in Etobicoke, Ont., by three quarters of a length over Equalize. The 4-year-old colt covered the 1¼-mile grass course in two minutes flat, a track record, and earned $600,000.

MOTOR SPORTS—DAVEY ALLISON, driving a Ford Thunderbird, took the lead with 46 miles to go and pulled away from Rusty Wallace and Bill Elliott to win a 400-mile NASCAR race at Michigan International Speedway by 4.43 seconds. He averaged 156.863 mph over the two-mile course and earned $60,475.

BOBBY RAHAL, driving a Judd-powered Lola, won a CART event at Pocono International Raceway. Rahal took the lead on Lap 173, pulling away in the final 10 laps to beat Al Unser Jr. by 17.05 seconds and win $92,789.

SHOOTING—At the Olympic trials in Chino, Calif., the following made the team. Women: Air rifle—LAUNI MEILI, 25, and DEENA WIGGER, 21, both of Colorado Springs; Small-bore rifle, three positions—MEILI and WANDA JEWELL, 34, Fort Benning, Ga.; Sport pistol—RUBY FOX, 43, Parker, Ariz., and KIM DYER, 41, Waco, Texas; Air pistol—FOX and DYER. Men: Air rifle—ROBERT FOTH, 30, Colorado Springs, and ROD FITZ-RANDOLPH, 29, Tampa; Small-bore rifle, three positions—GLENN DUBIS, 29, Fort Benning, and DAN DURBEN, 29, St. Paul; Small-bore rifle, prone—WEBSTER WRIGHT, 21, Annapolis, Md.; Running game target—TODD BENSLEY, 27, and SCOTT SWEENEY, 19, both of Colorado Springs; Air pistol—DON NYGORD, 52, La Crescenta, Calif., and ERICH BULJUNG, 44, Fort Benning; Free pistol—DARIUS YOUNG, 50, Winterburn, Calif., and NYGORD; Rapid-fire pistol—JOHN McNALLY, 32, and RAY ARREDONDO, 37, both of Fort Benning. Open: Skeet—MATT DRYKE, 30, and RICK SMITH, 37, both of Redmond, Wash., and TERRY CARLISLE, 34, Downey, Calif.; Trap—DAN CARLISLE, 32, Corona, Calif.; BRIAN BALLARD, 27, Fort Benning; GEORGE HAAS III, 25, Gainesville, Fla.; and CAROLINE KOCH, 21, Duncan, Okla.

TENNIS—GABRIELA SABATINI of Argentina defeated Natalia Zvereva of the Soviet Union 6–1, 6–2 to win the Player's Challenge Canadian Open tournament in Montreal and the first prize of $60,000.

MATS WILANDER beat Stefan Edberg 3–6, 7–6, 7–6 to win the Association of Tennis Professionals championship in Mason, Ohio, and $77,600.

TRACK & FIELD—BUTCH REYNOLDS of Akron broke one of the oldest world records, running the 400 meters in 43.29 in Zurich. The time was .57 of a second faster than the mark set by Lee Evans at the Mexico City Olympics in 1968. CARL LEWIS caught world-record holder Ben Johnson in the last third of the 100 to win in 9.93 seconds, equaling his own American record. Johnson finished third, behind Calvin Smith. It was the fastest 100 in the world this year *(page 20).*

YORDANKA DONKOVA of Bulgaria set a world record in the women's 100-meter hurdles at a meet in Stara Zagora, with a time of 12.21 seconds, beating world-record holder (12.25) and fellow Bulgarian Ginka Zagorcheva.

MILEPOSTS—REINSTATED: KEN ADAMS, 47, as Olympic boxing coach, by order of the American Arbitration Association. Adams had been suspended for six months on June 11 after attacking a USA Amateur Boxing Federation official. The arbitrator recommended that Adams receive a letter of reprimand and a warning that another such action might be cause for dismissal.

RELEASED: By the Los Angeles Raiders, JIM PLUNKETT, 40, the oldest active player in the NFL, ending a comeback attempt by the 1970 Heisman Trophy winner, who led the Raiders to Super Bowl victories in 1981 and 1984. Plunkett had 1,943 career completions in 3,701 attempts for 25,882 yards, with 164 TDs and 198 interceptions.

SIGNED: By the Atlanta Hawks, three-time NBA MVP and 10-time All-Star center MOSES MALONE, 33, to a three-year contract worth approximately $1.5 million a year.

TRADED: By the Chicago White Sox, outfielder GARY REDUS, 31, who was batting .263 with six home runs and 34 RBIs and who had 26 stolen bases, to the Pittsburgh Pirates for outfielder–first baseman MIKE DIAZ, 28 (.230 with no home runs and five RBIs).

DIED: RICARDO VELAZQUEZ, 22, California state lightweight boxing champion, who was knocked out in the eighth round of a title bout with David Gonzales and suffered a cerebral hemorrhage; in San Jose.

FACES IN THE CROWD

CHESTER S. MAPLE

HEATHER BURROUGHS
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Heather, 12, set a national record in the 1,500 meters for girls ages 11 and 12 at the TAC/U.S.A. Junior Nationals Olympic in Gainesville, Fla. She ran the distance in 4:42.58, 3.02 seconds better than the mark set by Miesha Marzell in 1987.

JASON TETZLOFF

DEBBY BESTUL
EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

Debby, 17, beat Alana Johnston of Quesnel, B.C., 41–32, to win the junior girls' World Horseshoe Championship for a record fourth time, in Pleasanton, Calif. She had five wins and one loss, with 166 ringers out of 284 shoes.

HAL BROWN

KENNY SAMUEL
PRINCETON, N.J.

Samuel, 44, a police officer at Princeton University, lifted a total of 1,328 pounds in the squat, bench press and deadlift to finish first in the 40-to-50 age group at the U.S. Powerlifting Federation Natural national meet in Dallas.

LEE BAKER

BRETT SCHUTT
ARLINGTON, S.DAK.

Brett, 16, a shortstop and catcher for American Legion Post 42, hit two grand slams in the fourth inning of a 19–9 win over the Howard Legion Post 145 team. He came up a third time with the bases loaded in the 16-run inning, but grounded out.

LOU TOMAN

JO KENYON
FORT LAUDERDALE

Kenyon, 55, a retired receptionist, won two women's racquetball titles at the U.S. National Singles Championships. She defeated Kathy Mueller 15–14, 15–13 for the 50-plus title and beat Mary-Low Acuff, 69, for the 55-plus crown.

ERIC SHORTZ
PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIF.

Eric, who will be a seventh-grader at the Harvard School, had two holes in one during the first round of the Junior World Golf Championships in San Diego. He used a nine-iron to ace the 120-yard 4th and the 120-yard 6th holes.

Dr. J prescribes Dr. Scholl's to take the sweat out of sweaty feet.

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Julius Dr. J Erving

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GLORY TO THE GRIDIRON

Baseball strikes out with this football aficionado

BY RICK REILLY ■

CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

LET'S PLAY THE *$25,000 Pyramid*. Here are the clues:

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You holler: "Things More Exciting Than Watching Baseball!"

Ding, ding, ding! You win! You also get the complete audio library of Jim Palmer explaining why Sid Fernandez sometimes throws screwballs on 2-and-1 counts to hitters missing one or more fingers.

Admit it: Baseball is to thrills what beets are to taste buds. If baseball is so exciting, why is there the seventh-inning stretch? You ever heard of the third-quarter stretch in football? Forget it. Nobody gets drowsy watching football.

In this country you're not supposed to say the D word about baseball: dull. Or dumb. Or dreary. If you tell people you would rather be stripped naked, covered in tuna oil and lowered into a tank full of barracuda than watch an entire baseball game on TV, they give you the standard, "Well, you're not *sophisticated* enough to appreciate the *subtleties* of the game."

From what I can tell, "sophisticated" means you don't mind watching a game in which out of 80 at bats—about 400 pitches—you might see five hits. "Subtleties" means you don't mind paying $12.50 to watch it in person. If baseball is so subtle and graceful, how come the guys in the bullpen never watch it? They're either trying to spit tobacco juice on each other's socks (very subtle) or figuring out how they can get Chinese food delivered.

Football is much too quick-fix for baseball fans. After all, who can find sports sophistication in a 60-yard diving-catch touchdown bomb? And it's true, there's no subtlety in a guy's getting hit so hard that the first thing he says when he comes to is, "Mom, let me sleep 10 more minutes."

Football is so terribly unsubtle that if you're at a game, you're afraid to leave your seat because you think you'll miss something. Baseball is so wonderfully sophisticated that you leave your seat in *hopes* of missing something.

How was the game, Fred?

"Terrific. Had a corn dog in the second, some Jujubees in the fifth and a twist cone in the seventh."

Yeah, but who won?

"It depends on how well you know the balk rule."

The best player in football history was Jim Brown, a granite statue of a man. The best player in baseball history was Babe Ruth, a Jell-O parfait of a man. The best arm in football is John Elway's. The best arm in baseball is John Elway's.

Football has cheerleaders. Baseball has batboys. Football has Joe Montana. Baseball has Bob Knepper. Football has instant replay. Baseball has Don Denkinger. Football has Dan Reeves nattily turned out in a $500 suit. Baseball has Don Zimmer spilling out of an ill-fitting uniform.

In football, an upset means something. The worst team beats the best team maybe one time in 25. In baseball, the worst team beats the best team two out of five times. What's to celebrate?

If you're at a football game, there are 11 different matchups you can watch on every play. Set your binoculars on the wide receiver trying to outjuke the cornerback or the center trying to bull the noseguard. In baseball, try setting your binoculars on anybody other than the pitcher or the batter.

What did the rightfielder do that time?

"Well, first he put his glove on his knee, then he bent over, then he stood up straight again. Just like last time."

Baseball lovers say that their game is timeless, that it has kept the traditions that link it to the past. Right. Let's go to the Seattle Kingdome and watch designated hitter Steve Balboni—here's a real athlete—get an AstroTurf double that the outfielder loses in the roof.

Which game is more athletic? Football players come off the practice field looking as if somebody had used their helmets to boil lobsters. Baseball players come off the practice field wearing their hats backward after a grueling game of pepper. Baseball is so taxing that sometimes guys can get in only 18 holes before a game. Put it this way: Nobody's surprised that guys like Charlie Kerfeld, Mickey Lolich and Terry Forster have played baseball. What's surprising is that Dom DeLuise never did.

So let's call baseball what it is—a nap aid. And the next time somebody tries to make you feel guilty about hating baseball, remind him of what ESPN college football commentator Beano Cook said in 1981 when commissioner Bowie Kuhn announced that the U.S hostages recently released by Iran would all receive free lifetime baseball passes:

"Haven't they suffered enough?" ■

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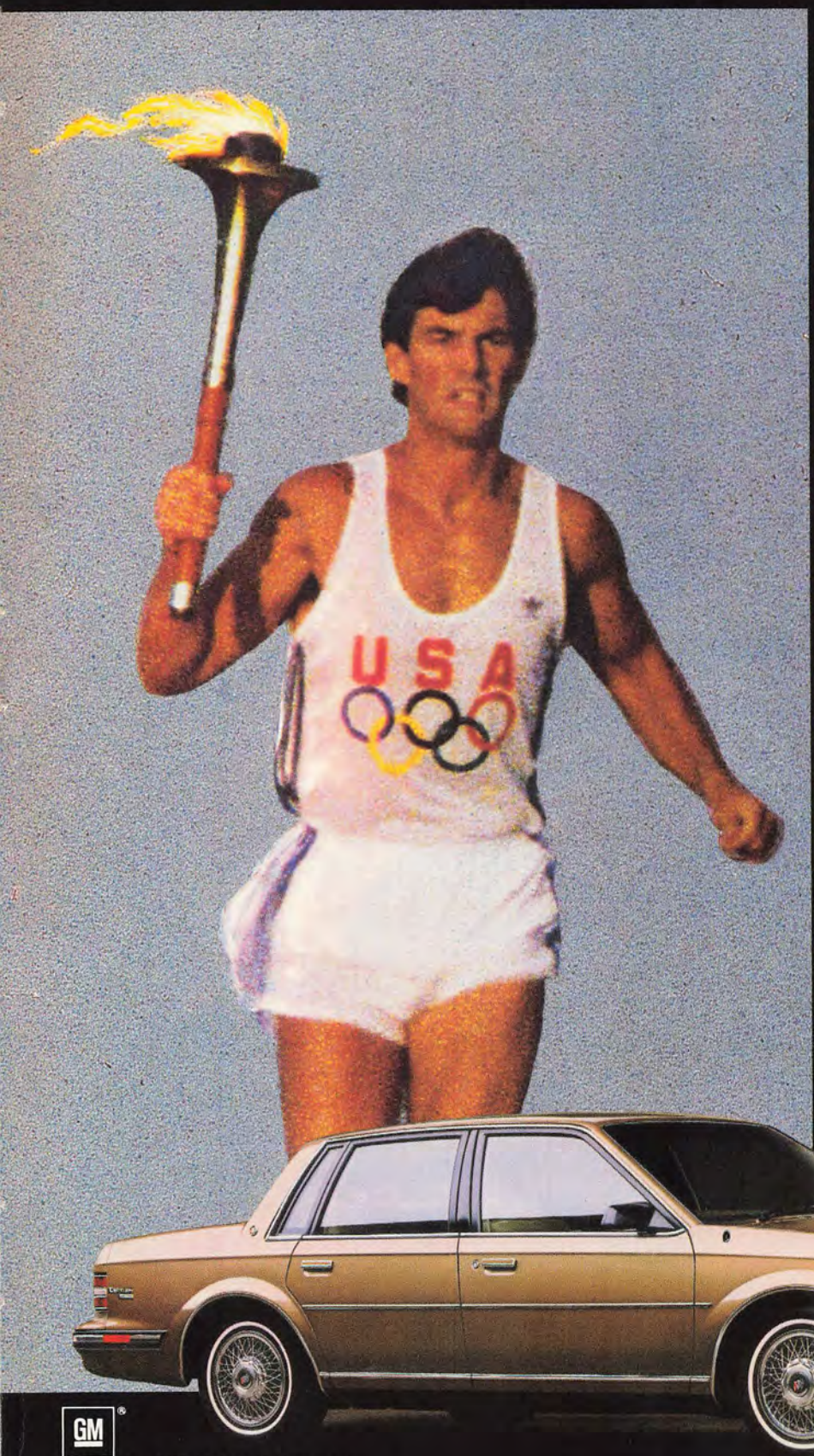

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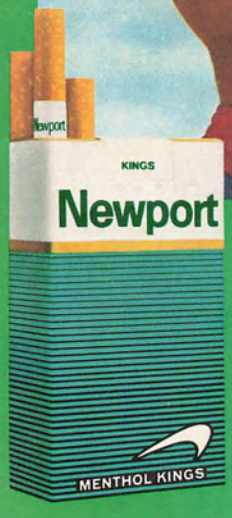

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